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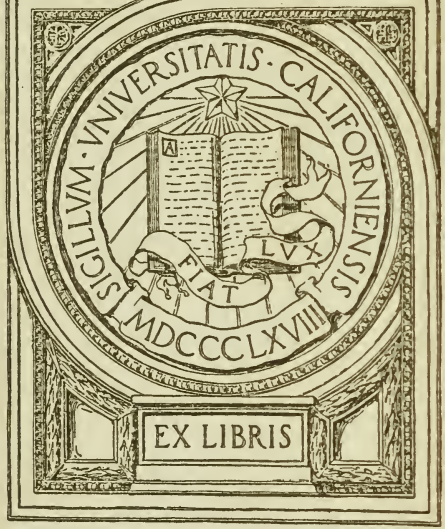

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Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

The SIXTH PART of

# Miſcellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

## TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

## *ANCIENT POETS:*

Together with Several

## ORIGINAL POEMS.

*By the Moſt Eminent Hands.*

Publiſh'd by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

*LONDON:*
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PASTO-

# PASTORALS,

BY

## Mr. *PHILIPS.*

---

*Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.*
Virg. Ecl. 6.

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Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

# PREFACE.

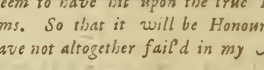
IT *is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the* Muses, *how* Pastoral *Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems.* Virgil *and* Spencer *made use of it as a Prelude to* Heroick Poetry. *But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.*

*There is no Sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight: And the* Pastoral *perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting, so I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the most entertaining Scenes, and most delightful Prospects.*

Gassendus, *I remember, tells us, That* Peireskius *was a great Lover of Musick, especially that of Birds; because their artless Strains seem to have less of Passion and Violence, but more of a natural Easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the same manner that* Pastoral *gives a sweet and gentle Composure to the Mind; whereas the* Epick *and* Tragick *Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.*

*To see a stately, well-built Palace, strikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and swells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods and Rivers; I feel an unspeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good Fortune would place me in so sweet a Retirement.*

Theocritus, Virgil, *and* Spencer *are the only Writers, that seem to have hit upon the true Nature of* Pastoral *Poems. So that it will be Honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt.*



# The FIRST PASTORAL.

*LOBBIN.*

F we, O *Dorset*, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands; be present:
And, O, bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing.

Begin.---- A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air,
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent;
So pitiful, that all the starry Throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.

Ah well a Day! How long must I endure
This pining Pain? Or who shall work my Cure?
Fond Love no Cure will have; seeks no Repose;
Delights in Grief; nor any Measure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies;
The Winds are hush'd; the Dews distil; and Sleep
With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep.
I only, with the prouling Wolf, constrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,

And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame:
But who in Love can ſtop the growing Flame?
Whilome did I, all as this Pop'lar fair,
Up-raiſe my heedleſs Head, devoid of Care,
'Mong ruſtick Routs the chief for wanton Game;
Nor could they merry make 'till *Lobbin* came.
Who better ſeen, than I, in Shepherds Arts,
To pleaſe the Lads and win the Laſſes Hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten Reed, ſo ſweet,
Wont they, upon the Green, to ſhift their Feet?
And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well deviſed Tale from me to learn?
For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
To chaſe the lingring Sun adown the Sky.
But, ah! ſince *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
Within my Heart; unmindful of Delight,
The jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitleſs Moan,
Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentleſs Fair!
E'er, lingring long, I periſh thro' Deſpair.
Had *Roſalind* been Miſtreſs of my Mind,
Tho' not ſo fair, ſhe would have been more kind.
O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
How flying Years impair our youthful Prime!
Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever ſtay;
And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.
The Flow'rs anew returning Seaſons bring;
But Beauty faded has no ſecond Spring.
My Words are Wind! She, deaf to all my Cries,
Takes Pleaſure in the Miſchief of her Eyes.
Like friſking Heifers, looſe in flow'ry Meads,
She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
Yet ſtill from me. Ah me, the tireſome Chaſe!
While, wing'd with Scorn, ſhe flies my fond Embrace.
She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,
Fly where ſhe will, her Likeneſs in my Mind.
Ah turn thee then! unthinking Damſel! Why,
Thus from the Youth, who loves thee, ſhould'ſt thou fly?

No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear!
'Tis all but Love; and Love why should'st thou fear?
What idle Fears a Maiden Breast alarm!
Stay, simple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.
Two Kidlings, sportive as thy self, I rear;
Like tender Buds their shooting Horns appear.
A Lambkin too, pure white, I breed, as tame
As my fond Heart could wish my scornful Dame.
A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of *May*,
Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why these unavailing Pains?
The Gifts alike and Giver the disdains.
Oh would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
Oh could I half the Warmth I feel impart!
How would I wander ev'ry Day to find
The ruddy Wildings! Were but *Lucy* kind.
For glossy Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,
And of fresh Honey rob the thrifty Bee.
Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,
Thou *Lobbin*'s Flock, and *Lobbin*, shalt possess.
Fair is my Flock; nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us? yet show
The bord'ring Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow.
O come, my Love! Nor think th' Employment
The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins wean; [mean,
To drive a-field by Morn the fat'ning Ewes,
E'er the warm Sun drinks up the cooly Dews.
How would the Crook beseem thy beauteous Hand!
How would my Younglings round thee gazing stand!
Ah witless Younglings! gaze not on her Eye:
Such heedless Glances are the Cause I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter Blast will end;
Or if kind Love will ever me befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my Flock: For, happy you may take
Your Rest, tho' nightly thus your Master wake.
Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale
In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.

The Love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,
Eas'd with so sweet a Partner in his Grief:
'Till by degrees her Notes and silent Night
To Slumbers soft his heavy Heart invite.

---

## *The Second* PASTORAL.

### THENOT. COLINET.

*THENOT.*

THY cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears,
Unseemly, now that Heav'n so blithe appears?
Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet jointly sing!
Their Notes soft-warb'ling to the gladsome Spring.

*COLINET.*

Tho' soft their Notes, not so my wayward Fate;
Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my State.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born;
As they to Mirth and Musick, I to mourn.
Waking, at Midnight, I my Woes renew,
And with my Tears increase the falling Dew.

*THENOT.*

Small Cause, I ween, has lusty Youth to plain;
Or who may then the Weight of Age sustain,
When, as our waining Strength does daily cease,
The tiresome Burden doubles its Increase?
Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,
As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend;
My Mind a chearful Temper still retains,
Spite of my snowy Head and icy Veins:
For, why should Man at cross Mishaps repine,
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But speak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

*COLINET.*

'Twill idly waſte thee, *Thenot*, a whole Day,
Shou'dſt thou give Ear to all my Grief can ſay.
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedleſs Lambs
With loud Complaints require their abſent Dams.

*THENOT.*

There's *Lightfoot*, he ſhall tend them cloſe; and I,
'Twixt whiles, a-croſs the Plain will glance mine Eye.

*COLINET.*

Where to begin I know not; where to end:
Scarce does one ſmiling Hour my Youth attend.
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies ſhow,
Yet all thoſe Days are clouded o'er with Woe:
No Gleam of happy Sun-ſhine does appear
My low'ring Sky, and wintry Days to chear.
My piteous Plight, in yonder naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder Scar, too well I ſee:
Quite deſtitute it ſtands of ſhelter kind,
The Mark of Storms and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring,
Nor any Birds among the Branches ſing.
No more beneath thy Shade ſhall Shepherds throng
With merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleaſing Song.
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

*THENOT.*

Sure thou in ſome ill-choſen Hour waſt born,
When blighting Mil-dews ſpoil the riſing Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreſhows
Thro' ſad Eclipſe a various Train of Woes.
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee ſtill.

*COLINET.*

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

*THENOT.*

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongſt our Sheep;
From theſe the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Againſt ill Luck all cunning Foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake, it naught avails.

*COLINET.*

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckleſs Day!
Ah luckleſs Lad! the rather might I ſay.
Unhappy Hour! when firſt, in youthful Bud,
I leſt the fair *Sabrina*'s Silver Flood:
Ah ſilly I! more ſilly than my Sheep,
Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
Sweet are thy Banks! Oh when ſhall I once more
With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore?
When, in the Cryſtal of thy Waters, ſee
My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Miſery?
When ſhall I ſee my Hut, the ſmall Abode
My ſelf had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod?
Tho' ſmall it be, a mean and humble Cell,
Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

*THENOT.*

And what the Cauſe that drew thee firſt away?
From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to ſtray?

*COLINET.*

A lewd Deſire ſtrange Lands and Swains to know:
Ah God! that ever I ſhould covet Woe!
With wand'ring Feet unbleſs'd, and fond of Fame,
I ſought I know not what, beſides a Name.

*THENOT.*

Or, ſooth to ſay, didſt thou not hither roam
In hopes of Wealth, thou cou'dſt not find at home?
A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moſs;
And, to their Coſt, green Years old Proverbs croſs.

*COLINET.*

Small Need there was, in flatt'ring Hopes of Gain,
To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
To diſtant *Cam*: Fine Gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to my ſelf ſuch deal of Woe!
My Sheep quite ſpent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare:
Here, on cold Earth to make my nightly Bed,
And on a bending Willow reſt my Head.
'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain:

But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd:
Unkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Show'rs
Destroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

*THENOT.*

Slander, we Shepherds count the greatest Wrong;
For, what wounds sorer than an evil Tongue?

*COLINET.*

Untoward Lads, who Pleasance take in Spite,
Make Mock of all the Ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, so shrill,
Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill:
In vain thou seek'st the Cov'rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shade to sing the Heats of Love;
No Passion, but rank Envy, canst thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my Vein,
*Menalcas* seems to like my simple Strain;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Menalcas* does of right belong,
Nor Night, nor Day, shall my rude Musick cease;
I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

*THENOT.*

*Menalcas*, Lord of all the neighb'ring Plains,
Preserves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.
For him our yearly Wakes and Feasts we hold,
And chuse the fattest Firstling from the Fold.
He, good to all, that good deserve, shall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Ease to live;
Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,
And with due Praise reward thy rural Songs.

*COLINET.*

First then shall lightsome Birds forget to fly,
The briny Ocean turn to Pastures dry,
And ev'ry rapid River cease to flow,
E'er I unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

*THENOT.*

This Night thy Cares with me forget; and fold
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cold.
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, soft Cheese and Curd,
With some remaining Fruit of last Year's Hoard,
Shall be our Ev'ning Fare: And for the Night,
Sweet Herbs and Moss, that gentle Sleep invite.
And now behold the Sun's departing Ray
O'er yonder Hill, the Sign of ebbing Day.
With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plow,
And unyoak'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

---

## *The Third* PASTORAL.

*ALBINO.*

WHen *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* Reed
To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,
With young *Augustus'* Name he grac'd his Song;
And *Spencer*, when amid the rural Throng
He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the Flood
Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry sounding Wood
With good *Eliza*'s Name to ring around;
*Eliza*'s Name on ev'ry Tree was found.
Since then, thro' *Anna*'s Cares at Ease we live,
And see our Cattle in full Pastures thrive;
Like them will I my slender Musick raise,
And teach the vocal Vallies *Anna*'s Praise.
Mean time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,
While my Kids brouze, obscure in Shades I play:
Yet not obscure, while *Dorset* thinks not scorn
To visit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both musical, both young,
In Friendship's mutual Bonds united long,
Retir'd within a mossie Cave, to shun
The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun,

A melancholy Thought poſſeſs'd their Mind:
Revolving now the ſolemn Day they find,
When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear
Bedews their Cheeks with many a trickling Tear;
To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verſe;
Theſe *Angelot*, thoſe *Palin* did rehearſe.

*ANGELOT.*

Thus yearly circling by-paſt Times return;
And yearly thus *Albino*'s Fate we mourn:
*Albino*'s Fate was early, ſhort his Stay;
How ſweet the Roſe! How ſpeedy the decay!
Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
And ſympathizing Rocks in Eccho groan'd,
Preſaging future Woe; when, for our Crimes,
We loſt *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times?
The Pride of *Britain*, and the darling Joy
Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.
No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were ſeen,
Nor Shepherds found upon the graſſie Green;
No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.
In yonder gloomy Grove ſtretch'd out he lay,
His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,
The Roſes on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue diſplay'd:
Bleating around him lye his penſive Sheep,
And mourning Shepherds come in Crowds to weep;
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppreſs'd:
Ye, conſcious Trees and Fountains, can atteſt
With what ſad Accents and what moving Cries
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
When in her widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
She claſp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Bliſs,
And teach him young the *Sylvan* Crook to wie'd,
And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.
As milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do move,
And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;

As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
So thou to thine an Ornament waſt born.
Since thou, delicious Youth, didſt quit the Plains,
Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitleſs Pains;
In labour'd Furrows ſow the Choice of Wheat,
And over empty Sheaves in Harveſt ſweat:
A thin Increaſe our woolly Subſtance yields,
And Thorns and Thiſtles overſpread the Fields.
How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
Who now ſhall teach the pointed Spear to throw,
To whirl the Sling, and bend the ſtubborn Bow?
Nor doſt thou live to bleſs thy Mother's Days,
And ſhare the ſacred Honours of her Praiſe:
In foreign Fields to purchaſe endleſs Fame,
And add new Glories to the *Britiſh* Name.
O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit reſt!
And flow'ry Turf lye light upon thy Breaſt;
Nor ſhrieking Owl, nor Bat, fly round thy Tomb,
Nor Midnight Fairies there to revel come.

*PALIN.*

No more, miſtaken *Angelot*, complain;
*Albino* lives, and all our Tears are vain.
And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bleſs the Fields, and rule the ſimple Swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the golden Skies no longer frown,
The Planets ſhine indulgent on our Iſle,
And rural Pleaſures round about us ſmile.
Hills, Dales and Woods with ſhrilling Pipes reſound;
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,
And hail *Albino* bleſt: The Vallies ring,
*Albino* bleſt. O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the ſmelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
The dewy Cowſlip, that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet and Garden Roſe:
Your Hamlets ſtrew, and ev'ry publick Way,
And conſecrate to Mirth *Albino*'s Day.

My ſelf will laviſh all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er:
Old *Moulin* there ſhall harp, young *Mico* ſing,
And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidſt the Ring,
And *Hobbinol* his antick Gambols play.
To thee theſe Honours yearly will we pay,
When we our ſhearing Feaſt and Harveſt keep,
To ſpeed the Plow, and bleſs our thriving Sheep.
While Mallow Kids, and Endive Lambs purſue;
While Bees love Thyme, and Locuſts ſip the Dew;
While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to ſtrain,
Thy Name and ſweet Memorial ſhall remain.

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## *The Fourth* PASTORAL.

### MICO. ARGOL.

*MICO.*

THis Place may ſeem for Shepherds Leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe Elms unite their Shade.
Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breath
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
The Ground with Graſs of cheerful Green beſpread,
Thro' which the ſpringing Flow'r up-rears its Head.
Lo here the King-Cup of a golden Hue,
Medly'd with Daiſies white, and Endive blue.
Hark how the gaudy Goldfinch, and the Thruſh,
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Buſh!
In pleaſing Conſorts all the Birds combine,
And tempt us in the various Song to join.
Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply
Thy meſſow Pipe, or vocal Muſick try:
And, ſince our Ewes have graz'd, no harm, if they
Lye round and liſten, while their Lambkins play.

*ARGOL.*

The Place indeed gives Pleaſance to the Eye;
And Pleaſance works the Singer's Fancy high:

The Fields breath ſweet; and now the gentle Breez
Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees.
So ſweet a Scene ill ſuits my rugged Lay,
And better fits the Muſick thou canſt play.

*MICO.*

No Skill of Muſick can I, ſimple Swain,
No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;
Albeit ſome deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me.
Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)
My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,
And where to ſink a Note, and where to ſwell.

*ARGOL.*

Ah *Mico!* half my Flock would I beſtow,
Would *Colinet* to me his Cunning ſhow.
So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee, Swain,
Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:
For, Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds ſay,
How ſweet his Pipe, how raviſhing his Lay:
The Sweetneſs of his Pipe and Lay rehearſe,
And ask what Gift thou pleaſeſt for thy Verſe.

*MICO.*

Since then thou liſt, a mournful Song I chuſe;
A mournful Song becomes a mournful Muſe.
Faſt by the River on a Bank he ſate,
To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,
Fair *Stella* hight: A lovely Maid was ſhe,
Whoſe Fate he wept; a faithful Shepherd he.
Awake my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.
O woful Day, O Day of Woe! quoth he;
And woful I, who live the Day to ſee!
That ever ſhe could die! O moſt unkind,
To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind!
And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would ſhe,
With dying Arms, have claſp'd her ſelf to me:
I claſp'd her too; but Death was all too ſtrong,
Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.

Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep;
Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep;
Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds, to sigh;
And let my Sorrows teach me how to die:
Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.
Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
With Looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguiſh beat your Breaſts, and moan
Her Hour untimely, as it were your own.
Alas! the fading Glories of your Eyes
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:
For, tho' your Beauty rule the ſilly Swain,
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign;
Yet Death will ev'n that ruling Beauty kill,
As ruthleſs Winds the tender Bloſſoms ſpill.
If either Muſick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,
Could make him mild, and ſtay his lifted Arm;
My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe ſhould ſave,
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.
Ah fruitleſs Wiſh! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm,
Nor Muſick can perſuade, nor Beauty charm:
For ſee (O baleful Sight!) See where ſhe lyes!
The budding Flow'r, unkindly blaſted, dies.
Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note expreſs
Fair *Stella*'s Death, and *Colinet*'s Diſtreſs.

Unhappy *Colinet!* What boots thee now
To weave freſh Garlands for the Damſel's Brow?
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Roſe;
One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compoſe,
With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-ſhade dreſt;
A Garland, that may witneſs thy Unreſt.
My Pipe, whoſe ſoothing Sound could Paſſion move,
And firſt taught *Stella*'s Virgin Heart to love,
Untun'd, ſhall hang upon this blaſted Oak,
Whence Owls their Dirges ſing, and Ravens croak:

Nor Lark, nor Linnet shall by Day delight,
Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night;
The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be,
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Thus sweetly did the gentle Shepherd sing,
And heavy Woe within soft Numbers bring:
And now that Sheep-hook for my Song I crave.

*ARGOL.*

Not this, but one much fairer shalt thou have,
Of season'd Elm; where Studs of Brass appear,
To speak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year:
The Hook of polish'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

O, *Colinet*, how sweet thy Grief to hear!
How does thy Verse subdue the list'ning Ear!
Not half so sweet are Midnight Winds, that move
In drowsie Murmurs o'er the waving Grove;
Nor dropping Waters, that in Grots distil,
And with a tinkling Sound their Caverns fill:
So sing the Swans, that in soft Numbers waste
Their dying Breath, and warble to the last.
And next to thee shall *Mico* bear the Bell,
That can repeat thy peerless Verse so well.

But see; the Hills increasing Shadows cast:
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And blueish Mists arise from yonder Flood.

*MICO.*

Then send our Curs to gather up the Sheep;
Good Shepherds with their Flocks betimes should sleep;
For, he that late lyes down, as late will rise,
And, Sluggard like, 'till Noon-day snoring lyes;
While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,
And after dewy Pastures bleat in vain.

## *The Fifth* PASTORAL.

### *CUDDY.*

IN Rural Strains we firſt our Muſick try,
And, baſhful, into Woods and Thickets fly,
Diſtruſtful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time
Our Voice improving gain a Pitch ſublime;
Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvil*, ſhall engage
My riper Verſe, and my more ſettled Age.

The Sun, now mounted to the Noon of Day,
Began to ſhoot direct his burning Ray,
When, with the Flocks, their Feeders ſought the Shade,
A venerable Oak, wide-ſpreading, made.
What ſhould they do to paſs the loit'ring Time?
As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme:
And ſome the Joys, and ſome the Pains of Love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange Adventures ſtrove;
The Trade of Wizzards ſome, and *Merlin*'s Skill,
And whence to Charms ſuch Empire o'er the Will.
Then *Cuddy* laſt (who *Cuddy* can excel
In neat Device?) his Tale began to tell.

When Shepherds flouriſh'd in *Eliza*'s Reign,
There liv'd, in great Eſteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout*; who well could pipe and ſing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.
He, as his Cuſtom was, at Leiſure laid
In ſilent Shade, without a Rival plaid.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crouds of mute Admirers flock'd around!
The Steerlings left their Food; and Creatures, wild
By Nature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads the neighb'ring Branches with his Song.

Among the reſt, a Nightingale of Fame,
Jealous, and fond of Praiſe, to liſten came.

She turn'd her Ear; and emulous, with Pride,
Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
The Shepherd heard with Wonder; and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
To all his various Strain she shapes her Throat,
And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
Or brisker Motion to his Measures gives;
If gentle Sounds he modulates, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats his Song:
But so repeats, that *Colin* half despis'd
His Pipe and Skill, so much by others priz'd.
And, sweetest Songster of the winged Kind,
What thanks, said he, what Praises can I find
To equal thy melodious Voice? In thee
The Rudeness of my rural Fife I see;
From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.
Aloft in Air she sate, provoking still
The vanquish'd Swain: Provok'd at last, he strove
To shew the little Minstrel of the Grove
His utmost Art; if so some small Esteem
He might obtain, and Credit lost, redeem.
He draws in Breath, his rising Breast to fill;
Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard so shrill.
From Note to Note in haste his Fingers fly;
Still more and more his Numbers multiply;
And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
And swift and slow they change, with sweet Surprize.
Attentive she does scarce the Sounds retain,
But to her self first conns the puzzling Strain;
And tracing careful, Note by Note, repays
The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays;
Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,
And adds in Sweetness, what she wants in Strength.
Then *Colin* threw his Fife disgrac'd aside;
While she loud Triumph sings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty Conquest. What could *Colin* more?
A little Harp, of Maple Ware, he bore:

The Harp it self was old, but newly ſtrung,
Which uſual he a-croſs his Shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful Bird, my laſt Farewel,
He ſaid; and learn from hence, thou doſt excel
No trivial Artiſt. And at that he wound
The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.
Then earneſt to his Inſtrument he bends,
And both his Hands upon the Strings extends.
The Strings obey his Touch, and various move,
The lower anſw'ring ſtill to thoſe above.
His reſtleſs Fingers traverſe to and fro,
And in Purſuit of Harmony they go;
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they paſs,
Like Winds, that gently bruſh the plying Graſs,
And melting Airs ariſe at their Command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand
He ſinks into the Cords with ſolemn Pace,
And gives the ſwelling Tones a manly Grace:
Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds,
While Muſick thro' the trembling Harp abounds.

The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,
And pos'd, ſhe does her troubled Spirit vex.
She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.
Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing Sung.
She, with the fatal Love of Glory ſtung,
Hears all in Pain: Her Heart begins to ſwell;
In piteous Notes ſhe ſighs, in Notes that tell
Her bitter Anguiſh. He, ſtill ſinging, plies
His limber Joints: Her Sorrows higher riſe.
How ſhall ſhe bear a Conqu'ror, who before
No equal, thro' the Grove, in Muſick bore?
She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,
And fetches from her Breaſt melodious Groans.
Oppreſs'd with Grief at laſt, too great to quell,
Down breathleſs on the guilty Harp ſhe fell.

Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,
And unavailing Tears profuſely ſhed,

And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;
And, best to make Atonement for the Ill,
(If for such Ill Atonement might be made)
He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade:
Then adds a Verse, and sets with Flow'rs the Ground;
And makes a Fence of winding Osiers round:
A Verse and Tomb is all I now can give,
And here thy Name at least, he said, shall live.
Thus ended *Caddy* with the setting Sun,
And by his Tale unenvy'd Praises won.

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## *The Sixth* PASTORAL.

### GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

*GERON.*

HOW still the Sea! behold; how calm the Sky!
And how, in sportive Chase, the Swallows fly!
My Goats, secure from Harm, no Tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:
And here below, the banky Shore along,
Your Heifers graze: And I to hear your Song
Dispos'd. As eldest, *Hobbinol*, begin;
And *Lanquet*'s Under-Song by Turns come in.

*HOBBINOL.*

Let others meanly stake upon their Skill,
Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;
For Praise we sing, nor Wager ought beside:
And, whose the Praise, let *Geron*'s Lips decide.

*LANQUET.*

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend:
Unbiass'd he, to both is equal Friend.

*GERON.*

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
Nor fear, from *Geron*'s upright Sentence, Wrong.
A boxen Haut-boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,

I to the Victor give: No small Reward,
If with our usual Country Pipes compar'd.

*HOBBINOL.*

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain
Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
Soft balmy Breezes breath along the Sky:
The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh.

*LANQUET.*

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
The Pastures change; the warbling Linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome in the gawdy Spring.

*HOBBINOL.*

When Locusts in the fearny Bushes cry,
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lye;
Then graze in Woods, and quit the burning Plain;
Else shall ye press the spungy Teat in vain.

*LANQUET.*

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you see
The Ground bestrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
And stormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining Year.

*HOBBINOL.*

Full fain, O blest *Eliza*! would I praise
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion*'s Golden Days.
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend:
Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!

*LANQUET.*

Thrice happy Shepherds now: For *Dorset* loves
The Country Muse, and our delightful Groves;
While *Anna* reigns. O ever may she reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

*HOBBINOL.*

I love in secret all a beauteous Maid,
And have my Love in secret all repaid.
This coming Night she does reserve for me,
Divine her Name; and thou the Victor be.

*LANQUET.*

Mild as the Lamb, and harmleſs as the Dove,
True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
How we in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay.
Divine her Name; and I give up the Day.

*HOBBINOL.*

Soft, on a Cowſlip Bank, my Love and I
Together lay: A Brook ran murm'ring by.
A thouſand tender things to me ſhe ſaid;
And I a thouſand tender Things repaid.

*LANQUET.*

In Summer Shade, beneath the cocking Hay,
What ſoft, endearing Words did ſhe not ſay?
Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, ſhe kindly ſpread,
And ſtroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

*HOBBINOL.*

Breath ſoft, ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow;
Shield her, ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow;
Ye Swains, I beg you, paſs in Silence by;
My Love in yonder Vale aſleep does lye.

*LANQUET.*

Once *Delia* ſlept, on eaſie Moſs reclin'd;
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind:
I ſmooth'd her Coats, and ſtole a ſilent Kiſs.
Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiſs.

*HOBBINOL.*

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd, and at me caſt a ſidelong Eye:
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal Wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

*LANQUET.*

As I, to cool me, bath'd one ſultry Day,
Fond *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
The Wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly;
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye.

*HOBBINOL.*

When firſt I ſaw, would I had never ſeen,
Young *Lyſet* lead the Dance on yonder Green;

Intent upon her Beauties as she mov'd,
Poor, heedless Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

*LANQUET.*

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her swelling Breast,
And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest;
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sheep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.

*HOBBINOL.*

Come *Rosalind*, O come! For, without thee,
What Pleasure can the Country have for me?
Come *Rosalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
My snowy Sheep, my Farm and all is thine.

*LANQUET.*

Come *Rosalind*, O come! Here shady Bow'rs,
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs.
Come *Rosalind*: Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

*HOBBINOL.*

In vain the Seasons of the Moon I know,
The Force of healing Herbs, and where they grow;
There is no Herb, no Season, may remove
From my fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

*LANQUET.*

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
And Ghosts and Goblins order as I will:
Yet have, with all my Charms, no Pow'r to lay
The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

*HOBBINOL.*

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes:
To purchase Credit with succeeding Times!
Sweet *Colin Clout*! who never yet had Peer,
Who sung thro' all the Seasons of the Year.

*LANQUET.*

Let me like *Wrenock* sing; his Voice had Pow'r
To free th' eclipsing Moon at Midnight Hour:
And, as he sung, the Fairies, with their Queen,
In Mantles blue came tripping o'er the Green.

Here end your pleasing Strife. Both Victors are;
And both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
To both I give. A mizling Mist descends
Adown that steepy Rock: And this way tends
Yon distant Rain. Shore-ward the Vessels strive;
And, see, the Boys their Flocks to Shelter drive.

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# True GREATNESS.

*Prodesse quam Conspici.*

GIVE me a Soul so great, so high,
Let her Dimension stretch the Sky:
That comprehends within a Thought,
The whole extent 'twixt God and Nought.
And from the World's first Birth and Dare,
Its Life and Death can calculate:
With all th' Adventures that shall pass,
To ev'ry Atom of the Mass.
But let her be as Good as Great,
Her highest Throne a Mercy-Seat.
Soft and dissolving like a Cloud,
Losing her self in doing good.
A Cloud that leaves its place above,
Rather than dry, and useless move:
Falls in a showre upon the Earth,
And gives ten thousand Seeds a Birth.
Hangs on the Flow'rs, and infant Plants,
Sucks not their Sweets, but feeds their Wants.
So let this mighty Mind diffuse
All that's her own to others use;
And free from private Ends, retain
Nothing of Self; not a bare Name.

*The*

# *The Ninth Book of* LUCAN.

## *Translated from the* Latin *by Mr.* ROWE.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The* Poet *having ended the foregoing Book with the Death of* Pompey, *begins this with his* Apotheosis; *from thence, after a short Account of* Cato's *gathering up the Relicks of the Battel of* Pharsalia, *and transporting them to* Cyrene *in* Africa, *he goes on to describe* Cornelia's *Passion upon the Death of her Husband. Amongst other things, she informs his Son* Sextus *of his Father's last Commands, to continue the War in Defence of the Commonwealth.* Sextus *sets sail for* Cato's *Camp, where he meets his elder Brother* Cn. Pompeius, *and acquaints him with the Fate of their Father. Upon this Occasion the* Poet *describes the Rage of the elder* Pompey, *and the Disorders that happen'd in the Camp, both which* Cato *appeases. To prevent any future Inconvenience of this kind, he resolves to put them upon Action, and in order to that to join with* Juba. *After a Description of the* Syrts, *and their dangerous Passage by 'em, follows* Cato's Speech *to encourage the Soldiers to march through the Desarts of* Libya; *then an account of* Libya, *the Desarts, and their March. In the middle of which is a beautiful Digression concerning the* Temple *of* Jupiter-Ammon, *with* Labienus's *Persuasion to* Cato *to enquire of the Oracle concerning the Event of the War, and* Cato's *famous Answer. From thence, after a warm Elogy upon* Cato, *the Author goes on to the Account of the Original of Serpents in* Africk; *and this, with the Description of their various Kinds, and the several Deaths of the Soldiers by 'em, is perhaps the most poetical Part of this whole Work. At* Leptis *he leaves* Cato, *and returns to* Cæsar, *whom he brings*

*into Ægypt, after having shewn him the Ruins of* Troy, *and from thence taken an Occasion to speak well of Poetry in General, and himself in Particular.* Cæsar, *upon his Arrival on the Coast of Ægypt, is met by an Ambassador from* Ptolemy *with* Pompey's *Head. He receives the Present* (*according to* Lucan) *with a feign'd Abhorrence, and concludes the Book with Tears, and a seeming Grief for the Misfortunes of so great a Man.*

NOR in the dying Embers of its Pile
Slept the great Soul upon the Banks of *Nile*,
Nor longer, by the Earthly Parts restrain'd,
Amidst its wretched Reliques was detain'd;
But active, and impatient of delay,
Shot from the mould'ring Heap, and upwards urg'd its way.
Far in those Azure Regions of the Air
Which border on the rowling starry Sphere,
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that height,
Where *Cinthia* drives around her Silver Light;
Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods possess,
Refin'd by Virtue, and prepar'd for Bliss;
Of Life unblam'd, a pure and pious Race,
Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious Place:
There *Pompey*'s Soul, adorn'd with heav'nly Light,
Soon shone among the rest, and as the rest was bright.
New to the blest Aboad, with Wonder fill'd,
The Stars and moving Planets he beheld;
Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray,
Survey'd our dusky, faint, imperfect Day,
And under what a Cloud of Night we lay.
But when he saw, how on the Shoar forlorn
His headless Trunk was cast for publick Scorn;
When he beheld, how envious Fortune still
Took Pains to use a senseless Carcass ill,
He smil'd at the vain Malice of his Foe,
And pity'd impotent Mankind below.

Then lightly passing o'er *Æmathia*'s Plain,
His flying Navy scatter'd on the Main,
And cruel *Cæsar*'s Tents; he fix'd at last
His Residence in *Brutus*' sacred Breast;
There brooding o'er his Country's Wrongs he sate,
The State's Avenger, and the Tyrant's Fate;
There mournful *Rome* might still her *Pompey* find,
There, and in *Cato*'s free unconquer'd Mind.
He, while in deep suspence the World yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it should obey,
Hatred avow'd to *Pompey*'s self did bear,
Tho' his Companion in the Common War,
Tho' by the Senate's just Command they stood
Engag'd together for the Publick Good;
But dread *Pharsalia* did all Doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquish'd Side.
His helpless Country, like an Orphan left,
Friendless and poor, of all Support bereft,
He took and cherish'd with a Father's Care,
He comforted, he bad her not to fear; of War.
And taught her feeble Hands, once more the Trade
Nor lust of Empire did his Courage sway,
Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to Obey:
Passions and private Int'rest he forgot;
Not for himself, but Liberty he fought.
Streight to *Corcyra*'s Port his way he bent,
The swift advancing Victor to prevent;
Who marching sudden on, to new Success,
The scatter'd Legions might with ease oppress;
There, with the Ruins of *Æmathia*'s Field,
The flying Host, a thousand Ships he fill'd.
Who that from Land with Wonder had descry'd
The Passing Fleet, in all its Naval Pride,
Stretch'd wide, and o'er the distant Ocean spread,
Cou'd have believ'd those mighty Numbers fled?
*Malea* o'erpast, and the *Tænarian* Shore,
With swelling Sails he for *Cythera* bore:

Then *Crete* he ſaw, and with a Northern Wind
Soon left the fam'd *Dictæan* Iſle behind.
Urg'd by the bold *Phycuntine*'s churliſh Pride,
(Their Shores, their Haven, to his Fleet deny'd)
The Chief reveng'd the Wrong, and as he paſs'd,
Laid their unhoſpitable City waſte;
Thence wafted forward, to the Coaſt he came
Which took of old from *Palinure* its Name.
(Nor *Italy* this Monument alone
Can boaſt, ſince *Libya*'s *Palinure* has ſhown
Her peaceful Shores were to the *Trojan* known.)
From hence they ſoon deſcry, with doubtful Pain,
Another Navy on the diſtant Main.
Anxious they ſtand, and now expect the Foe,
Now, their Companions in the publick Woe;
The Victor's haſte enclines 'em moſt to fear,
Each Veſſel ſeems a hoſtile Face to wear,
And ev'ry ſail they 'ſpy, they fancy *Cæſar* there.
But oh! Thoſe Ships a diff'rent Burthen bore,
A mournful Freight they wafted to the Shore:
Sorrows, that might Tears ev'n from *Cato* gain,
And teach the rigid Stoick to complain.
When long the ſad *Cornelia*'s Pray'rs, in vain,
Had try'd the flying Navy to detain,
With *Sextus* long had ſtrove, and long implor'd,
To wait the Relicks of her murder'd Lord;
The Waves perchance, might the dear Pledge reſtore,
And waft him bleeding from the faithleſs Shore:
Still Grief and Love their various Hopes inſpire,
'Till ſhe beholds her *Pompey*'s fun'ral Fire,
'Till on the Land ſhe ſees th' ignoble Flame
Aſcend, unequal to the Heroe's Name;
Then into juſt Complaints at length ſhe broke,
And thus with pious Indignation ſpoke.
Oh Fortune! doſt thou then diſdain t' afford
My Love's laſt Office to my deareſt Lord?
Am I one chaſt, one laſt Embrace deny'd?
Shall I not lay me by his Clay-cold ſide,
Nor Tears to bathe his gaping Wounds provide?

Am I unworthy the ſad Torch to bear,
To light the Flame, and burn my flowing Hair?
To gather from the Shore the noble Spoil,
And place it decent on the fatal Pile?
Shall not his Bones and ſacred Duſt be born,
In this ſad Boſom, to their peaceful Urn?
Whate'er the laſt conſuming Flame ſhall leave,
Shall not this widow'd Hand by Right receive,
And to the Gods the precious Relicks give?
Perhaps, this laſt Reſpect which I ſhould ſhow,
Some vile *Egyptian* Hand does now beſtow,
Injurious to the *Roman* Shade below.
Happy, my *Craſſus*, were thy Bones, which lay
Expos'd to *Parthian* Birds and Beaſts o' Prey.
Here the laſt Rites the cruel Gods allow,
And for a Curſe my *Pompey*'s Pile beſtow.
For ever will the ſame ſad Fate return?
Still an unburied Husband muſt I mourn,
And weep my Sorrows o'er an empty Urn?
But why ſhould Tombs be built, or Urns be made?
Does Grief like mine require their feeble Aid?
Is he not lodg'd, thou Wretch, within thy Heart,
And fix'd in ev'ry deareſt vital Part?
O'er Monuments ſurviving Wives may grieve,
She ne'er will need 'em, who diſdains to live.
But oh! behold where yon malignant Flames
Caſt feebly forth their mean inglorious Beams:
From my lov'd Lord, his dear Remains, they riſe,
And bring my *Pompey* to my weeping Eyes;
And now they ſink, the languid Lights decay,
The cloudy Smoak all Eaſtward rolls away,
And wafts my Heroe to the Riſing Day.
Me too the Winds demand, with freſhning Gales,
Envious they call, and ſtretch the ſwelling Sails.
No Land on Earth ſeems dear as *Egypt* now,
No Land that Crowns and Triumphs did beſtow,
And with new Laurels bound my *Pompey*'s Brow.

That happy *Pompey* to my Thoughts is loſt,
He that is left, lyes dead on yonder Coaſt;
He, only he, is all I now demand,
For him I linger near this curſed Land:
Endear'd by Crimes, for Horrors lov'd the more,
I cannot, will not, leave the *Pharian* Shore.
Thou, *Sextus*, thou ſhalt prove the Chance of War,
And thro' the World thy Father's Enſigns bear,
Then hear his laſt Command, entruſted to my Care.
" When e'er my laſt, my fatal Hour ſhall come,
" Arm you, my Sons, for Liberty and *Rome*;
" While one ſhall of our Free-born Race remain,
" Let him prevent the Tyrant *Ceſar*'s Reign.
" From each free City round, from ev'ry Land,
" Their warlike Aid in *Pompey*'s Name demand.
" Theſe are the Parties, theſe the Friends he leaves,
" This Legacy your dying Father gives.
" If for the Sea's wide Rule your Arms you bear,
" A *Pompey* ne'er can want a Navy there,
" Heirs of my Fame, my Sons, ſhall wage my War.
" Only be bold, unconquer'd in the Fight,
" And, like your Father, ſtill defend the Right.
" To *Cato*, if for Liberty he ſtand,
" Submit, and yield you to his ruling Hand,
" Brave, Juſt, and only worthy to command.
At length to thee, my *Pompey*, I am Juſt,
I have ſurviv'd, and well diſcharg'd my Truſt;
Thro' Chaos now, and the dark Realms below,
To follow thee, a willing Shade I go:
If longer with a lingring Fate I ſtrive,
'Tis but to prove the Pain of b'ing alive,
'Tis to be Curs'd, for daring to ſurvive.
She, who could bear to ſee thy Wounds, and live,
New Proofs of Love, and fatal Grief ſhall give.
Nor need ſhe fly for Succour to the Sword,
The ſteepy Precipice, and deadly Cord;
She from her ſelf ſhall find her own Relief,
And ſcorns to die of any Death but Grief.

So said the Matron; and about her Head
Her Veil she draws, her mournful Eyes to shade;
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest Shades her Woe,
She seeks the Ship's deep darksom Hold below,
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her Sorrows, and enjoys her Pain;
Still with fresh Tears the living Grief does feed,
And fondly loves it, in her Husband's stead.
In vain the beating Surges rage aloud,
And swelling *Eurus* grumbles in the Shroud;
Her, nor the Waves beneath, nor Winds above,
Nor all the noisie Cries of Fear can move:
In sullen Peace compos'd for Death she lyes,
And waiting, longs to hear the Tempest rise;
Then hopes the Seamens Vows shall all be croſt,
Prays for the Storm, and wishes to be lost.

Soon from the *Pharian* Coast the Navy bore,
And sought thro' foamy Seas the *Cyprian* Shore;
Soft Eastern Gales prevailing thence alone,
To *Cato*'s Camp and *Libya* waft 'em on.
With mournful Looks from Land, (as oft we know,
A sad Prophetick Spirit waits on Woe,)
*Pompey*, his Brother and the Fleet beheld,
Now near advancing o'er the Wat'ry Field:
Straight to the Beach with headlong haste he flies,
Where is our Father, *Sextus*, where? he cries:
Do we yet Live? Stands yet the Sov'raign State?
Or does the World, with *Pompey*, yield to Fate?
Sink we at length before the Conqu'ring Foe?
And is the Mighty Head of *Rome* laid low?
He said; the mournful Brother thus reply'd;
O happy thou, whom Lands and Seas divide
From Woes, which did to these sad Eyes betide.
These Eyes! which of their Horror still complain,
Since they beheld our Godlike Father slain.
Nor did his Fate an equal Death afford,
Nor suffer'd him to fall by *Cæsar*'s Sword.

Trusting in vain to hospitable Gods,
He dy'd, oppress'd by vile *Egyptian* odds:
By the curs'd Monarch of *Nile*'s slimy Wave
He fell, a Victim to the Crown he gave.
Yes, I beheld the dire, the bloody Deed;
These Eyes beheld our valiant Father bleed:
Amaz'd I look'd, and scarce believ'd my Fear,
Nor thought th' *Egyptian* cou'd so greatly dare;
But still I look'd, and fancy'd *Cæsar* there.
But oh! not all his Wounds so much did move,
Pierc'd my sad Soul, and struck my Filial Love,
As that his venerable Head they bear,
Their wanton Trophy fix'd upon a Spear;
Thro' ev'ry Town 'tis shown the Vulgar's Sport,
And the lewd Laughter of the Tyrant's Court.
'Tis said, that *Ptolemy* preserves this Prize,
Proof of the Deed, to glut the Victor's Eyes.
The Body, whether rent or born away,
By foul *Egyptian* Dogs, and Birds of Prey;
Whether within their greedy Maws entomb'd,
Or by those wretched Flames, we saw, consum'd;
Its Fate as yet we know not, but forgive:
That Crime unpunish'd, to the Gods we leave,
'Tis for the part preserv'd alone we grieve.
Scarce had he ended thus, when *Pompey*, warm
With noble Fury, calls aloud to Arm;
Nor seeks in Sighs and helpless Tears Relief,
But thus in pious Rage expres's'd his Grief.
Hence all aboard, and haste to put to Sea,
Urge on against the Winds our adverse way;
With me let ev'ry *Roman* Leader go,
Since Civil Wars were ne'er so just as now.
*Pompey*'s unbury'd Relicks ask your Aid,
Call for due Rites and Honours to be paid.
Let *Egypt*'s Tyrant pour a purple Flood,
And sooth the Ghost with his inglorious Blood.
Not *Alexander* shall his Priests defend,
Forc'd from his Golden Shrine he shall descend:

In *Mareotis* deep I'll plunge him down,
Deep in the sluggish Waves the Royal Carcass drown.
From his proud Pyramid *Amasis* torn,
With his long Dynasties my Rage shall mourn,
And floating down their muddy *Nile* be born.
Each stately Tomb and Monumental Stone,
For thee, unburied *Pompey*, shall atone.
*Isis* no more shall draw the cheated Crowd,
Nor God *Osiris* in his Linnen Shrowd;
Stript of their Shrines, with scorn they shall be cast
To be by ignominious Hands defac'd:
Their holy *Apis* of immortal Breed,
To *Pompey*'s Dust a Sacrifice shall bleed,
While burning Deities the Flame shall feed.
Waste shall the Land be laid, and never know
The Tiller's Care, nor feel the crooked Plow;
None shall be left for whom the *Nile* may flow:
'Till the Gods banish'd, and the People gone,
*Egypt* to *Pompey* shall be left alone.

He said; then hasty to Revenge he flew,
And Seaward out the ready Navy drew,
But cooler *Cato* did the Youth asswage,
And praising much, compress his filial Rage.

Mean time the Shores, the Seas, and Skies around,
With mournful Cries for *Pompey*'s Death resound.
A rare Example have their Sorrows shown,
Yet in no Age beside, nor People known,
How falling Pow'r did with Compassion meet,
And Crowds deplor'd the Ruins of the Great.
But when the sad *Cornelia* first appear'd,
When on the Deck her mournful Head she rear'd,
Her Locks hung rudely o'er the Matron's Face,
With all the Pomp of Grief's disorder'd Grace;
When they beheld her wasted quite with Woe,
And spent with Tears that never ceas'd to flow,
Again they feel their Loss, again complain,
And Heav'n and Earth ring with their Cries again.

Soon as she landed on the friendly Strand,
Her Lord's last Rites employ her pious Hand;
To his dear Shade she builds a fun'ral Pile,
And decks it proud with many a noble Spoil.
There shone his Arms with antick Gold inlaid,
There the rich Robes which she her self had made,
Robes thrice to Capitolian *Jove* display'd:
The Relicks of his past victorious Days
Now this his lateſt Trophy serve to raise,
And in one common Flame together blaze.
Such was the weeping Matron's pious Care:
The Soldiers, taught by her, their Fires prepare;
To every valiant Friend a Pile they build,
That fell for *Rome* in curs'd *Pharsalia*'s Field;
Stretch'd wide along the Shores, the Flames extend,
And, grateful to the wandring Shades, ascend.
So when *Appulian* Hinds with Art renew
The wintry Pastures to their verdant Hew,
That Flow'rs may rise, and springing Grass return,
With spreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn,
*Garganus* then and lofty *Vultur* blaze,
And draw the distant wondring Swains to gaze;
Far are the glitt'ring Fires descry'd by Night,
And gild the dusky Skies around with Light.

But oh! not all the Sorrows of the Crowd
That spoke their free impatient Thoughts aloud,
That tax'd the Gods, as Authors of their Woe,
And charg'd 'em with Neglect of Things below;
Not all the Marks of the wild Peoples Love,
The Hero's Soul, like *Cato*'s Praise, could move;
Few were his Words, but from an honest Heart,
Where Faction and where Favour had no part,
But Truth made up for Passion and for Art.

We've lost a *Roman* Citizen (he said)
One of the noblest of that Name is dead;
Who, tho' not equal to our Fathers found,
Nor by their strictest Rules of Justice bound,

Yet from his Faults this Benefit we draw,
He, for his Country's good, transgress'd her Law
To keep a bold Licentious Age in Awe.
*Rome* held her Freedom still, tho' he was great,
He sway'd the Senate, but they rul'd the State.
When Crouds were willing to have worn his Chain,
He chose his private Station to retain,
That all might free, and equal all remain.
War's boundless Pow'r he never sought to use,
Nor ask'd, but what the People might refuse:
Much he possess'd, and wealthy was his Store,
Yet still he gather'd but to give the more,
And *Rome*, while he was rich, could ne'er be poor.
He drew the Sword, but knew its Rage to Charm,
And lov'd Peace best, when he was forc'd to Arm;
Unmov'd with all the glittering Pomp of Pow'r,
He took with Joy, but laid it down with more;
His chaster Houshold and his frugal Board,
Nor Lewdness did, nor Luxury afford,
Ev'n in the highest Fortunes of their Lord.
His noble Name, his Country's Honour grown,
Was venerably round the Nations known,
And as *Rome*'s fairest Light and brightest Glory
When betwixt *Marius* and fierce *Sylla* tost,
The Commonwealth her ancient Freedom lost,
Some shadow yet was left, some shew of Pow'r;
Now ev'n the Name with *Pompey* is no more:
Senate and People all at once are gone,
Nor need the Tyrant blush to mount the Throne.
Oh happy *Pompey*! happy in thy Fate,
Happy by falling with the falling State,
Thy Death a benefit the Gods did grant,
Thou might'st have liv'd those *Pharian* Swords to want.
Freedom, at least, thou dost by dying gain,
Nor liv'st to see thy *Julia*'s Father Reign;
FreeDeath is Man's first Bliss, the next is to be slain.
Such Mercy only, I from *Juba* crave,
(If Fortune should ordain me *Juba*'s Slave)

To *Cæsar* let him shew, but shew me dead,
And keep my Carcase, so he takes my Head.
He said, and pleas'd the noble Shade below,
More than a thousand Orators could do,
Tho' *Tully* too had lent his charming Tongue,
And *Rome*'s full *Forum* with his Praise had rung.
But Discord now infects the sullen Crowd,
And now they tell their Discontents aloud;
When *Tarchon* first his flying Ensigns bore,
Call'd out to march and hasten'd to the Shore;
Him *Cato* thus, pursuing as he mov'd,
Sternly bespoke, and justly thus reprov'd.
Oh restless Author of the roving War,
Dost thou again Piratick Arms prepare?
*Pompey*, thy Terror and thy Scourge, is gone,
And now thou hop'st to rule the Seas alone.
He said, and bent his Frown upon the rest,
Of whom one bolder thus the Chief address'd,
And thus their weariness of War confess'd.
For *Pompey*'s sake (nor thou disdain to hear)
This Civil War we wage, these Arms we bear;
Him we preferr'd to Peace: But (*Cato*) now,
That Cause, that Master of our Arms lyes low,
Let us no more our absent Country mourn,
But to our Homes and Houshold-Gods return;
To the chast Arms from whose Embrace we fled,
And the dear Pledges of the Nuptial Bed.
For oh! what Period can the War attend,
Which nor *Pharsalia*'s Field nor *Pompey*'s Death can end?
The better Times of flying Life are past,
Let Death come gently on in Peace at last.
Let Age at length with providential Care
The necessary Pile and Urn prepare.
All Rites, the cruel Civil War denies,
Part ev'n of *Pompey* yet unbury'd lyes.
Tho' vanquish'd, yet by no Barbarian Hand
We fear not Exile in a foreign Land,
Nor are our Necks by Fortune now bespoke,
To bear the *Scythian* or *Armenian* Yoke;

The Victor still a Citizen we own,
And yield Obedience to the *Roman* Gown.
While *Pompey* liv'd, he bore the Sov'reign Sway;
*Cæsar* was next, and him we now obey;
With Reverence be the sacred Shade ador'd,
But War has giv'n us now another Lord,
To *Cæsar* and superior Chance we yield:
All was determin'd in *Emathia*'s Field.
Not shall our Arms on other Leaders wait,
Nor for uncertain Hopes molest the State,
We follow'd *Pompey* once, but now we follow Fate.
What Terms, what Safety can we hope for now,
But what the Victor's Mercy shall allow?
Once *Pompey*'s Presence justify'd the Cause,
Then fought we for our Liberties and Laws;
With him the Honours of that Cause lye dead,
And all the Sanctity of War is fled.
If, *Cato*, thou for *Rome* these Arms dost bear,
If still, thy Country only be thy Care,
Seek we the Legions where *Rome*'s Ensigns fly,
Where her proud Eagles wave their Wings on high,
No matter who to *Pompey*'s Pow'r succeeds,
We follow where a *Roman* Consul leads.

Thus said, he leap'd Aboard; the youthful Sort
Join in his Flight, and haste to leave the Port;
The senseless Crowd their Liberty disdain,
And long to wear victorious *Cæsar*'s Chain;
Tyrannick Pow'r now sudden seem'd to threat
The ancient Glories of *Rome*'s free-born State,
'Till *Cato* spoke, and thus deferr'd her Fate.

Did then your Vows and servile Pray'rs conspire
Nought but a haughty Master to desire?
Did you, when eager for the Battel, come
The Slaves of *Pompey*, not the Friends of *Rome*?
Now, weary of the Toil, from War you fly,
And idly lay your useless Armour by;
Your Hands neglect to wield the shining Sword,
Nor can you fight but for a King and Lord,

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Some mighty Chief you want, for whom to Sweat;
Your ſelves you know not, or at leaſt forget,
And fondly bleed, that others may be great;
Meanly you toil to give your ſelves away,
And die to leave the World a Tyrant's Prey.
The Gods and Fortune do at length afford
A Cauſe moſt worthy of a *Roman* Sword.
At length 'tis ſafe to conquer. *Pompey* now
Cannot by your Succeſs too Potent grow;
Yet now ignobly you with-hold your Hands,
When nearer Liberty your Aid demands.
Of three who durſt the ſovereign Pow'r invade,
Two by your Fortune's kinder Doom lye dead;
And ſhall the *Pharian* Sword and *Parthian* Bow
Do more for Liberty and *Rome* than you?
Baſe as ye are, in vile Subjection go,
And ſcorn what *Ptolemy* did ill beſtow.
Ignobly Innocent, and meanly Good,
You durſt not ſtain your hardy Hands in Blood;
Feebly a while you fought, but ſoon did yield,
And fled the firſt from dire *Pharſalia*'s Field;
Go then ſecure, for *Cæſar* will be good,
Will pardon thoſe who are with Eaſe ſubdu'd;
The pitying Victor will in Mercy ſpare
The Wretch, who never durſt provoke his War.
Go, ſordid Slaves; one lordly Maſter gone,
Like Heirlooms go from Father to the Son.
Still to enhance your ſervile Merit more,
Bear ſad *Cornelia* weeping from the Shore;
Meanly for Hire expoſe the Matron's Life,
*Metellus* Daughter ſell, and *Pompey*'s Wife;
Take too his Sons: Let *Cæſar* find in you
Wretches that may ev'n *Ptolemy* out-do.
But let not my devoted Life be ſpar'd,
The Tyrant greatly ſhall that Deed reward;
Such is the Price of *Cato*'s hated Head,
That all your former Wars ſhall well be paid;
Kill me, and in my Blood do *Cæſar* Right,
'Tis mean to have no other Guilt but Flight.

He ſaid, and ſtopp'd the flying Naval Pow'r;
Back they return'd repenting to the Shore.
As when the Bees their waxen Town forſake,
Careleſs in Air their wandring way they take,
No more in cluſtring Swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;
No more from Flow'rs they ſuck the liquid Sweet,
But all their Cares and Induſtry forget:
Then if at length the tinkling Braſs they hear,
With ſwift amaze their flight they ſoon forbear;
Sudden their flow'ry Labours they renew,
Hang on the Thyme, and ſip the balmy Dew.
Mean time, ſecure on *Hybla*'s fragrant Plain,
With Joy exults the happy Shepherd Swain;
Proud that his Art had thus preſerv'd his Store,
He ſcorns to think his homely Cottage poor.
With ſuch prevailing force did *Cato*'s Care
The fierce impatient Soldiers Minds prepare,
To learn Obedience, and endure the War.

And now their Minds, unknowing of Repoſe,
With buſie Toil to exerciſe he choſe;
Still with ſucceſſive Labours are they ply'd,
And oft in long and weary Marches try'd.
Before *Cyrene*'s Walls they now ſit down;
And here the Victor's Mercy well was ſhown,
He takes no Vengeance of the Captive Town;
Patient he ſpares, and bids the Vanquiſh'd live,
Since *Cato*, who could conquer, could forgive.
Hence, *Libyan Juba*'s Realms they mean t' explore,
*Juba*, who borders on the ſwarthy *Moor*;
But Nature's Boundaries the Journey ſtay,
The *Syrts* are fix'd athwart the middle way;
Yet led by daring Virtue on they preſs,
Scorn Oppoſition, and ſtill hope Succeſs.

When Nature's Hand the firſt Formation try'd,
When Seas from Lands ſhe did at firſt divide,
The *Syrts*, nor quite of Sea nor Land bereft,
A mingled Maſs uncertain ſtill ſhe left;

For nor the Land with Seas is quite o'er-ſpread,
Nor ſink the Waters deep their oozy Bed,
Nor Earth defends its Shore, nor lifts aloft its Head.
The Site with neither, and with each complies,
Doubtful and inacceſſible it lyes;
Or 'tis a Sea with Shallows bank'd around,
Or 'tis a broken Land with Waters drown'd;
Here Shores advanc'd o'er *Neptune*'s Rule we find,
And there an inland Ocean lags behind.
Thus Nature's purpoſe by her ſelf deſtroy'd,
Is uſeleſs to her ſelf and unimploy'd,
And part of her Creation ſtill is void.
Perhaps when firſt the World and Time began,
Here ſwelling Tides and plenteous Waters ran,
But long confining on the burning Zone,
The ſinking Seas have felt the neighb'ring Sun;
Still by degrees we ſee how they decay,
And ſcarce reſiſt the thirſty God of Day.
Perhaps, in diſtant Ages, 'twill be found,
When future Suns have run the burning round,
Theſe *Syrts* ſhall all be dry and ſolid Ground:
Small are the Depths their ſcanty Waves retain,
And Earth grows daily on the yielding Main.
And now the loaden Fleet with active Oars
Divide the liquid Plain, and leave the Shores.
When cloudy Skies a gath'ring Storm preſage,
And *Auſter* from the South began to rage,
Full from the Land the ſounding Tempeſt roars,
Repels the ſwelling Surge, and ſweeps the Shores;
The Wind purſues, drives on the rolling Sand,
And gives new Limits to the growing Land;
'Spight of the Seaman's Toil the Storm prevails,
In vain with ſkilful Strength he hands the Sails,
In vain the cordy Cables bind 'em faſt,
At once it rips and rends 'em from the Maſt;
At once the Winds the fluttering Canvas tear,
Then whirl and whisk it thro' the ſportive Air.
Some timely for the riſing Rage prepar'd,
Furl the looſe Sheet, and laſh it to the Yard;

In vain their Care; ſudden the furious Blaſt
Snaps by the Board, and bears away the Maſt;
Of Tackling, Sails, and Maſt, at once bereft,
The Ship a naked helpleſs Hull is left.
Forc'd round and round, ſhe quits her purpos'd way,
And bounds uncertain o'er the ſwelling Sea.
But happier ſome a ſteady Courſe maintain,
Who ſtand far out, and keep the deeper Main.
Their Maſts they cut, and driving with the Tide,
Safe o'er the Surge beneath the Tempeſt ride;
In vain did from the Southern Coaſt their Foe,
All black with Clouds, old ſtormy *Auſter* blow;
Lowly ſecure amidſt the Waves they lay,
Them did old Ocean 'ſpight of Winds convey,
Heav'd his broad Back, and roll'd 'em on their way.
Some on the Shallows ſtrike, and doubtful ſtand,
Part beat by Waves, part fix'd upon the Sand.
Now pent amidſt the Shoals the Billows roar,
Daſh on the Banks, and ſcorn the new-made Shore:
Now by the Wind driv'n on in heaps they ſwell,
The ſtedfaſt Banks both Winds and Waves repel:
Still with united Force they rage in vain,
The ſandy Piles their Station fix'd maintain,
And lift their Heads ſecure amidſt the watry Plain.
There 'ſcap'd from Seas, upon the faithleſs Strand,
With weeping Eyes the ſhipwreck'd Seamen ſtand,
And caſt aſhore, look vainly out for Land.
Thus ſome were loſt; but far the greater part
Preſerv'd from danger by the Pilot's Art,
Keep on their Courſe, a happier Fate partake,
And reach in ſafety the *Tritonian* Lake.
Theſe Waters to the tuneful God are dear,
Whoſe vocal Shell the Sea-green *Nereids* hear;
Theſe *Pallas* loves, ſo tells reporting Fame,
Here firſt from Heav'n to Earth the Goddeſs came,
(Heav'ns Neighbourhood the warmer Clime betrays,
And ſpeaks the nearer *Sun*'s immediate Rays)

Here her first Footsteps on the brink she staid,
Here in the watry Glass her Form survey'd,
And call'd her self, from hence, the chaste *Tritonian* Maid.
Here *Lethe*'s Streams from secret Springs below,
Rise to the Light; here heavily, and slow,
The silent dull forgetful Waters flow;
Here, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,
*Hesperian* Plants grew rich with living Gold;
Long since the Fruit was from the Branches torn,
And now the Gardens their lost Honours mourn:
Such was in ancient Times the Tale receiv'd,
Such by our good Forefathers was believ'd;
Nor let Enquirers the Tradition wrong,
Or dare to question, now, the Poet's sacred Song:
Then take it for a Truth, the wealthy Wood,
Here under golden Boughs low bending stood;
On some large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound,
The fair *Hesperian* Virgins watch'd around,
And join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground;
But great *Alcides* came to end their Care,
Strip'd the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;
Then back returning sought the *Argive* Shore,
And the bright Spoil to proud *Eurisstheus* bore.
These famous Regions and the *Syrts* o'erpast,
They reach'd the *Garamantian* Coast at last;
Here under *Pompey*'s Care the Navy lyes,
The gentlest Clime beneath the *Libyan* Skies.
But *Cato*'s Soul, by Dangers unrestrain'd,
Ease and a dull unactive Life disdain'd.
His daring Virtue urges to go on
Thro' Desart Lands, and Nations yet unknown;
To march, and prove th' unhospitable Ground,
To shun the *Syrts*, and lead the Soldier round.
Since now tempestuous Seasons vex the Sea,
And the declining Year forbids the watry Way;
He sees the cloudy drizling Winter near,
And hopes kind Rains may cool the sultry Air:

So happ'ly may they journey on secure,
Nor burning Heats, nor killing Frosts endure;
But while cool Winds the Winter's Breath supplies
With gentle Warmth the *Libyan* Sun may rise,
And both may join and temper well the Skies.
But e'er the toilsom March he undertook,
The Heroe thus the listning Hoast bespoke:
Fellows in Arms! whose Bliss, whose chiefest Good
Is *Rome*'s Defence, and Freedom bought with Blood;
You, who, to die with Liberty, from far
Have follow'd *Cato* in this fatal War,
Be now for Virtue's noblest Task prepar'd,
For Labours many, perillous and hard.
Think thro' what burning Climes, what Wilds we go,
No leafie Shades the naked Deserts know,
Nor silver Streams thro' flowry Meadows flow.
But Horrors there and various Deaths abound,
And Serpents guard th' unhospitable Ground.
Hard is the Way; but thus our Fate demands;
*Rome* and her Laws we seek amidst these Sands.
Let those who glowing with their Country's Love,
Resolve with me these dreadful Plains to prove,
Nor of Return nor Safety once debate,
But only dare to go, and leave the rest to Fate.
Think not I mean the Dangers to disguise,
Or hide 'em from the cheated Vulgar's Eyes;
Those, only those, shall in my Fate partake,
Who love the Daring for the Danger's sake,
Those who can suffer all that worst can come,
And think it what they owe themselves and *Rome*.
If any yet shall doubt, or yet shall fear;
If Life be, more than Liberty, his Care;
Here, e'er we journey further, let him stay,
Inglorious let him, like a Slave, obey,
And seek a Master in some safer way.
Foremost, behold, I lead you to the Toil,
My Feet shall foremost print the dusty Soil:
Strike me the first, thou flaming God of Day,
First let me feel thy fierce, thy scorching Ray;

Ye living Poiſons all, ye ſnaky Train,
Meet me the firſt upon the fatal Plain.
In ev'ry Pain, which you my Warriors fear,
Let me be firſt, and teach you how to bear.
Who ſees me pant for Drought, or fainting firſt,
Let him upbraid me, and complain of Thirſt.
If e'er for Shelter to the Shades I fly,
Me let him curſe, me, for the ſultry Sky.
If while the weary Soldier marches on,
Your Leader by diſtinguiſh'd Eaſe be known,
Forſake my Cauſe, and leave me there alone.
The Sands, the Serpents, Thirſt, and burning Heat,
Are dear to Patience, and to Virtue ſweet;
Virtue, that ſcorns on Cowards Terms to pleaſe,
Or cheaply to be bought, or won with Eaſe;
But then ſhe joys, then ſmiles upon her State,
Then faireſt to her ſelf, then moſt compleat,
When glorious Danger makes her truly great.
So *Libya*'s Plains alone ſhall wipe away
The foul Diſhonours of *Pharſalia*'s Day;
So ſhall your Courage now, tranſcend that Fear:
You fled with Glory there, to Conquer here.

He ſaid; and hardy Love of Toil inſpir'd;
And ev'ry Breaſt with Godlike Ardor fir'd.
Strait, careleſs of Return, without delay
Thro' the wide Waſte he took his pathleſs Way.
*Libya*, ordain'd to be his laſt Retreat,
Receives the Heroe, fearleſs of his Fate;
Here the good Gods his laſt of Labours doom,
Here ſhall his Bones and ſacred Duſt find room,
And his great Head be hid within an humble Tomb.

If this large Globe be portion'd right by Fame,
Then one third Part ſhall ſandy *Libya* claim:
But if we count, as Suns deſcend and riſe,
If we divide by Eaſt and Weſt the Skies,
Then with fair *Europe*, *Libya* ſhall combine,
And both to make the Weſtern Half ſhall join,

Whilst wide-extended *Asia* fills the rest,
Of all from *Tanais* to *Nile* possest,
And reigns sole Empress of the dawning East.
Of all the *Libyan* Soil, the kindliest found
Far to the Western Seas extends its Bound;
Where cooling Gales, where gentle *Zephyrs* fly,
And setting Suns adorn the gaudy Sky:
And yet ev'n here no Liquid Fountain's vein
Wells thro' the Soil, and gurgles o'er the Plain:
But from our Northern Clime, our gentler Heav'n,
Refreshing Dews and fruitful Rains are driv'n;
All bleak, the God, cold *Boreas*, spreads his Wing,
And with our Winter, gives the *Libyan* Spring.
No wicked Wealth infects the simple Soil,
Nor golden Ores disclose their shining Spoil:
Pure is the Glebe; 'tis Earth, and Earth alone,
To guilty Pride and Avarice unknown:
There Citron Groves, the Native Riches, grow,
There cool Retreats and fragrant Shades bestow,
And hospitably skreen their Guests below.
Safe by their Leafy Office, long they stood
O sacred, old, unviolated Wood,
'Till *Roman* Luxury to *Africk* past,
And Foreign Axes laid their Honours waste.
Thus utmost Lands are ransack'd, to afford
The far-fetch'd Dainties, and the costly Board.
But rude and wasteful all those Regions lye
That border on the *Syrts*, and feel too nigh
Their sultry Summer Sun, and parching Sky.
No Harvest, there, the scatter'd Grain repays,
But withering dies, and e'er it shoots decays:
There never loves to spring the mantling Vine,
Nor wanton Ringlets round her Elm to twine:
The thirsty Dust prevents the swelling Fruit,
Drinks up the gen'rous Juice, and kills the Root;
Thro' secret Veins no temp'ring Moistures pass,
To bind with viscous Force the mould'ring Mass;

But Genial *Jove* averſe, diſdains to ſmile,
Forgets, and curſes the neglected Soil.
Thence lazy Nature droops her idle Head,
As ev'ry vegetable Senſe were dead;
Thence the wide dreary Plains one Viſage wear,
Alike in Summer, Winter, Spring appear,
Nor feel the Turns of the revolving Year.
Thin Herbage here (for ſome ev'n here is found)
The *Naſamonian* Hinds collect around;
A naked Race, and barbarous of Mind,
That live upon the Loſſes of Mankind:
The *Syrts* ſupply their Wants and Barren Soil,
And ſtrow th' unhoſpitable Shores with Spoil.
Trade they have none, but ready ſtill they ſtand,
Rapacious, to invade the wealthy Strand,
And hold a Commerce, thus, with ev'ry diſtant Land.
Thro' this dire Country *Cato*'s Journey lay,
Here he purſu'd, while Virtue led the Way.
Here the bold Youth, led by his high Command,
Fearleſs of Storms and raging Winds, by Land
Repeat the Dangers of the ſwelling Main,
And ſtrive with Storms, and raging Winds again:
Here all at large, where nought reſtrains his Force,
Impetuous *Auſter* runs his rapid Courſe;
Nor Mountains here, nor ſteadfaſt Rocks reſiſt,
But free he ſweeps along the ſpacious Liſt.
No ſtable Groves of ancient Oaks ariſe,
To tire his Rage, and catch him as he flies;
But wide around the naked Plains appear,
Here fierce he drives unbounded thro' the Air,
Roars, and exerts his dreadful Empire here.
The whirling Duſt, like Waves in Eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid Heav'n is caught;
There hangs a ſullen Cloud, nor falls again,
Nor breaks, like gentle Vapours, into Rain.
Gazing, the poor Inhabitant deſcries,
Where high above his Land and Cottage flies;

Bereft, he ſees his loſt Poſſeſſions there,
From Earth tranſported, and now fix'd in Air.
Not riſing Flames attempt a bolder Flight;
Like Smoke by riſing Flames unlifted, light
The Sands aſcend, and ſtain the Day with Night.

But now, his utmoſt Pow'r and Rage to boaſt,
The ſtormy God invades the *Roman* Hoſt;
The Soldier yields, unequal to the Shock,
And ſtaggers at the Wind's ſtupendous Stroke.
Amaz'd he ſees that Earth, which lowly lay,
Forc'd from beneath his Feet, and torn away.
Oh *Libya*! were thy pliant Surface bound,
And form'd a ſolid, cloſe compacted Ground;
Or hadſt thou Rocks, whoſe Hollows deep below,
Wou'd draw thoſe ranging Winds that looſely blow;
Their Fury, by thy firmer Maſs oppos'd,
Or in thoſe dark infernal Caves inclos'd,
Thy certain Ruin wou'd at once compleat,
Shake thy Foundations, and unfix thy Seat;
But well thy flitting Plains have learn'd to yield,
Thus not contending thou thy place haſt held,
Unfix'd art fix'd, and flying keep'ſt the Field.
Helms, Spears and Shields, ſnatch'd from the warlike Hoſt,
Thro' Heaven's wide Regions far away were toſt;
While diſtant Nations, with Religious Fear,
Beheld 'em, as ſome Prodigy in Air,
And thought the Gods by them denounc'd a War.
Such hap'ly was the Chance, which firſt did raiſe
The pious Tale, in Prieſtly *Numa*'s Days: [Heav'n,
Such were thoſe Shields, and thus they came from
A ſacred Charge to young Patricians giv'n;
Perhaps long ſince to lawleſs Winds a Prey,
From far Barbarians were they forc'd away;
Thence thro' long airy Journies ſafe did come,
To cheat the Crowd with Miracles at *Rome*.
Thus wide o'er *Libya* rag'd the ſtormy South,
Thus ev'ry way aſſail'd the *Latian* Youth:

Each sev'ral Method for Defence they try,
Now wrap their Garments tight, now close they lye:
Now sinking to the Earth, with weight they press,
Now clasp it to 'em with a strong Embrace.
Scarce in that Posture safe, the driving Blast
Bears hard, and almost heaves 'em off at last.
Mean time a sandy Flood comes rolling on,
And swelling Heaps the prostrate Legions drown;
New to the sudden Danger, and dismaid,
The frighted Soldier hasty calls for Aid,
Heaves at the Hill, and struggling rears his Head.
Soon shoots the growing Pile, and rear'd on high,
Lifts up its lofty Summit to the Sky:
High sandy Walls, like Forts, their Passage stay,
And rising Mountains intercept their Way:
The certain Bounds which should their Journey guide,
The moving Earth and dusty Deluge hide;
So Landmarks sink beneath the flowing Tide.
As thro' mid Seas uncertainly they move,
Led only by *Jove*'s sacred Lights above:
Part ev'n of them the *Libyan* Clime denies,
Forbids their native Northern Stars to rise,
And shades the well-known Lustre from their Eyes.
Now near approaching to the burning Zone,
To warmer, calmer Skies they journey'd on.
The slackning Storms the neighb'ring Sun confess,
The Heat strikes fiercer, and the Winds grow less,
Whilst parching Thirst and fainting Sweats increase.
As forward on the weary Way they went,
Panting with Draught, and all with Labour spent,
Amidst the Desart, desolate and dry,
One chanc'd a little trickling Spring to spy;
Proud of the Prize, he drain'd the scanty Store,
And in his Helmet to the Chieftain bore:
Around in Crowds the thirsty Legions stood,
Their throats and clammy jaws with dust bestrew'd,
And all with wishful Eyes the liquid Treasure view'd.

Around

Around the Leader cast his careful Look,
Sternly, the tempting envy'd Gift he took,
Held it, and thus the Giver fierce bespoke:
And think'st thou then that I want Virtue most!
Am I the meanest of this *Roman* Host!
Am I the first soft Coward that complains!
That shrinks, unequal to these glorious Pains!
Am I in Ease and Infamy the first!
Rather be thou, Base as thou art, Accurs'd,
Thou that dar'st Drink, when all beside thee Thirst.
He said; and wrathful stretching forth his Hand,
Pour'd out the precious Draught upon the Sand.
Well did the Water thus for all provide,
Envy'd by none, while thus to all deny'd,
A little thus the gen'ral Want supply'd.

Now to the sacred Temple they draw near,
Whose only Altars *Libyan* Lands revere;
There, but unlike the *Jove* by *Rome* ador'd,
A Form uncouth, stands Heav'n's Almighty Lord.
No regal Ensigns grace his potent Hand,
Nor shakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand;
But, ruder to behold, a Horned Ram
Belies the God, and *Ammon* is his Name;
There tho' he Reigns unrival'd and alone,
O'er the rich Neighbours of the Torrid Zone;
Tho' swarthy *Æthiops* are to him confin'd,
With *Araby*, the blest, and wealthy *Inde*;
Yet no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are seen,
To blaze upon his Shrines with costly Sheen;
But plain and poor, and unprophan'd he stood,
Such as, to whom our great Fore-fathers bow'd:
A God of pious Times, and Days of Old,
That keeps his Temple safe from *Roman* Gold.
Here, and here only, thro' wide *Libya*'s Space,
Tall Trees, the Land, and verdant Herbage grace;
Here the loose Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,
Knit to a Mass, and moulded into Ground:

Here ſmiling Nature wears a fertile Dreſs,
And all Things here the preſent God confeſs.
Yet here the Sun to neither Pole declines,
But from his Zenith vertically ſhines:
Hence, ev'n the Trees no friendly Shelter yield,
Scarce their own Trunks the leafy Branches ſhield;
The Rays deſcend direct, all round embrace,
And to a central Point the Shadow chace.
Here equally the middle Line is found,
To cut the Radiant Zodiack in its Round:
Here unoblique the *Bull* and *Scorpion* riſe,
Nor mount too ſwift, nor leave too ſoon the Skies;
Nor *Libra* do's too long the *Ram* attend,
Nor bids the *Maid* the *fiſhy* Sign deſcend.
The *Boys* and *Centaur* juſtly Time divide,
And equally their ſev'ral Seaſons guide:
Alike the *Crab* and wintry *Goat* return,
Alike the *Lyon* and the flowing *Urn*.
If any farther Nations yet are known,
Beyond the *Libyan* Fires, and ſcorching Zone;
Northward from them the Sun's bright Courſe is made,
And to the Southward ſtrikes the leaning Shade:
There flow *Boötes*, with his lazy Wain
Deſcending, ſeems to reach the wat'ry Main.
Of all the Lights which high above they ſee,
No Star whate'er from *Neptune*'s Waves is free,
The whirling Axle drives 'em round, and plunges in the Sea.
Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,
Attending Crowds of Eaſtern Pilgrims wait:
Theſe from the horned God expect Relief;
But all give way before the *Latian* Chief.
His Hoſt, (as Crowds are Superſtitious ſtill)
Curious of Fate, of Future Good and Ill,
And fond to prove Prophetick *Ammon*'s Skill,
Intreat their Leader to the God wou'd go,
And from his Oracle *Rome*'s Fortunes know:

But *Labienus* chief the Thought approv'd,
And thus the common Suit to *Cato* mov'd.
Chance, and the Fortune of the Way, he said,
Have brought *Jove*'s sacred Counsels to our Aid:
This Greatest of the Gods, this Mighty Chief,
In each Distress shall be a sure Relief;
Shall point the distant Dangers from afar,
And teach the future Fortunes of the War.
To thee, Oh *Cato*! Pious! Wise! and Just!
Their dark Decrees the cautious Gods shall trust;
To thee their Fore-determin'd Will shall tell:
Their Will has been thy Law, and thou hast kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the Noble Thought Improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with *Jove*.
Inquire betimes, what various Chance shall come
To Impious *Cæsar*, and thy native *Rome*;
Try to avert, at least, thy Country's Doom.
Ask if these Arms our Freedom shall restore:
Or else, if Laws and Right shall be no more.
Be thy great Breast with Sacred Knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wandring Maze of Thought:
Thou, that to Virtue ever wert enclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly Defin'd,
And leave some Perfect Rule to guide Mankind.
Full of the God that dwelt within his Breast,
The Hero thus his secret Mind express'd,
And In-born Truths reveal'd; Truths which might
Become ev'n Oracles themselves to tell. [well
Where wou'd thy fond, thy vain Enquiry go?
What Mystick Fate, what Secret wou'dst thou know?
Is it a Doubt if Death shou'd be my Doom,
Rather than live 'till Kings and Bondage come,
Rather than see a Tyrant crown'd in *Rome*?
Or wou'dst thou know if, what we value here,
Life, be a Trifle hardly worth our Care?
What by Old Age and Length of Days we gain,
More than to lengthen out the Sense of Pain?

Or if this World, with all its Forces join'd,
The universal Malice of Mankind,
Can shake or hurt the brave and honest Mind?
If stable Virtue can her Ground maintain,
While Fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If *Good* in lazy Speculations dwell,
And barely be the *Will* of doing well?
If *Right* be independent of Success,
And Conqueſt cannot make it more nor less?
Are these, my Friend, the Secrets thou wou'dst know,
Those Doubts for which to Oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned *Ammon* can no more unfold:
From God deriv'd, to God by Nature join'd,
We act the Dictates of his mighty Mind:
And tho' the Priests are mute, and Temples still,
God never wants a Voice to speak his Will.
When first we from the teeming Womb were brought,
With in-born Precepts then our Souls were fraught,
And then the Maker his new Creatures taught.
Then when he form'd, and gave us to be Men,
He gave us all our useful Knowledge, *Then.*
Can'st thou believe, the vast eternal Mind
Was e'er to *Syrts* and *Libyan* Sands confin'd?
That he would chuse this waste, this barren Ground,
To teach the thin Inhabitants around,
And leave his Truth in Wilds and Desarts drown'd?
Is there a Place that God would chuse to love
Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon Heav'n above,
And virtuous Minds, the noblest Throne for *Jove?*
Why seek we farther then? Behold around,
How all thou see'st do's with the God abound,
*Jove* is alike in all, and always to be found.
Let those weak Minds, who live in doubt and fear,
To juggling Priests for Oracles repair;
One certain Hour of Death to each decreed,
My fixt, my certain Soul from doubt has freed:
The Coward, and the Brave, are doom'd to fall;
And when *Jove* told this Truth, he told us all.

So spoke the Hero; and to keep his Word,
Nor *Ammon*, nor his Oracle explor'd;
But left the Crowd at freedom to believe,
And take such Answers as the Priest shou'd give.
Foremost on foot he treads the burning Sand,
Bearing his Arms in his own patient hand;
Scorning another's weary Neck to press,
Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Ease;
The panting Soldier to his Toil succeeds,
Where no Command, but great Example leads.
Sparing of Sleep, still for the Rest he wakes,
And at the Fountain last his Thirst he slakes;
Whene'er by Chance some living Stream is found,
He stands and sees the cooling Draughts go round,
Stays 'till the last and meanest Drudge be past,
And 'till his Slaves have Drunk, disdains to taste.
If true good Men deserve immortal Fame,
If Virtue, tho' distress'd, be still the same;
Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, and wisely knew,
Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his due.
Whoe'er with Battels fortunately fought,
Whoe'er with *Roman* Blood such Honours bought?
This Triumph, this on *Libya*'s utmost Bound,
With Death and Desolation compass'd round,
To all thy Glories, *Pompey*, I prefer,
Thy Trophies, and thy third Triumphal Car,
To *Marius*' mighty Name, and great *Jugurthine* War.
His Country's Father here, O *Rome*, behold,
Worthy thy Temples, Priests, and Shrines of Gold:
If e'er thou break thy lordly Master's Chain,
If Liberty be e'er restor'd again,
Him shalt thou place in thy divine Abodes,
Swear by his holy Name, and rank him with thy Gods.
Now to those sult'ry Regions were they past,
Which *Jove* to stop enquiring Mortals plac'd,
And as their utmost, Southern, Limits cast,

Thirſty, for Springs they ſearch the Deſart round,
And only one amidſt the Sands they found;
Well ſtor'd it was, but all Acceſs was barr'd;
The Stream ten thouſand noxious Serpents guard:
Dry *Aſpicks* on the fatal Margin ſtood,
And *Dipſa's* thirſted in the middle Flood;
Back from the Stream the frighted Soldier flies,
Tho' parch'd, and languiſhing for Drink, he dies:
The Chief beheld, and ſaid, You fear in vain,
Vainly from ſafe and healthy Draughts abſtain,
My Soldier, drink, and dread not Death or Pain.
When urg'd to rage, their Teeth the Serpents fix,
And Venom with our vital Juices mix;
The Peſt infus'd thro' ev'ry Vein runs round,
Infects the Maſs, and Death is in the Wound.
Harmleſs and ſafe, no Poiſon here they ſhed:
He ſaid; and firſt the doubtful Draught eſſay'd;
He, who thro' all their March, their Toil, their Thirſt,
Demanded here alone to drink the firſt.

Why Plagues, like theſe, infeſt the *Libyan* Air,
Why Deaths unknown in various Shapes appear;
Why fruitful to deſtroy the curſed Land
Is temper'd thus, by Nature's ſecret Hand;
Dark and obſcure the hidden Cauſe remains,
And ſtill deludes the vain Enquirer's Pains;
Unleſs a Tale for Truth may be believ'd,
And the good-natur'd World be willingly deceiv'd.

Where Weſtern Waves on fartheſt *Libya* beat,
Warm'd with the ſetting Sun's deſcending Heat,
Dreadful *Meduſa* fix'd her horrid Seat;
No leafy Shade, with kind Protection, ſhields
The rough, the ſquallid unfrequented Fields;
No mark of Shepherds, or the Plowman's Toil,
To tend the Flocks, or turn the mellow Soil:
But rude with Rocks, the Region all around,
Its Miſtreſs, and her Potent Viſage own'd.
'Twas from this Monſter to afflict Mankind,
That Nature firſt produc'd the Snaky Kind;

On her at first their forky Tongues appear'd;
From her their dreadful Hissings first were heard.
Some wreath'd in Folds upon her Temples hung;
Some backwards to her Waste depended long;
Some with their rising Crests her Forehead deck;
Some wanton play, and lash her swelling Neck:
And while her Hands the curling Vipers comb,
Poison distills around, and Drops of livid Foam.

None, who beheld the Fury, could complain;
So swift their Fate, preventing Death and Pain:
E'er they had Time to fear, the Change came on,
And Motion, Sense and Life were lost in Stone:
The Soul it self, from sudden Flight debarr'd,
Congealing, in the Body's Fortune shar'd.
The Dire *Eumenides* could Rage inspire,
But could no more; the tuneful *Thracian* Lyre
Infernal *Cerberus* did soon assuage,
Lull'd him to Rest, and sooth'd his triple Rage;
*Hydra*'s sev'n Heads the bold *Alcides* view'd,
Safely he saw, and what he saw subdu'd:
Of these in various Terrors each excell'd;
But all to this Superior Fury yield.
*Phorcus* and *Ceto*, next to *Neptune* he,
Immortal both, and Rulers of the Sea,
This Monster's Parents did their Offspring dread,
And from her sight her Sister *Gorgons* fled,
Old Ocean's Waters, and the liquid Air,
The universal World her Pow'r might fear:
All Nature's beauteous Works she cou'd invade,
Thro' every Part a lazy Numness shed,
And over all a stony Surface spread.
Birds in their flight were stopt, and pond'rous grown,
Forgot their Pinions, and fell senseless down.
Beasts to the Rocks were fix'd, and all around
Were Tribes of Stone and Marble Nations found.
No living Eyes so fell a Sight could bear,
Her Snakes themselves, all deadly tho' they were,
Shot backward from her Face, and shrunk away
for fear.

By her a Rock *Titanian Atlas* grew,
And Heav'n by her the Gyants did ſubdue;
Hard was the Fight, and *Jove* was half diſmay'd,
'Till *Pallas* brought the *Gorgon* to his Aid:
The heav'nly Nation laid aſide their Fear,
For ſoon ſhe finiſh'd the Prodigious War;
To Mountains turn'd, the Monſter Race remains
The Trophies of her Pow'r on the *Phlegræan* Plains.

To ſeek this Monſter, and her Fate to prove,
The Son of *Danaë* and golden *Jove*,
Attempts a Flight thro' airy Ways above.
The Youth *Cyllenian Hermes* Aid implor'd;
The God aſſiſted with his Wings and Sword,
His Sword, which late made watchful *Argus* bleed,
And *Io* from her cruel Keeper freed;
Unwedded *Pallas* lent a Siſter's Aid;
But ask'd, for recompence, *Meduſa*'s Head.
Eaſtward ſhe warns her Brother bend his flight,
And from the *Gorgon* Realms avert his Sight;
Then arms his Left with her refulgent Shield,
And ſhews how there the Foe might be beheld.
Deep Slumbers had the drowzy Fiend poſſeſt,
Such as drew on, and well might ſeem her laſt:
And yet ſhe ſlept not whole; one half, her Snakes
Watchful, to guard their horrid Miſtreſs, wakes;
The reſt diſhevel'd, looſely, round her Head,
And o'er her drowzy Lids and Face were ſpread.
Backward the Youth draws near, nor dares to look,
But blindly, at a venture, aims a Stroke:
His falt'ring Hand the Virgin Goddeſs guides,
And from the Monſter's Neck her ſnaky Head divides.
But oh! what Art, what Numbers can expreſs
The Terrors of the dying *Gorgon*'s Face!
What Clouds of Poiſon from her Lips ariſe!
What Death, what vaſt Deſtruction threaten'd in her Eyes!
'Twas ſomewhat that immortal Gods might fear,
More than the warlike Maid her ſelf could bear.

The victor *Perseus* still had been subdu'd,
Tho' wary still, with Eyes averse he stood;
Had not his heav'nly Sister's timely Care
Veil'd the dread Visage with the hissing Hair;
Seiz'd of his Prey, Heav'nwards, uplifted light,
On *Hermes* nimble Wings, he took his Flight.
Now thoughtful of his Course, he hung in Air,
And meant, thro' *Europe*'s happy Clime to steer;
'Till pitying *Pallas* warn'd him not to blast
Her fruitful Fields, nor lay her Cities waste.
For who would not have upwards cast their Sight,
Curious to gaze at such a wond'rous Flight?
Therefore by Gales of gentle *Zephyrs* born,
To *Libya*'s Coast the Heroe minds to turn.
Beneath the sult'ry Line, expos'd it lyes
To deadly Planets, and malignant Skies.
Still with his fiery Steeds, the God of Day
Drives thro' that Heav'n, and marks his burning Way.
No Land more high erects its lofty Head,
The silver Moon in dim Eclipse to shade;
If thro' the Summer Signs direct she run,
Nor bends obliquely, North or South, to shun
The envious Earth that hides her from the Sun.
Yet cou'd this Soil accurst, this barren Field,
Increase of Deaths, and pois'nous Harvests yield.
Where-e'er sublime in Air the Victor flew,
The Monster's Head distill'd a deadly Dew;
The Earth receiv'd the Seed, and pregnant grew.
Still as the putrid Gore dropt on the Sand,
'Twas temper'd up by Nature's forming hand;
The glowing Climate makes the Work compleat,
And broods upon the Mass, and lends it genial Heat.
First of those Plagues the drowzy *Asp* appear'd,
Then first her Crest and swelling Neck she rear'd;
A larger drop of black congealing Blood
Distinguish'd her amidst the deadly Brood.
Of all the Serpent Race are none so fell,
None with so many Deaths, such plenteous Venom

Chill in themſelves, our colder Climes they ſhun,
And chuſe to bask in *Afric*'s warmer Sun;
But *Nile* no more confines 'em now: What Bound
Can for inſatiate Avarice be found!
Freighted with *Libyan* Deaths our Merchants come,
And pois'nous *Aſps* are things of Price at *Rome*.
Her ſcaly Folds th' *Hæmorrhoïs* unbends,
And her vaſt length along the Sands extends;
Where-e'er ſhe wounds, from ev'ry Part the Blood
Guſhes reſiſtleſs in a Crimſon flood.
Amphibious ſome do in the *Syrts* abound,
And now on Land, in Waters now are found.
Slimy *Chelyder*'s the parch'd Earth diſtain,
And trace a reeking Furrow on the Plain.
The ſpotted *Cenchris*, rich in various Dyes,
Shoots in a line, and forth directly flies;
Not *Theban* Marbles are ſo gayly dreſs'd,
Nor with ſuch party-colour'd Beauties grac'd.
Safe in his earthy Hue and dusky Skin,
Th' *Ammodytes* lurks in the Sands unſeen:
The † *Swimmer* there the cryſtal Stream pollutes;
And ſwift, thro' Air, the flying ‡ *Javelin* ſhoots.
The *Scytale*, e'er yet the Spring returns,
There caſts her Coat; and there the *Dipſas* burns;
The *Amphisbæna* doubly arm'd appears,
At either end a threat'ning Head ſhe rears.
Rais'd on his active Tail the *Pareas* ſtands,
And as he paſſes, furrows up the Sands.
The *Preſter* by his foaming Jaws is known;
The *Seps* invades the Fleſh and firmer Bone,
Diſſolves the Maſs of Man, and melts his Fabrick down.
The *Baſiliſk*, with dreadful hiſſings heard,
And from afar by ev'ry Serpent fear'd,
To diſtance drives the Vulgar, and remains
The lonely Monarch of the deſart Plains.

‡ *Names of Serpents*, Nattix, Jaculum.

And you, ye Dragons of the scaly Race,
Whom glittering Gold and shining Armours grace,
In other Nations harmless are you found
Their guardian *Genii* and Protectors own'd;
In *Afric* only are you fatal; there,
On wide-expanded Wings, sublime you rear
Your dreadful Forms, and drive the yielding Air.
The lowing Kine in droves you chace, and cull
Some Master of the Herd, some mighty Bull:
Around his stubborn Sides your Tails you twist,
By force compress, and burst his brawny Chest.
Not Elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your Prize.
Resistless in your Might, you all invade,
And for Destruction need not Poison's Aid.
Thus, thro' a thousand Plagues around 'em spread,
A weary March the hardy Soldiers tread,
Thro' Thirst, thro' Toil and Death, by *Cato* led.
Their Chief, with pious Grief and deep Regret,
Each moment mourns his Friends untimely Fate;
Wond'ring, he sees some small, some trivial Wound
Extend a valiant *Roman* on the Ground.
*Aulus*, a noble Youth of *Tyrrhene* Blood,
Who bore the Standard, on a *Dipsas* trode;
Backward the wrathful Serpent bent her Head,
And, fell with Rage, th' unheeded wrong repay'd.
Scarce did some little mark of Hurt remain,
And scarce he found some little sense of Pain;
Nor cou'd he yet the Danger doubt, nor fear
That Death, with all its Terrors, threaten'd there.
When lo! unseen, the secret Venom spreads,
And ev'ry nobler Part at once invades;
Swift Flames consume the Marrow and the Brain,
And the scorch'd Entrails rage with burning Pain;
Upon his Heart the thirsty Poisons prey,
And drain the sacred Juice of Life away;
No kindly floods of Moisture bathe his Tongue,
But cleaving to the parched Roof it hung;

No trick'ling Drops distil, no dewy Sweat,
To ease his weary Limbs, and cool the raging Heat.
Nor cou'd he weep; ev'n Grief cou'd not supply
Streams for the mournful office of his Eye,
The never failing source of Tears was dry.
Frantick he flies, and with a careless Hand
Hurls the neglected *Eagle* on the Sand; [mand:
Nor hears, nor minds, his pitying Chief's Com-
For Springs he seeks, he digs, he proves the Ground,
For Springs, in vain, explores the Desart round,
For cooling Draughts, which might their Aid impart,
And quench the burning Venom in his Heart.
Plung'd in the *Tanais*, the *Rhône*, or *Po*,
Or *Nile*, whose wand'ring Streams o'er *Egypt* flow,
Still wou'd he rage, still with the Feaver glow.
The scorching Climate to his Fate conspires,
And *Libya*'s Sun assists the *Dipsa*'s Fires.
Now ev'ry where for Drink, in vain, he pries,
Now to the *Syrts* and briny Seas he flies;
The briny Seas delight, but seem not to suffice:
Nor yet he knows what secret Plague he nurs'd,
Nor found the Poison, but believ'd it Thirst.
Of Thirst, and Thirst alone, he still complains,
Raving for Thirst, he tears his swelling Veins;
From ev'ry Vessel drains a Crimson Flood,
And quaffs in greedy Draughts his vital Blood.
This *Cato* saw, and straight without delay,
Commands the Legions on to urge their way;
Nor give th' enquiring Soldier time to know
What deadly Deeds a fatal Thirst cou'd do.
But soon a Fate more sad, with new surprize,
From the first Object turns their wond'ring Eyes.
Wretched *Sabellus* by a *Seps* was stung,
Fix'd to his Leg, with deadly Teeth, it hung:
Sudden the Soldier shook it from the Wound,
Transfix'd and nail'd it to the barren Ground.
Of all the dire destructive Serpent race,
None have so much of Death, tho' none are less,

For straight around the Part the Skin withdrew,
The Flesh and shrinking Sinews backward flew,
And left the naked Bones expos'd to view.
The spreading Poisons all the Parts confound,
And the whole Body sinks within the Wound:
The brawny Thighs no more their Muscles boast,
But melting, all in liquid filth are lost;
The well knit Groin above, and Ham below,
Mixt in one putrid Stream, together flow;
The firm *Peritonæum* rent in twain,
No more the pressing Entrails cou'd sustain, [main.
It yields, and forth they fall, at once they gush a-
Small Reliques of the mould'ring Mass were left,
At once of Substance, as of Form bereft;
Dissolv'd the whole in liquid Poison ran,
And to a nauseous puddle shrunk the Man.
Then burst the rigid Nerves, the manly Breast,
And all the texture of the heaving Chest;
Resistless way the conqu'ring Venom made,
And secret Nature was at once display'd;
Her sacred Privacies all open lye
To each prophane enquiring Vulgar Eye.
Then the broad Shoulders did the Pest invade,
Then o'er the valiant Arms and Neck it spread,
Last sunk, the Mind's imperial Seat, the Head.
So Snows dissolv'd by Southern Breezes run,
So melts the Wax before the Noon-day Sun.
Nor ends the Wonder here; tho' Flames are known
To waste the Flesh, yet still they spare the Bone:
Here none were left, no least Remains were seen;
No marks to shew, that once the Man had been;
Of all the Plagues which curse the *Libyan* Land,
(If Death and Mischief may a Crown demand)
Serpent, the Palm is thine. Tho' others may
Boast of their Pow'r to force the Soul away,
Yet Soul and Body both become thy Prey.
A Fate of different kind *Nasidius* found,
A burning *Prester* gave the deadly Wound;

And straight a sudden Flame began to spread,
And paint his Visage with a glowing Red.
With swift Expansion swells the bloated Skin,
Nought but an undistinguish'd Mass is seen,
While the fair human Form lyes lost within.
The puffy Poison spreads, and heaves around,
'Till all the Man is in the Monster drown'd.
No more the steely Plate his Breast can stay,
But yields, and gives the bursting Poison way.
Not Waters so, when Fire the Rage supplies,
Bubbling on heaps, in boiling Cauldrons rise.
Nor swells the stretching Canvas half so fast,
When the Sails gather all the driving blast,
Strain the tough Yards, and bow the lofty Mast.
The various Parts no longer now are known,
One headless formless heap remains alone;
The feather'd Kind avoid the fatal Feast,
And leave it deadly to some hungry Beast;
With horror seiz'd, his sad Companions too,
In haste from the unbury'd Carcass flew; [grew.
Look'd back, but fled again, for still the Monster

But fertile *Libya* still new Plagues supplies,
And to more horrid Monsters turns their Eyes;
Deeply the fierce *Hæmorrhoïs* impress
Her fatal Teeth on *Tullus'* valiant Breast.
The noble Youth, with Virtue's Love inspir'd,
Her, in her *Cato*, follow'd and admir'd;
Mov'd by his great Example, vow'd to share
With him, each Chance of that disastrous War.
And as when mighty *Rome*'s Spectators meet
In the full Theatre's capacious Seat,
At once by secret Pipes and Channels fed,
Rich Tinctures gush from ev'ry Antique Head;
At once ten thousand saffron Currents flow,
And rain their Odours on the Crowd below:
So the warm Blood at once from ev'ry Part
Ran Purple Poison down, and drain'd the fainting Heart.

Blood falls for Tears, and o'er his mournful Face
The ruddy Drops their tainted Paſſage trace:
Where-e'er the liquid Juices find a way,
There ſtreams of Blood, there crimſon Rivers ſtray;
His Mouth and guſhing Noſtrils pour a Flood,
And ev'n the Pores ooze out the trickling Blood;
In the red Deluge all the Parts lye drown'd,
And the whole Body ſeems one bleeding Wound.
*Lævus*, a Colder *Aſpick* bit, and ſtrait
His Blood forgot to flow, his Heart to beat;
Thick Shades upon his Eye-lids ſeem'd to creep,
And lock him faſt in Everlaſting Sleep:
No ſenſe of Pain, no Torment did he know,
But ſunk in Slumbers to the Shades below.
Not ſwifter Deaths attend the noxious Juice,
Which dire *Sabæan Aconites* produce.
Well may their crafty Prieſts divine, and well
The Fate, which they themſelves can cauſe, foretel;
Fierce from afar a darting *Javelin* ſhot,
(For ſuch, the Serpent's Name has *Africk* taught)
And thro' unhappy *Paulus*' Temples flew,
Nor Poiſon, but a Wound, the Soldier ſlew;
No flight ſo ſwift, ſo rapid none we know,
Stones from the ſounding Sling, compar'd, are ſlow,
And the Shaft loiters from the *Scythian* Bow.
A *Baſiliſk* bold *Murrus* kill'd in vain,
And nail'd it dying to the ſandy Plain;
Along the Spear the ſliding Venom ran,
And ſudden, from the Weapon, ſeiz'd the Man:
His Hand firſt touch'd, e'er it his Arm invade,
Soon he divides it with his ſhining Blade:
The Serpent's force by ſad Example taught,
With his loſt Hand, his ranſom'd Life he bought.
Who that the Scorpion's Inſect Form ſurveys,
Wou'd think that ready Death his Call obeys?
Threat'ning, he rears his knotty Tail on high;
The vaſt *Orion* thus he doom'd to dy,
And fix'd him, his proud Trophy, in the Sky.

Or cou'd we the *Salpuga*'s Anger dread,
Or fear upon her little Cave to tread?
Yet ſhe the fatal Threads of Life commands,
And quickens oft the *Stygian* Siſter's hands.
Purſu'd by Dangers, thus they paſs'd away
The reſtleſs Night, and thus the chearleſs Day;
Ev'n Earth it ſelf they fear'd, the common Bed,
Where each lay down to reſt his weary Head:
There no kind Trees their leafy Couches ſtrow,
The Sands no Turf nor moſſy Beds beſtow;
But tir'd, and fainting with the tedious Toil,
Expos'd they ſleep upon the fatal Soil.
With vital Heat they brood upon the Ground,
And breathe a kind attractive Vapour round.
While chill, with colder Night's ungentle Air,
To Man's warm Breaſt his ſnaky Foes repair,
And find, ungrateful Gueſts, a Shelter there.
Thence freſh Supplies of pois'nous Rage return,
And fiercely with recruited Deaths they burn.
Reſtore, thus ſadly oft the Soldier ſaid,
Reſtore *Emathia*'s Plains, from whence we fled;
This Grace, at leaſt, ye cruel Gods afford,
That we may fall beneath the hoſtile Sword.
The *Dipſa*'s here in *Cæſar*'s Triumph ſhare,
And fell *Ceraſtæ* wage his Civil War.
Or let us haſte away, preſs farther on,
Urge our bold Paſſage to the Burning Zone,
And Die by thoſe Ætherial Flames alone.
*Africk*, thy Deſarts we accuſe no more,
Nor blame, oh Nature, thy Creating Pow'r;
From Man thou wiſely didſt theſe Wilds divide,
And for thy Monſters here alone provide;
A Region waſte, and void of all beſide.
Thy prudent Care forbad the barren Field,
The yellow Harveſt's ripe Increaſe to yield;
Man and his Labours well thou didſt deny,
And bad'ſt him from the Land of Poiſons fly.
We, Impious we, the bold Irruption made;
We, this the Serpent's World did firſt invade;

Take then our Lives a Forfeit for the Crime,
Whoe'er thou art, that rul'ſt this curſed Clime;
What God ſoe'er, that lonely lov'ſt to Reign,
And do'ſt the Commerce of Mankind diſdain;
Who, to ſecure thy horrid Empire's Bound,
Haſt fix'd the *Syrts*, and Torrid Realms around;
Here the wild Waves, there the Flames ſcorching Breath,
And fill'd the dreadful middle Space with Death.
Behold, to thy Retreats our Arms we bear,
And with *Rome*'s civil Rage prophane thee Here;
Ev'n to thy inmoſt Seats we ſtrive to go,
And ſeek the Limits of the World to know.
Perhaps more dire Events attend us yet;
New Deaths, new Monſters, ſtill we go to meet.
Perhaps to thoſe far Seas our Journey bends,
Where to the Waves the burning Sun deſcends;
Where, ruſhing headlong down Heav'ns Azure Steep,
All red he plunges in the hiſſing Deep.
Low ſinks the Pole, declining from its Height,
And ſeems to yield beneath the rapid Weight.
Nor farther Lands from Fame her ſelf are known,
But *Mauritanian Juba*'s Realms alone.
Perhaps, while, raſhly daring, on we paſs,
Fate may diſcover ſome more dreadful Place;
'Till, late repenting, we may wiſh in vain
To ſee theſe Serpents, and theſe Sands again.
One Joy at leaſt do theſe ſad Regions give,
Ev'n here we know 'tis poſſible to Live;
That, by the Native Plagues, we may perceive,
Nor ask we now for *Aſia*'s gentler Day,
Nor now for *Europæan* Suns we pray;
Thee, *Africk*, now, thy Abſence we deplore,
And ſadly think we ne'er ſhall ſee thee more:
Say, in what Part, what Climate art thou loſt?
Where have we left *Cyrene*'s happy Froſt?
Cold Skies we felt, and froſty Winter there,
While more than Summer Suns are raging here,
And break the Laws of the well-order'd Year.

Southward, beyond Earth's Limits, are we paſs'd,
And *Rome*, at length, beneath our Feet is plac'd.
Grant us, ye Gods, one Pleaſure e'er we dye,
Add to our harder Fate this only Joy,
That *Caſar* may purſue, and follow where we fly.
Impatient, thus the Soldier oft complains,
And ſeems, by telling, to relieve his Pains;
But moſt the Virtues of their matchleſs Chief
Inſpire new Strength, to bear with ev'ry Grief;
All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,
On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lyes;
In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,
Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r.
Unweary'd ſtill, his common Care attends
On ev'ry Fate, and chears his dying Friends:
With ready haſte at each ſad Call he flies,
And more than Health, or Life it ſelf, ſupplies;
With Virtue's nobleſt Precepts arms their Souls,
And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls:
Where-e'er he comes, no ſigns of Grief are ſhown;
Grief, an unmanly Weakneſs, they diſown,
And ſcorn to ſigh, or breathe one parting Groan.
Still urging on his Pious Cares, he ſtrove
The ſenſe of outward Evils to remove,
And by his Preſence, taught 'em to diſdain
The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain.
But now, ſo many Toils and Dangers paſt,
Fortune grew kind, and brought Relief at laſt;
Of all who ſcorching *Africk*'s Sun endure,
None like the ſwarthy *Pſyllians* are ſecure.
Skill'd in the Lore of pow'rful Herbs and Charms,
Them, nor the Serpent's Tooth, nor Poiſon harms:
Nor do they thus in Arts alone excel,
But Nature too their Blood has temper'd well,
And taught, with vital Force, the Venom to repel.
With healing Gifts and Privileges grac'd,
Well in the Land of Serpents were they plac'd;
Truce with the Dreadful Tyrant, Death, they have,
And border ſafely on his Realm, the Grave.

Such is their Confidence in true-born Blood,
That oft with Aſps they prove their doubtful Brood;
When wanton Wives their jealous Rage inflame,
The New-born Infant clears or damns the Dame:
If ſubject to the wrathful Serpent's Wound,
The Mother's Shame is by the Danger found;
But if unhurt, the fearleſs Infant laugh;
The Wife is honeſt, and the Husband ſafe.
So when *Jove*'s Bird on ſome tall Cedar's head,
Has a new Race of gen'rous Eaglets bred,
While yet unplum'd, within the Neſt they lye,
Wary ſhe turns them to the Eaſtern Sky:
Then if unequal to the God of Day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent Ray,
She ſpurns 'em forth, and caſts 'em quite away.
But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the Light, and bear the Golden Blaze;
Tender ſhe broods 'em, with a Parent's Love,
The future Servants of her Maſter *Jove*.
Nor ſafe themſelves, Alone, the *Pſyllians* are,
But to their Gueſts extend their friendly Care.
Firſt, where the *Roman* Camp is mark'd, around
Circling they paſs, then Chanting, Charm the Ground,
And chace the Serpents with the Myſtick Sound.
Beyond the fartheſt Tents rich Fires they build,
That healthy Medicinal Odours yield;
There foreign *Galbanum* diſſolving fries,
And crackling Flames from humble *Wall-wort* riſe.
There *Tamariſk*, whom no green Leaf adorns,
And there the ſpicy *Syrian Coſtos* burns;
There *Centory* ſupplies the wholeſom Flame,
That from *Theſſalian Chiron* takes its Name.
The Gummy *Larch-Tree*, and the *Thapſos* there,
*Wound-wort* and *Maiden-weed*, perfume the Air.
There the large Branches of the Long-liv'd Hart,
With *Southern-wood*, their Odours ſtrong impart.

The Monſters of the Land, the Serpents fell,
Fly far away, and ſhun the Hoſtile Smell.
Securely thus they paſs the Nights away;
And if they chance to meet a Wound by Day,
The *Pſyllian* Artiſts ſtrait their Skill diſplay.
Then ſtrives the *Leach* the pow'r of Charms to ſhow,
And bravely combats with the deadly Foe;
With Spittle, firſt he marks the Part around,
And keeps the Poiſon Priſ'ner in the Wound;
Then ſudden he begins the Magick Song,
And rolls the Numbers haſty o'er his Tongue.
Swift he runs on; nor pauſes once for Breath,
To ſtop the Progreſs of approaching Death:
He fears the Cure might ſuffer, by Delay,
And Life be loſt, but for a Moment's ſtay.
Thus oft, tho' deep within the Veins it lyes,
By Magick Numbers chac'd, the Miſchief flies:
But if it hear too ſlow, if ſtill it ſtay,
And ſcorn the Potent Charmer to obey;
With forceful Lips he faſtens on the Wound,
Drains out, and ſpits the Venom to the Ground:
Thus by long Uſe and oft Experience taught,
He knows from whence his Hurt the Patient got;
He proves the Part thro' which the Poiſon paſt,
And knows each various Serpent, by the taſte.

The Warriors thus reliev'd, amidſt their Pains,
Held on their Paſſage thro' the Deſart Plains:
And now the ſilver Empreſs of the Night
Had loſt, and twice regain'd her borrow'd Light,
While *Cato*, wandring o'er the waſteful Field,
Patient in all his Labours, ſhe beheld;
At length condens'd in Clods the Sands appear,
And ſhew a better Soil and Country near:
Now from afar thin Tufts of Trees ariſe,
And ſcattering Cottages delight their Eyes,
But when the Soldier once beheld again
The raging Lion ſhake his horrid Mane,

What hopes of better Lands his Soul poſſeſt!
What Joys he felt, to view the Dreadful Beaſt!
*Leptis* at laſt they reach'd, that neareſt lay,
There free from Storms, and the Sun's parching Ray,
At Eaſe they paſs'd the Wintry Year away.
When ſated with the Joys which Slaughters yield,
Retiring *Cæſar* left *Emathia*'s Field;
His other Cares laid by, he ſought alone
To trace the Footſteps of his flying Son.
Led by the Guidance of Reporting Fame,
Firſt to the *Thracian Helleſpont* he came.
Here Young *Leander* periſh'd in the Flood,
And here the Tow'r of mournful *Hero* ſtood:
Here, with a narrow Stream, the flowing Tide,
*Europe*, from wealthy *Aſia*, do's divide.
From hence the Curious Victor paſſing o'er,
Admiring ſought the fam'd *Sigæan* Shore.
There might he Tombs of *Grecian* Chiefs behold,
Renown'd in Sacred Verſe by Bards of Old.
There the long Ruins of the Walls appear'd,
Once by great *Neptune*, and *Apollo*, rear'd:
There ſtood Old *Troy*, a venerable Name;
For ever Conſecrate to Deathleſs Fame.
Now blaſted moſſy Trunks with Branches ſear,
Brambles and Weeds, a loathſom Foreſt rear;
Where once in Palaces of Regal State,
Old *Priam*, and the *Trojan* Princes, ſate.
Where Temples once, on lofty Columns born,
Majeſtick did the wealthy Town adorn,
All rude, all waſte and deſolate is lay'd,
And ev'n the ruin'd Ruins are decay'd.
Here *Cæſar* did each Story'd Place ſurvey,
Here ſaw the Rock, where, *Neptune* to obey,
*Heſione* was bound the Monſter's Prey.
Here, in the Covert of a ſecret Grove,
The bleſt *Anchiſes* claſp'd the Queen of Love.
Here fair *Oenone* play'd, Here ſtood the Cave
Where *Paris* once the fatal Judgment gave;

Here lovely *Ganymede* to Heav'n was born;
Each Rock, and ev'ry Tree, recording Tales adorn.
Here all that does of *Xanthus'* Stream remain,
Creeps a ſmall Brook along the duſty Plain.
Whilſt careleſs and ſecurely on they paſs,
The *Phrygian* Guide forbids to preſs the Graſs;
This Place, he ſaid, for ever ſacred keep,
For here the ſacred Bones of *Hector* ſleep.
Then warns him to obſerve, where, rudely caſt,
Diſjointed Stones lay broken and defac'd:
Here his laſt Fate, he cries, did *Priam* prove;
Here, on this Altar of *Hercean Jove.*

O Poeſie Divine! Oh ſacred Song!
To thee, bright Fame and length of Days belong;
Thou, Goddeſs! Thou Eternity can'ſt give,
And bid ſecure the Mortal Heroe live.
Nor, *Cæſar*, thou diſdain, that I rehearſe
Thee, and thy Wars, in no ignoble Verſe;
Since, if in ought the *Latian* Muſe excel,
My Name, and thine Immortal, I foretel;
Eternity our Labours ſhall reward,
And *Lucan* flouriſh, like the *Grecian* Bard;
My Numbers ſhall to lateſt Times convey
The Tyrant *Cæſar*, and *Pharſalia's* Day.

When long the Chief his wondring Eyes had caſt
On ancient Monuments of Ages paſt;
Of living Turf an Altar ſtrait he made,
Then on the Fire rich Gums and Incenſe laid,
And thus, ſucceſsful in his Vows, he pray'd.
Ye Shades Divine, who keep this ſacred Place,
And thou, *Æneas*, Author of my Race,
Ye Pow'rs, whoe'er from burning *Troy* did come,
Domeſtick Gods of *Alba*, and of *Rome*,
Who ſtill preſerve your ruin'd Country's Name,
And on your Altars guard the *Phrygian* Flame:
And thou, bright Maid, who art to Men deny'd;
*Pallas*, who do'ſt thy ſacred Pledge confide
To *Rome*, and in her inmoſt Temple hide;

Hear, and auſpicious to my Vows incline,
To me, the greateſt of the *Julian* Line:
Proſper my future Ways; and lo! I vow
Your ancient State and Honours to beſtow;
*Auſonian* Hands ſhall *Phrygian* Walls reſtore,
And *Rome* repay, what *Troy* conferr'd before.
He ſaid; and haſted to his Fleet away,
Swift to repair the Loſs of this delay.
Up ſprung the Wind, and with a freſh'ning Gale,
The kind North-Weſt fill'd ev'ry ſwelling Sail;
Light o'er the foamy Waves the Navy flew,
'Till *Aſia*'s Shores and *Rhodes* no more they view.
Six times the Night her Sable Round had made,
The ſeventh now paſſing on, the Chief ſurvey'd
High *Pharos* ſhining through the gloomy Shade;
The Coaſt deſcry'd, he waits the riſing Day,
Then ſafely to the Port directs his Way.
There wide with Crouds o'er-ſpread he ſees the Shoar,
And Ecchoing, hears the loud tumultuous Roar.
Diſtruſtful of his Fate, he gives Command
To ſtand Aloof, nor truſt the doubted Land;
When lo! a Meſſenger appears, to bring
A fatal Pledge of Peace from *Egypt*'s King:
Hid in a Veil, and cloſely cover'd o'er,
*Pompey*'s pale Viſage in his Hand he bore.
An impious Orator the Tyrant ſends,
Who thus, with fitting Words, the Monſtrous Gift commends.

Hail, firſt and greateſt of the *Roman* Name;
In Pow'r moſt mighty, moſt renown'd in Fame:
Hail, rightly now the World's unrival'd Lord;
That Benefit thy *Pharian* Friends afford.
My King beſtows the Prize thy Arms have fought,
For which *Pharſalia*'s Field, in vain, was fought.
No Task remains for future Labours now;
Thy Civil Wars are finiſh'd at a Blow.
To heal *Theſſalia*'s Ruins, *Pompey* fled
To us for Succour, and by us lyes Dead.

Thee, *Cæsar*, with this costly Pledge we buy,
Thee to our Friendship, with this Victim tye.
*Egypt*'s proud Scepter freely then receive,
Whate'er the fertile flowing *Nile* can give:
Accept the Treasures which this Deed has spar'd;
Accept the Benefit, without Reward.
Deign, *Cæsar!* Deign to think my Royal Lord
Worthy the Aid of thy Victorious Sword.
In the first Rank of Greatness shall he stand;
He, who could *Pompey*'s Destiny command:
Nor frown disdainful on the proffer'd Spoil,
Because not dearly bought with Blood and Toil;
But think, oh think, what sacred Ties were broke,
How Friendship pleaded, and how Nature spoke;
That *Pompey*, who restor'd *Aulete*'s Crown,
The Father's antient Guest, was murder'd by the Son.
Then judge thy self, or ask the World and Fame,
If Services, like these, deserve a Name.
If Gods and Men the daring Deed abhor,
Think, for that Reason, *Cæsar* owes the more;
This Blood *for thee*, tho' not *by thee*, was spilt;
Thou hast the Benefit, and we the Guilt.
He said, and strait the horrid Gift unveil'd,
And stedfast to the gazing Victor held;
Chang'd was the Face, deform'd with Death all o'er,
Pale, ghastly, wan, and stain'd with clotted Gore,
Unlike the *Pompey*, *Cæsar* knew before;
He, nor at first disdain'd the fatal Boon,
Nor started from the dreadful Sight too soon;
A while his Eyes the murd'rous Scene endure,
Doubting they view, but shun it, when secure,
At length he stood convinc'd, the Deed was done;
He saw 'twas safe to mourn his lifeless Son:
And strait the ready Tears, that stay'd 'till now,
Swift at Command with pious Semblance flow,
As if detesting, from the Sight he turns,
And groaning, with a Heart triumphant mourns.

He

He fears his impious Thought ſhould be deſcry'd,
And ſeeks in Tears the ſwelling Joy to hide.
Thus the curſt *Pharian* Tyrant's Hopes were croſt,
Thus all the Merit of his Gift was loſt;
Thus for the Murder *Cæſar*'s Thanks were ſpar'd,
He choſe to mourn it, rather than reward.
He who, relentleſs, thro' *Pharſalia* rode,
And on the Senate's mangled Fathers trode;
He who, without one pitying Sigh, beheld
The Blood and Slaughter of that woful Field;
Thee, murder'd *Pompey*, could not ruthleſs ſee,
But pay'd the Tribute of his Grief to thee.
Oh Myſtery of Fortune, and of Fate!
Oh ill conſorted Piety and Hate!
And can'ſt thou, *Cæſar*, then thy Tears afford,
To the dire Object of thy vengeful Sword?
Didſt thou, for this, devote his Hoſtile Head
Purſue him Living, to bewail him Dead?
Cou'd not the gentle Ties of Kindred move?
Were thou not touch'd with thy ſad *Julia*'s Love?
And weep'ſt thou now? Doſt thou theſe Tears pro-
To win the Friends of *Pompey* to thy Side? [vide
Perhaps, with ſecret Rage thou do'ſt repine,
That he ſhould fall by any Hand but thine.
Thence fall thy Tears, that *Ptolemy* has done
A Murder, due to *Cæſar*'s hand alone.
What ſecret Springs ſoe'er theſe Currents know,
They ne'er by Piety were taught to flow.
Or didſt thou kindly, like a careful Friend,
Purſue him Flying, only to Defend?
Well was his Fate deny'd to thy Command!
Well was he ſnatch'd by Fortune from thy Hand!
Fortune with-held this Glory from thy Name,
Forbad thy Pow'r to Save, and ſpar'd the *Roman* Shame.

Still he goes on to vent his Griefs aloud,
And artful, thus, deceives the eaſie Crowd,

Hence from my Sight, nor let me see thee more;
Haste, to thy King his fatal Gift restore.
At *Cæsar* have you aim'd the deadly Blow,
And wounded *Cæsar* worse than *Pompey* now;
The cruel Hands by which this Deed was done,
Have torn away the Wreaths my Sword had won,
That noblest Prize this Civil War cou'd give,
The Victor's Right to bid the Vanquish'd live.
Then tell your King, his Gift should be repay'd;
I would have sent him *Cleopatra*'s Head;
But that he wishes to behold her Dead.
How has he dar'd, this *Egypt*'s petty Lord,
To join his Murders to the *Roman* Sword?
Did I, for this, in heat of War, distain
With noblest Blood *Emathia*'s purple Plain,
To licence *Ptolemy*'s pernicious Reign?
Did I with *Pompey* scorn the World to share?
And can I an *Egyptian* Partner bear?
In vain the warlike Trumpet's dreadful Sound
Has rouz'd to War the Universe around;
Vain was the Shock of Nations, if they own,
Now, any Pow'r on Earth but mine alone.
If hither to your impious Shores I came,
'Twas to assert, at once, my Power and Fame;
Left the pale Fury *Envy* should have said,
Your Crimes I damn'd not, or your Arms I fled:
Nor think to fawn before me, and deceive;
I know the Welcome you prepare to give.
*Thessalia*'s Field preserves me from your Hate,
And guards the Victor's Head from *Pompey*'s Fate.
What Ruin, Gods! attended on my Arms,
What Dangers unforeseen! What waiting Harms!
*Pompey*, and *Rome*, and Exile, were my Fear;
See yet a Fourth, See *Ptolemy* appear;
The Boy-King's Vengeance loiters in the Rear:
But we forgive his Youth, and bid him know
Pardon and Life's the most we can bestow:

For you, the meaner Herd, with Rites divine,
And pious Cares, the Warrior's Head inshrine:
Atone with Penitence the injur'd Shade,
And let his Ashes in their Urn be laid;
Pleas'd, let his Ghost lamenting *Cæsar* know, [low.
And feel my Presence here, ev'n in the Realms be-
Oh, what a Day of Joy was lost to *Rome*,
When hapless *Pompey* did to *Egypt* come!
When, to a Father and a Friend unjust,
He rather chose the *Pharian* Boy to trust:
The wretched World that Loss of Peace shall rue,
Of Peace, which from our Friendship might ensue:
But thus the Gods their hard Decrees have made;
In vain, for Peace, and for Repose I pray'd;
In vain implor'd, that Wars and Rage might end,
That, Suppliant-like, I might to *Pompey* bend,
Beg him to Live, and once more be my Friend.
Then had my Labours met their just Reward,
And, *Pompey*, thou in all my Glories shar'd;
Then, Jars and Enmities all past and gone,
In Pleasure had the peaceful Years roll'd on;
All should forgive, to make the Joy compleat;
Thou shou'dst thy harder Fate, and *Rome* my Wars
forget.

Fast falling still the Tears, thus spoke the Chief,
But found no Partner in the specious Grief.
Oh! Glorious Liberty! when all shall dare
A Face, unlike their mighty Lord, to wear!
Each in his Breast the rising Sorrow kept,
And thought it safe to laugh, tho' *Cæsar* wept.

## *Paraphraſe upon* PSALM CIV.

*By Mr.* J. TRAPP.

BEGIN, my Lyre, the great Creator's Praiſe,
Who, crown'd with Glory and Immortal Rays,
Majeſtick ſhines; unutterably bright,
With dazling Robes of uncreated Light:
Who ſpacious Sheets of *Æther* ſpreads on high,
And, like a Curtain ſmooth'd, unfolds the Sky.
Vapours condens'd, and fleecy Miſts, ſupport
The ample Floor of his Aëreal Court:
Who, born in Triumph o'er the Heav'nly Plains,
Rides on the Clouds, and holds a Storm in Reins;
Flies on the Wings of the Sonorous Wind, [behind,
While Light'ning glares before, and Thunder roars
That no incumbring Fleſh may clog the Flight
Of his fleet Meſſengers, or quell their Might:
Them pure unbody'd Eſſences He frames,
Swift of Diſpatch, more active than the Flames.
He fix'd the ſteady Baſis of the Earth,
And with a fruitful Word gave Nature Birth.
Then circling Waters o'er the Globe he ſpread,
And the dull Maſs with pregnant Moiſture fed:
Above the Rocks th' aſpiring Surges ſwell'd,
And Floods the talleſt Mountain-Tops conceal'd.
But when th' Almighty's Voice rebuk'd the Tide,
And in loud Thunder bid the Waves ſubſide;
The ebbing Deluge did its Troops recall,
Drew off its Forces, and diſclos'd the Ball.
They at th' Eternal's Signal march'd away,
To fill th' unfathom'd Channel of the Sea;
Where, roaring, they in endleſs Wars engage,
And beat againſt thoſe Shores that bound their Rage.
Hence ſtraggling Waters unperceiv'd got looſe,
And genial Moiſture thro' the Globe diffuſe;

Purling thro' porous Earth, where Way there lyes,
They run, and on high Hills in Fountains rise:
Or bubling out in Springs, they gently slide
Down by the craggy Mountain's sloping side,
And o'er the verdant Turf along the Valleys glide.
'Till tir'd with various Errors, back they come
To their appointed universal Home;
Which God has destin'd for the Mustring-place
And gen'ral Rendezvous of all the watry Race.

For tho' th' Almighty checks the Ocean's Pride,
And in due Bounds confines the raging Tide;
That it may ne'er again with Licence roll
O'er all the Universe, and drown the Ball:
Yet nought restrains its kinder Influence,
Nor stops those Blessings which its Streams dispense.
By subterraneous Sluices he conveys
The Rivers out, which, in an endless Maze,
Thro' Oozy Channels draw a winding Train,
To roll back large Additions to the Main;
Or branching into Brooks, and murm'ring Rills,
Creep thro' the Vales, and shine between the Hills.
Whither the Savage Beasts which roam abroad,
Owning no Master, and no fix'd Abode;
And those which under galling Harness bow,
Inur'd to Pains, and patient of the Plough;
Repair, when scorch'd with Summer's scalding Beams,
To slake their Thirst, and drink the cooling Streams.
Near which the Poplar, and green Willows grow,
Adorn the Bands, and shade the Brooks below.
Perch'd on their Boughs, the Birds their Voices raise,
And in soft Musick sing their Maker's Praise.

Who from his airy Chambers Rain distills,
And with new Verdure cloaths th' unsightly Hills:
The thirsty Glebe, refresh'd with soft'ning Drops,
Rewards the painful Hind with plenteous Crops.
The teeming Earth luxuriant Herbage breeds,
And Flocks and Herds with grassy Fodder feeds.

At his Command, the Spring, for Human Uſe,
The Birth of Herbs and healing Plants renews.
Then rip'ning Fruits, and waving Ears of Corn,
In Summer's Heat the fertile Fields adorn.
Succeeding Autumn, from the cluſtring Vine
Gives luſcious Juice, and glads the World with Wine:
Which with its brisk reviving Flavour cheers
The drooping Spirit, and diſpels its Cares.
Then the fat Olive, in a richer Soil,
Yields the Year's Product, and reſigns its Oil;
Which adds a Luſtre, and a ſmoother Grace,
To wrinkled Skin, and ſleeks the ſhining Face.
With circulating Sap the Trees are fed;
Refreſh'd with which, the Cedar rears its Head,
And lofty Firs their thriving Branches ſpread:
Which, moiſten'd with invigorating Juice,
A fragrant Scent thro' *Lebanon* diffuſe.
Theſe to the Birds convenient Manſions yield,
Which in th' intangling Boughs their tow'ring Houſes build.
The ſtately Stork here plants her Neſt on high,
Diſdains the lower Air, and ſeeks the Sky.
The ſhaggy Goats a hilly Refuge love,
Clamber the Cliffs, and o'er bleak Mountains rove.
O'er ſtony Rocks the ſportive Conies play,
And on the ragged Flints their tender Offspring lay.
Appointed by his Providential Care,
The changing Moon divides the circling Year;
Diſtinguiſhes the Seaſons, rules the Night,
And fills her dusky Orb with borrow'd Light.
The Sun with Glory, fearleſs of Decay,
Rolls regular, and gives alternate Day.
By turns He, entring, gilds the roſie Eaſt;
By turns, with ſetting Rays, He paints the Weſt:
Then gloomy Night involves the Hemiſphere,
And ſpreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.
Then the wild Tenants of the deſart Woods
Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes:

For Prey the yawning Bears forsake their Holds,
And prouling Wolves explore th' unguarded Folds.
With raging Hunger pinch'd, the Lions roar,
Expand their Jaws, and range the Foreſt o'er:
Dreadfully ſuppliant, for their Meat they pray
To Heav'n, and Savage Adoration pay.
But ſoon as Streaks of Light the Eaſt adorn,
And flying Miſts confeſs the dawning Morn;
Back to their Dens the rav'nous Hunters ſpeed
With their raw Booty, and at Leiſure feed.
But when the Lion to his Reſt repairs,
Laborious Mortals wake, and riſe from theirs;
To Care and Buſ'neſs they themſelves addreſs,
Begin with Morning, and with Ev'ning ceaſe.

How various, Lord, are all thy Works, which raiſe
Our Admiration, and tranſcend our Praiſe!
Wiſely the World's great Fabrick was deſign'd,
And boundleſs Wiſdom ev'ry Atom join'd.
With thy rich Bounty fill'd, the Earth appears,
Which Food, and Phyſick, on its Surface bears;
And in its Bowels hides a wealthier Store;
Bright Veins of Gold, and Cakes of ſilver Ore.

Profuſe of Bleſſings, with a laviſh Hand,
Thou pour'ſt thy Gifts on Sea, as well as Land.
The vaſt unmeaſur'd Kingdoms of the Main,
Copious Materials for thy Praiſe contain.
There ſcaly Monſters of enormous Size
Flounce in the Waves, and daſh with Foam the Skies
While Shoals innumerable, and the Fry
Of ſmaller Fiſh, glide unregarded by.
Others, enchas'd in ſhelly Armour creep
Upon the Rocks, or ſeek the ſlimy Deep.
Here big with War, or Traffick, Veſſels ride,
Driv'n by the Winds, and bound along the Tide.
There huge *Leviathan*, of cumb'rous Form,
Embroils the Sea in Sport, and breaths a Storm:
He ſucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,
And his vaſt Maw with finny Nations fills;

Then laves the Clouds with salt, ascending Rain,
And with his spouting Trunk refunds the Main.
These all dependent on his Bounty live,
And from his Providence their Meat receive.
His open'd Hand profusely scatters Food,
Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with Good.
But when his Hand is shut, the Creatures mourn,
'Till his withdrawn Beneficence return.
When his Command puts out their Vital Flame,
They moulder to the Dust, from whence they came;
Then to repair the Loss sustain'd by Death,
He gives new Life, with his inspiring Breath,
To Forms, which from the vast Material Mass
Are still wrought off, and so renews the Race.
Thus a successive Offspring He supplies,
And th' undecaying Species never dies.
No Bounds th' Eternal's Glory can restrain,
Nor Time's Dimensions terminate his Reign.
From his bright Regions of celestial Day,
He with Complacence shall his Works survey.
At his Reproof convulsive Nature shakes,
And shuddring Earth from its Foundation quakes:
His awful Touch the quiv'ring Mountains rends,
And curling Smoke in spiry Clouds ascends.
For me, while unextinguish'd Life maintains
Heat in my Blood, and Pulses in my Veins,
His wond'rous Works shall animate my Song,
Exalt my Thoughts, and dwell upon my Tongue.
While on Rebellious Foes his Vengeance hurl'd,
Confounds their Pride, and sweeps them from the World;
His Glory shall my ravish'd Soul inspire,
And to the gay Creation tune my Lyre;
That imitates, in various-sounding Lays,
Th' harmonious Discord which it strives to praise.

# *JANUARY* and *MAY*; *Or the* MERCHANT'S TALE: *From* Chaucer.

*By Mr.* ALEXANDER POPE.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as Authors write,
In Days of old, a wife and worthy Knight;
Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race,
Bleſt with much Senſe, more Riches, and ſome Grace.
Yet led aſtray by *Venus* ſoft Delights,
He cou'd not rule his Carnal Appetites;
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak, ſinful Laymen were but Fleſh and Blood.
But in due Time, when ſixty Years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead that vicious Life no more.
Whether pure Holineſs inſpir'd his Mind,
Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find;
But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the Pleaſures of a lawful Bed.
This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,
And to the Heav'nly Pow'rs his conſtant Pray'r,
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful Life
Of a kind Husband, and a loving Wife.
Theſe Thoughts he fortify'd with Reaſons ſtill,
(For none want Reaſons to confirm their Will)
Grave Authors ſay, and witty Poets ſing,
That honeſt Wedlock is a glorious Thing:
But Depth of Judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his mature Years.
Then let him chuſe a Damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his Age, and bring a worthy Heir;
To ſooth his Cares, and free from Noiſe and Strife
Conduct him gently to the Verge of Life.
Let ſinful Batchelors their Woes deplore;
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:

Unaw'd by Precepts, Human or Divine,
Like Birds and Beasts, promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present Blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past;
But vainly boast the Joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the Secrets they wou'd hide.
The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Ease,
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive Hours away,
In Bliss all Night, and Innocence all Day:
Tho' Fortune change, his constant Spouse remains,
Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But what so pure, which envious Tongues will spare?
Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair:
With matchless Impudence, they stile a Wife
The dear-bought Curse and lawful Plague of Life:
A Besome Serpent, a Domestick Evil,
A Night-Invasion, and a Mid-day Devil.
Let not the Wife these slandrous Words regard,
But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n:
Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,
Like flitting Shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid Comfort, our eternal Wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our Life:
This Blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
As long as Heart can wish-----and longer too.

Our Grandsire *Adam*, e'er of *Eve* possest,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise, unblest,
With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary Shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best Reserve of God.

A Wife! ah gentle Deities, can he
That has a Wife, e'er feel Adversity?
Wou'd Men but follow what the Sex advise,
All things wou'd prosper, all the World grow wise.

'Twas by *Rebecca*'s Aid that *Jacob* won
His Father's Bleſſing from an elder Son:
Abuſive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit Life
To the wiſe Conduct of a prudent Wife:
Heroick *Judith*, as the Scriptures ſhow,
Preſerv'd the *Jews*, and ſlew th' *Aſſyrian* Foe:
At *Heſter*'s Suit, the Perſecuting Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Iſrael* liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
These weighty Motives *January* the Sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age;
And charm'd with virtuous Joys, and ſober Life,
Wou'd try that Chriſtian Comfort, call'd a Wife:
His Friends were ſummon'd, on a Point ſo nice,
To paſs their Judgment, and to give Advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he,
(As Men that ask advice are wont to be.)
My Friends, he cry'd, (and caſt a mournful Look
Around the Room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the Weight of threeſcore Years I bend,
And worn with Cares, am haſtning to my End;
How I have liv'd, alas you know too well,
In worldly Follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has op'd my Eyes at laſt,
With due Regret I view my Vices paſt,
And as the Precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a Wife, and live in Holy Eaſe.
But ſince by Counſel all things ſhou'd be done,
And many Heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my Deſire's approv'd by your Conſent.
One Caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your Choice; This Wife muſt not be old.
There goes a Saying, and 'twas wiſely ſaid,
Old Fiſh at Table, but young Fleſh in Bed.
My Soul abhors the taſtleſs, dry Embrace
Of a ſtale Virgin with a Winter Face;
In that cold Seaſon Love but treats his Gueſt
With Beanſtraw, and tough Forage, at the beſt.

No crafty Widows shall approach my Bed,
Those are too wise for Batchelors to wed;
As subtle Clerks by many Schools are made,
Twice-marry'd Dames are Mistresses o'th' Trade:
But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Ease,
We form like Wax, and mold them as we please.
Conceive me Sirs, nor take my Sense amiss,
'Tis what concerns my Soul's eternal Bliss;
Since if I found no Pleasure in my Spouse,
As Flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then shou'd I live in lewd Adultery,
And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.
Or were I curst with an unfruitful Bed,
The righteous End were lost for which I wed,
To raise up Seed t'adore the Pow'rs above,
And not for Pleasure only, or for Love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a Wife,
When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaster Life;
Those that are blest with Store of Grace Divine
May live like Saints, by Heav'ns Consent, and mine.
And since I speak of Wedlock, let me say,
As, thank my Stars, in modest Truth I may,
My Limbs are active, still I'm sound at Heart,
And a new Vigour springs in ev'ry Part.
Think not my Virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend Honours on my Hoary Head;
Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as Snow,
The Vital Sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear
Like Winter Greens, that flourish all the Year.
Now Sirs you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom speak his Mind.
He said; the rest in diff'rent Parts divide,
The knotty Point was urg'd on ev'ry Side;
Marriage, the Theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with Wit, and some with Reason blam'd,
'Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and wondrous wise;

There fell betwixt his Brothers a Debate,
*Placebo* this was call'd, and *Juſtin* that.
Firſt to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
(Mild were his Looks, and pleaſing was his Tone)
Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,
As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years:
Yet you purſue ſage *Solomon*'s Advice,
To work by Counſel when Affairs are nice:
But, with the Wiſeman's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my Soul arrive at Eaſe and Reſt,
As ſtill I hold your own Advice the beſt.
Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,
And ſtudy'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful Maxim ſtill,
To let my Betters always have their Will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,
My Word was this; *Your Honour's in the right.*
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe
As his miſtaken Patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought;
A noble Fool was never in a Fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry Word
Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your Will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhou'd be ſo to Man;
At leaſt, your Courage all the World muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining Days.
Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,
And let grey Fools be Indolently good;
Who paſt all Pleaſure, damn the Joys of Senſe,
With rev'rend Dulneſs, and grave Impotence.
*Juſtin*, who ſilent ſate, and heard the Man,
Thus, with a Philoſophick Frown, began.
A Heathen Author, of the firſt Degree,
(Who, tho' not *Faith*, had *Senſe* as well as we)
Bid us be certain our Concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous Principles, and juſt.
The Venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your Perſon than your Goods away:

And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Reſt,
Firſt learn your Lady's Qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſt or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a Saint, or haughty as the Devil;
Whether an eaſie, fond, inſipid *Fool*,
Or ſuch a *Wit* as no Man e'er can rule?
'Tis true, Perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this World, much leſs in Womankind;
But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,
Bleſs the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a Friend,
Who knows too well the State you thus commend:
And, ſpight of all its Praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is Bondage, Coſt, and Care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private Tear,
And ſigh in Silence, leſt the World ſhou'd hear:
While all my Friends applaud my bliſsful Life,
And ſwear no Mortal's happier in a Wife;
Demure and chaſt as any Veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt Creature that beholds the Sun!
But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the Pain,
And he that ſmarts has Reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for Wiſdom is in Age:
But, at theſe Years, to venture on the Fair!
By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air,
To pleaſe a Wife when her Occaſions call,
Wou'd buſie the moſt Vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will ask Obſervance, and exact her Dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious Sermon here is at an End.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy Kinſman, faith, you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are Fools, and muſt reſign the Cauſe
To heathniſh Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.
He ſpoke; and turn'd, with Scorn, another way——
What does my Friend, my dear *Placelo* ſay?

I ſay, quoth he, by Heav'n the Man's to blame;
Who ventures ſacred Marriage to defame.
At this, the Council broke without delay;
Each, in his own Opinion, went his Way;
With full Conſent, that all Diſputes appeas'd,
The Knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with Joy?
The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul imploy:
Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring Mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd Tyrant of his Breaſt;
While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,
And each bright Image wander'd in his Heart.
Thus, in ſome publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the Figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift Succeſſion, paſs
The gliding Shadows o'er the poliſh'd Glaſs.
This Lady's Charms the Niceſt cou'd not blame,
But vile Suſpicions had aſpers'd her Fame;
That was with Senſe, but not with Virtue bleſt;
And one had Grace, yet wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what Nymph he ſhou'd obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful *May*.
Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind:
Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair,
Her eaſie Motion, her attractive Air,
Her ſweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,
Her moving Softneſs, and majeſtick Grace.

Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no Mortal cou'd diſpute this Choice;
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry Friend,
And told them all, their Pains were at an End.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a Conſort worthy of my Bed;
Let none oppoſe th' Election, ſince on this
Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliſs.

A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent and wiſe;

Chaſte the' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt Parents, and may ſerve my Turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n ſo pleaſe:
To paſs my Age in Sanctity and Eaſe:
And thank the Pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely Prize, and ſhare my Bliſs with none!
If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,
My Joys are full, my Happineſs is ſure.
One only Doubt remains; Full oft I've heard
By Caſuiſts grave, and deep Divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for Human Race to know
The Bliſs of Heav'n above, and Earth below.
Now ſhou'd the Nuptial Pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the Bleſſings of the future State,
Thoſe endleſs Joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this Doubt, and ſet my Mind at eaſe.
This *Juſtin* heard, nor cou'd his Spleen controul,
Touch'd to the Quick, and tickl'd at the Soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your Doubt whene'er you wed,
And to my fervent Pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That e'er the Rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n no doubt the nuptial State approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to Deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the Fair,
One, that may do your Buſineſs to a Hair;
Not ev'n in Wiſh, your Happineſs delay,
But prove the Scourge to laſh you on your Way:
Then to the Skies your mounting Soul ſhall go,
Swift as an Arrow ſoaring from the Bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your Joy,
Nor in your Pleaſures all your Might imploy,
Let Reaſon's Rule your ſtrong Deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle Mate.
Old Wives there are, of Judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe Queſtions beyond all Diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better Chear;
Marry, do Penance, and diſmiſs your Fear.

So said they rose, nor more the Work delay'd;
The Match was offer'd, the Propofals made:
The Parents, you may think, wou'd soon comply;
The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye:
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind;
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.
I pass each previous Settlement and Deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint Impertinence display
The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array.
The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,
At once with carnal and devout Intent:
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient Wife
Like *Sarah* and *Rebecca* lead her Life:
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with Holiness.
And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide,
The Guests appear in Order, Side by Side,
And, plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the Bride.
Expensive Dainties load the plenteous Boards,
The best Luxurious *Italy* affords:
The breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard around,
And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound;
The vaulted Roofs with ecchoing Musick ring,
These touch the vocal Strops, and those the trembling [String.
Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre,
Nor *Joab* the sounding Clarion cou'd inspire,
Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly Strain
Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, and fire the Martial Train.
*Bacchus* himself, the Nuptial Feast to grace,
(So Poets sing) was present on the Place;
And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of Delight,
Shook high her flaming Torch, in open Sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her best Servant wou'd his Courage try,
No less in Wedlock than in Liberty.
Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not spy'd
So kind a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride.

Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful Throng
For gentle Lays, and joyous Nuptial Song;
Think not your softest Numbers can display
The matchless Glories of this blissful Day;
The Joys are such as far transcend your Rage,
When tender Youth has wedded stooping Age.
The beauteous Dame sate smiling at the Board,
And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord;
Not *Hester*'s self, whose Charms the *Hebrews* sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian* King:
Bright as the rising Sun, in Summer's Day,
And fresh and blooming as the Month of *May*!
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his Side,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* Bride:
Still as his Mind revolv'd with vast Delight
Th' entrancing Raptures of th' approaching Night;
Restless he sate, invoking ev'ry Pow'r
To speed his Bliss, and haste the happy Hour.
Mean time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,
And Songs were sung, and Healths went nimbly round;
With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,
And Mirth and Pleasure shone in ev'ry Face.
*Damian* alone, of all the Menial Train,
Sad in the midst of Triumphs, sigh'd for Pain;
*Damian* alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
Consum'd at Heart, and fed a secret Fire.
His lovely Mistress all his Soul possest,
He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd find no Rest:
His Task perform'd, he sadly went his Way,
Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day.
There let him lye, 'till the relenting Dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal Flame.
The weary Sun, as Learned Poets write,
Forsook th' *Horizon*, and roll'd down the Light;
While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beams supply,
And Night's dark Mantle overspread the Sky.
Then rose the Guests; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd.

The Foe once gone, our Knight wou'd ſtrait undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' Aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
*Satyrion* near, with hot *Eringo's* ſtood,
*Cantharides*, to fire the boiling Blood,
Whoſe Uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious Rhymes,
And Criticks learn'd explain to Modern Times.
By this the Sheets were ſpread, the Bride undreſt,
The Room was ſprinkled, and the Bed was bleſt.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay:
'Tis ſung, he labour'd 'till the dawning Day,
Then briskly ſprung from Bed, with Heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by Night;
And ſupt his Cordial as he ſate upright:
He kiſs'd his balmy Spouſe, with wanton Play,
And feebly ſung a luſty Roundelay:
Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry Labour muſt have Reſt at laſt.
But anxious Cares the penſive Squire oppreſt,
Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forſook his Breaſt;
The raging Flames that in his Boſom dwell,
He wanted Art to hide and Means to tell.
Yet hoping Time th' Occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May*;
Which writ and folded, with the niceſt Art,
He wrapt in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.
When now the fourth revolving Day was run,
('Twas *June*, and *Cancer* had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride,
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her Side.
High Maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the Hall;
The Servants round ſtood ready at their Call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the Board,
And much his Sickneſs griev'd his worthy Lord,
Who pray'd his Spouſe, attended by her Train,
To viſit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.
Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Conſent;
They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went;

The Female Tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſate the gentle *May*:
Where, as ſhe try'd his Pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A ſpeaking Sigh, and caſt a mournful View;
Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'rs Divine
With ſecret Vows, to favour his Deſign.
Who ſtudies now but diſcontented *May*?
On her ſoft Couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh Husband ſnor'd away the Night,
'Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning Light,
What then he did, I not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought her ſelf in Heav'n or Hell.
Honeſt and dull, in Nuptial Bed they lay,
'Till the Bell toll'd, and All aroſe to Pray.
Were it by forceful Deſtiny decreed,
Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed,
Or that ſome Star, with Aſpect kind to Love,
Shed its ſelecteſt Influence from above;
Whatever was the Cauſe, the tender Dame
Felt the firſt Motions of an infant Flame;
She took th' Impreſſions of the Love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft, infectious Fire.
Ye Fair draw near, let *May*'s Example move
Your gentle Minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce Tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor Adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your Sexes Mirrour, free from Pride,
Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.
But to my Tale: Some Sages have defin'd
Pleaſure the Sov'reign Bliſs of Humankind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd this high Philoſophy from Thoſe;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt Expence
Of laviſh Pomp, and proud Magnificence;
His Houſe was ſtately, his Retinue gay,
Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.
His ſpacious Garden, made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with Walls of ſolid Stone;

*Priapus* cou'd not half deſcribe the Grace
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming Place:
A Place to tire the rambling Wits of *France*
In long Deſcriptions, and exceed *Romance*;
Enough to ſhame the boldeſt Bard that ſings
Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.
Full in the Center of this Spot of Ground,
A Cryſtal Fountain ſpread its Streams around,
Its fruitful Banks with verdant Lawrels crown'd:
About this Spring (if ancient Fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their Moonlight Sports purſue;
Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprights a merry Conſort made,
And Airy Muſick warbled thro' the Shade.
Hither the Noble Lord wou'd oft repair
(His Scene of Pleaſure, and peculiar Care)
For this, he kept it lock'd, and always bore
The Silver Key that op'd the Garden Door.
To this ſweet Place, in Summer's ſultry Heat,
He us'd from Noiſe and Buſineſs to retreat;
And here in Dalliance ſpend the livelong Day,
*Solus cum Sola*, with his ſprightly *May*.
For whate'er Work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
In this fair Garden he perform'd and ſped.
Thus many a Day, with Eaſe and Plenty bleſt,
Our gen'rous Knight his gentle Dame poſſeſt:
But ah! what Mortal lives of Bliſs ſecure,
How ſhort a Space our Worldly Joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the Wind!
O painted Monſter form'd Mankind to cheat
With pleaſing Poiſon, and with ſoft Deceit!
This aged *January*, this worthy Knight,
Amidſt his Eaſe, Enjoyment and Delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his Days to Grief,
And calls on Death, the Wretches laſt Relief.
The Rage of Jealouſie then ſeiz'd his Mind,
For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.

His Wife, not suffer'd from his Side to stray,
Was Captive kept; he watch'd her Night and Day,
Abridg'd her Pleasures, and confin'd her Sway.
Full oft in Tears did hapless *May* complain,
And sigh'd for Woe, but sigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye,
For oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die!
Nor less Impatience vex'd her Am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet cou'd not he refrain
By secret Writing to disclose his Pain,
The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,
'Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah gentle Knight, what wou'd thy Eyes avail,
Tho' they cou'd see as far as Ships can sail?
'Tis better sure, when Blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a Man can see!

*Argus* himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred Eyes:
So many an honest Husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the Case his own.

The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care,
Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,
And gave th' Impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some Wonder shall appear,
Which in due Place and Season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid*, in the Days of yore,
What Sleight is that, which Love will not explore?
And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show
The Feats, true Lovers when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd, and captive, yet in spight of all,
They found the Art of Kissing thro' a Wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day,
Our noble Knight was urg'd to Am'rous Play:
He rais'd his Spouse e'er Matin Bell was rung,
And thus his Morning Canticle he sung.

Awake my Love, discloſe thy radiant Eyes;
Ariſe my Wife, my beauteous Lady riſe!
Hear how the Doves with penſive Notes complain,
And in ſoft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain;
The Winter's paſt, the Clouds and Tempeſts fly,
The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky.
Fair without Spot, whoſe ev'ry charming Part
My Boſome wounds, and captivates my Heart,
Come, and in mutual Pleaſures let's ingage,
Joy of my Life, and comfort of my Age!
This heard, to *Damian* ſtrait a Sign ſhe made
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd, he took his Way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an Arbour lay.
It was not long e'er *January* came,
And Hand in Hand, with him, his lovely Dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of Pleaſures to the World unknown:
So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,
Art far the deareſt Solace of my Life;
And rather wou'd I chuſe, by Heav'n above,
To die this Inſtant, than to loſe thy Love.
Reflect what Truth was in my Paſſion ſhown,
When Un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no Treaſure but thy Heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor Age, nor Blindneſs, rob me of Delight.
Each other Loſs with Patience I can bear,
The Loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my Lady and my Wife,
The ſolid Comforts of a virtuous Life.
As firſt, the Love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own Honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly that which ſure your Mind muſt move,
My whole Eſtate ſhall gratifie your Love:

Make your own Terms; and e'er to Morrow's Sun
Disſplays his Light, by Heav'n's it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the Contract with a holy Kiſs,
And will perform, by this-----my Dear, and this.-----
Have Comfort, Spouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis Love, not Jealouſie, that fires my Mind.
For when thy Beauty does my Thoughts engage,
And join'd to that, my own unequal Age;
From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,
Such ſecret Tranſports warm my melting Heart.
For who that once poſſeſt thoſe Heav'nly Charms,
Cou'd live one Moment, abſent from thy Arms?

He ceas'd, and *May* with ſober Grace reply'd;
Weak was her Voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd.
Heav'n knows, (with that a tender Sigh ſhe drew)
I have a Soul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my Charge commend,
My deareſt Honour, will to Death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,
And join'd my Heart, in Wedlock's ſacred Band:
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my Care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear.

Firſt may the yawning Earth her Boſome rend,
And let me hence to Hell alive deſcend;
Or die the Death I dread no leſs than Hell,
Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well:
E'er I my Fame by one lewd Act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came,
I loath a Whore, and ſtartle at the Name.
But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their Ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs Cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe Doubts and Fears of Female Conſtancy?
This Chime ſtill rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear,
The only Strain a Wife muſt hope to hear.

Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a ſidelong Glance ſhe caſt,
Where *Damian* kneeling, rev'renc'd as ſhe paſt.

She

She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye,
And singled out a Pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,
And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his Pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his Place:
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in View,
Where let us leave them, and our Tale pursue.

'Twas now the Season when the glorious Sun
His Heav'nly Progress thro' the *Twins* had run;
And *Jove*, exalted, his mild Influence yields,
To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields.
Clear was the Day, and *Phœbus* rising bright,
Had streak'd the Azure Firmament with Light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring Clouds with golden Streams,
And warm'd the Womb of Earth with Genial Beams.

It so befel, in that fair Morning-tide,
The Fairies sported on the Garden's Side,
And, in the midst, the Monarch and his Bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,
The Knights so nimbly o'er the Greensword bound,
That scarce they bent the Flow'rs, or touch'd the Ground.

The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train
For Pinks and Daisies search'd the flow'ry Plain;
While on a Bank reclin'd of rising Green,
Thus, with a Frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The Treachery you Women use to Man:
A thousand Authors have this Truth made out,
And sad Experience leaves no room for Doubt.

Heav'n rest thy Spirit, noble *Solomon*,
A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun:
All Wealth, all Honours, the supreme Degree
Of Earthly Bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said; Of all Mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:

But shoud'st thou search the spacious World around,
Yet one good Woman were not to be found.
Thus says the King who knew your Wickedness;
The Son of *Sirach* testifies no less.
So may some Wildfire on your Bodies fall,
Or some devouring Plague consume you all,
As well you view the Leacher in the Tree,
And well this Honourable Knight you see:
But since he's blind and old, (a helpless Case)
His Squire shall Cuckold him before your Face.
Now, by my own dread Majesty I swear,
And by this awful Scepter which I bear,
No impious Wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my Presence offers such a Wrong.
I will this Instant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very Act, restore his Sight:
And set the Strumpet here in open View,
A Warning to these Ladies, and to You,
And all the faithless Sex, for ever to be true.
And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an Answer at her Need.
For her, and for her Daughters I'll ingage,
And all the Sex in each succeeding Age,
None shall want Arts to varnish an Offence,
And fortifie their Crimes with Confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict Embrace,
Seen with both Eyes, and seiz'd upon the Place,
They need no more but to protest, and swear,
Breath a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear;
'Till their wise Husbands, gull'd by Arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geese.
What tho' this slander'ous *Jew*, this *Solomon*,
Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one?
The wiser Wits of later Times declare
How virtuous, chast, and constant, Women are.
Witness the Martyrs, who resign'd their Breath,
Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death;

And witneſs next what *Roman* Authors tell,
How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.
But ſince the ſacred Leaves to All are free,
And Men interpret *Texts*, why ſhou'd not We?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That Soveraign Goodneſs dwells in *Him* alone
Who only *Is*, and is but only *One*.
But grant the worſt; ſhall Women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry Word that *Solomon* has ſaid?
What tho' this King (as *Hebrew* Story boaſts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol Gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh Praiſes you confer
On a rank Leacher, and Idolater,
Whoſe Reign Indulgent God, ſays Holy Writ,
Did but for *David*'s Righteous Sake permit;
*David*, the Monarch after Heav'ns own Mind,
Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our Kind.
Well, I'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence wou'd ſwell me, and my Heart wou'd break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull Authorities,
Your idle Wits, and all their learned Lies:
By Heav'n, thoſe Authors are our Sex's Foes,
Whom, in our Right, I muſt, and will oppoſe.
Nay, (quoth the King) dear Madam be not wroth;
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my Oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again ſhou'd ſee;
It muſt be done----I am a King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe Faith has ever ſacred been.
And ſo has mine, (ſhe ſaid)----I am a Queen!
Her Anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an End of all Diſpute I make:
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our Sex to break our Word.
We leave them here in this Heroick Strain,
And to the Knight our Story turns again,

That in the Garden, with his lovely *May*,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his Song; Oh kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easie Steps, to where the Pear-Tree grew:
The longing Dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing, Oh good Gods, she cry'd,
What Pangs, what sudden Shoots distend my Side?
O for that tempting Fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the Love of Heav'ns immortal Queen!
Help dearest Lord, and save at once the Life
Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife!

Sore sigh'd the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no Servant nigh.
Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too,
What cou'd, alas, the helpless Husband do?
And must I languish then (she said) and die,
Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?
At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the Bole between your Arms to take;
Then from your Back I might ascend the Tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again;
I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain.
This said, his Back against the Trunk he bent;
She seiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went.

Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all,
Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall:
'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind.
What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I pass, as Gambols never known to you:
But sure it was a merrier Fit, she swore,
Than in her Life she ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wondring Knight
Lock'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden Sight.

Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,
As one whose Thoughts were on his Spouse intent;
But when he saw his Bosom-Wife so dreſt,
His Rage was such, as cannot be expreſt:
Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die,
With such loud Clamours rend the vaulted Sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he rag'd, he tore his Hair;
Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost Thou do there?
What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd;
I thought your Patience had been better try'd:
Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind?
Why was I taught to make my Husband see,
By Strugling with a Man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the Pow'r of Magick prove?
Unhappy Wife, whose Crime was too much Love!
If this be Strugling, by this holy Light,
'Tis Strugling with a Vengeance, (quoth the Knight:)
So Heav'n preserve the Sight it has restor'd,
As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my Slave---Perfidious Wretch! may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle *May*,
Pray Heav'n, this Magick work the proper Way:
Alas, my Lord, 'tis certain, cou'd you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing Words to me.
So help me Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,
But some faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light.
What I have said, quoth he, I must maintain;
For, by th' Immortal Pow'rs, it *seem'd* too plain----
By all those Pow'rs, some Frenzy seiz'd your Mind,
(Reply'd the Dame:) Are these the Thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so Kind!
She said; a rising Sigh expreſs'd her Woe,
The ready Tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye
The Drops, (for Women when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd
Signs of Remorſe, while thus his Spouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort Anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more:
Excuſe me, Dear, if ought amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my Soul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my Repentance your Forgiveneſs draw,
By Heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare *Suſpicion* thus to treat your Bride;
But 'till your Sight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect Objects may your Senſe beguile:
Thus when from Sleep we firſt our Eyes diſplay,
The Balls ſeem wounded with the piercing Ray,
And dusky Vapours riſe, and intercept the Day:
So juſt recov'ring from the Shades of Night,
Your ſwimming Eyes are drunk with ſudden Light,
Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before your Sight.
Then Sir be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows, how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your Reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find,
'Twas You were jealous, not your Wife unkind:
*Jove* ne'er ſpoke Oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that, ſhe leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,
With well-diſſembl'd Virtue in her Face:
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with Doubts and Jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſt, renew'd their mutual Vows,
A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouſe.
Thus ends our Tale, whoſe Moral next to make,
Let all wiſe Husbands hence Example take;
And pray, to crown the Pleaſures of their Lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their Wives.

## *A Pastoral* DIALOGUE, *between Two* SHEPHERDESSES.

*By the Author of the POEM on the SPLEEN.*

*SYLVIA.*

PRETTY Nymph, within this Shade,
Whilst the Flocks to Rest are lay'd,
Whilst the World dissolves in Heat,
Take this cool, and flow'ry Seat;
And with pleasing Talk, a while,
Let us two the Time beguile:
Tho' thou here no Shepherd see,
To encline his humble Knee;
Or, with Melancholy Layes,
Sing thy dangerous Beauty's Praise.

*DORINDA.*

Nymph, with thee I here wou'd stay;
But have heard, that on this Day,
Near those Beeches, scarce in view,
All the Swains some Mirth pursue,
To whose Meeting now I haste:
Solitude does Life but waste.

*SYLVIA.*

Prithee, but a Moment stay.

*DORINDA.*

No, my Chaplet wou'd decay;
Ev'ry drooping Flow'r wou'd mourn,
And wrong the Face they shou'd adorn.

*SYLVIA.*

I can tell thee, tho' so fair,
And dress'd with all that Rural Care;
Most of the admiring Swains
Will be absent from the Plains;
Gay *Sylvander*, in the Dance,
Met last Night a shrewd Mischance;

To his Cabin now confin'd
By *Mopſus*, who the Strain did bind;
*Damon* through the Woods does ſtray,
Where his Kids have loſt their way;
Young *Narciſſus*' Iv'ry Brow,
Rac'd by a malicious Bough,
Keeps the girliſh Boy from ſight,
'Till Time ſhall do his Beauty right.

*DORINDA.*

Where's *Alexis*?-----

*SYLVIA.*

---------- He, alas!
Lyes extended on the Graſs,
Tears his Garland, raves, deſpairs,
Mirth and Harmony forſwears;
Since he was this Morning ſhown,
That *Delia* muſt not be his own.

*DORINDA.*

Fooliſh Swain, ſuch Love to place

*SYLVIA.*

On any, but *Dorinda*'s Face.

*DORINDA.*

Haſty Nymph! I ſaid not ſo:

*SYLVIA.*

No; but I thy Meaning know.
Ev'ry Shepherd thou would'ſt have
Not thy Lover, but thy Slave;
To encreaſe thy captive Train,
Never to be lov'd again;
But ſince all are now away,
Prithee but a Moment ſtay.

*DORINDA.*

No, the Strangers from the Vale,
Sure, will not this Meeting fail:
Graceful one, the other fair,
He too, with the Penſive Air,
Told me, e'er he came this way,
He was wont to look more gay.

*SYLVIA.*

See! how Pride thy Heart enclines
To think, for thee that Shepherd pines,
When those Words, that reach'd thy Ear,
*Chloe* was design'd to hear;
*Chloe*, who did near thee stand,
And his more speaking Looks command.

*DORINDA.*

Now thy Envy makes me smile.
That! indeed, were worth his while:-
*Chloe*, next thy self, decay'd,
And no more a Courted-Maid.

*SYLVIA.*

Next my self! Young Nymph, forbear,
Still the Swains allow me Fair;
Though, not what I was, that Day
When *Colin* bore the Prize away.
When------

*DORINDA.*

----Oh, hold! that Tale will last
'Till all the Evening Sports are pass'd,
'Till no streak of Light is seen,
Nor Foot-step prints the flow'ry Green;
What thou wert, I need not know;
What I am, must haste to show:
Only this I now discern,
From the things thou'dst have me learn,
That Woman-kind's peculiar Joys
From past, or present Beauties rise.

---

## *A D A M* Pos'd.

*By the same Hand.*

COu'd our first Father, at his toilsome Plough,
Thorns in his Path, and Labour on his Brow,

Cloath'd only in a rude, unpoliſh'd Skin;
Cou'd he, a vain, fantaſtick Nymph have ſeen,
In all her Airs, in all her Antick Graces;
Her various Faſhions, and more various Faces;
How had it pos'd that Skill, which late aſſign'd
Juſt Appellations to each ſev'ral Kind,
A right Idea of the Sight to frame,
To gueſs from what new Element ſhe came,
To hit the wavering Form, or give the Thing a Name.

---

# ALCIDOR.

*By the ſame Hand.*

WHILE Monarchs in ſtern Battel ſtrove
For proud Imperial Sway,
Abandon'd to his Milder Love,
Within a ſilent peaceful Grove,
*Alcidor* careleſs lay.

Some term'd it cold unmanly Fear;
Some, Nicety of Senſe;
That Drums and Trumpets cou'd not hear,
The ſullying Blaſts of Powder bear,
Or with foul Camps diſpence.

A patient Martyr to their Scorn,
And each ill-faſhion'd Jeſt,
The Youth, who but for Love was born,
Remain'd, and thought it vaſt Return,
To reign in *Cloria*'s Breaſt.

But oh! a ruffling Soldier came,
In all the Pomp of War;
The Gazettes long had ſpoke his Fame,
Now Hautboys his Approach proclaim,
And draw in Crouds from far.

*Gloria* unhappily wou'd gaze;
And as he nearer drew,
The Man of Feather, and of Lace,
Stopp'd short, and with profound Amaze,
Took all her Charms to view.

A Bow, which from Campaigns he brought,
And to his Holsters low,
Her self, and the Spectators taught,
That her the faireſt Nymph he thought,
Of all that form'd the Row.

Next Day, e'er *Phœbus* cou'd be ſeen,
Or any Gate unbarr'd,
At hers, upon th' adjoining Green,
From Ranks, with waving Flags between,
Were ſoften'd Trumpets heard.

The Noon does following Treats provide,
In the Pavillion's Shade;
The Neighbourhood, and all beſide
That will attend the amorous Pride,
Are Wellcom'd, with the Maid.

Poor *Alcidor*, thy Hopes are croſs'd,
Go periſh on the Ground;
Thy Sighs by ſtronger Notes are toſs'd,
Drove back, or in the Paſſage loſt,
Rich Wines thy Tears have drown'd.

In Womens Hearts, the ſofteſt Things
Which Nature cou'd deviſe,
Are yet ſome harſh and jarring Strings,
That when loud Fame, or Profit rings,
Will anſwer to the Noiſe.

Poor *Alcidor*, go Fight, or Die,
Let thy fond Notions ceaſe;

Man was not made in Shades to lye,
Or his full Bliſs at Eaſe enjoy,
To Live, or Love, in Peace.

---

## BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON:

### *Imitated from* OVID.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And ſtrole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good Peoples Hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write;
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their Tour in Maſquerade;
Diſguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a ſmall Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strolers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone, might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let 'em in.
Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having thro' all the Village paſs'd,
To a ſmall Cottage came at laſt,
Where dwelt a good old honeſt Yeoman,
Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hutt to paſs the Night;
And then the hoſpitable Sire
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire;
While he from out the Chimny took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook;
And freely from the fatteſt Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:

Then ſtept aſide to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jugg up to the Brink;
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had toucht a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And juſt began to cry;-----What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view
Whether the Light were burning blue.
The gentle Pilgrims ſoon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints, the Hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours;
But, for that Pack of Churliſh Boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian Ground,
They and their Houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your Cottage riſe,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when, fair and ſoft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The Chimney widen'd, and grew high'r,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.
The Kettle to the Top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſt'ned to a Joiſt:
But with the Upſide down, to ſhow
Its Inclination for Below;
In vain; for a Superior Force
Apply'd at bottom, ſtops its Courſe,
Doom'd ever in Suſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.
A wooden Jack, which had almoſt
Loſt, by diſuſe, the Art to roaſt,

A ſudden Alteration feels,
Encreas'd by new Inteſtine Wheels:
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion ſlow'r:
The Flyar, tho' 't had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce could ſee't;
But ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret Pow'r,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each others ſide;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone,
But up againſt the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and ſtill adher'd:
And ſtill its Love to Houſhold Cares
By a ſhrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-maid not to burn
That Roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning Chair began to crawl
Like a huge Snail along the Wall;
There ſtuck aloft in publick View,
And, with ſmall Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a leſs noble Subſtance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads paſted on the Wall,
Of *Joan* of *France*, and *Engliſh Moll*,
Fair *Roſamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood;
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And high in Order plac'd, deſcribe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedſted of the antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Anceſtors did uſe.
Was Metamorphos'd into Pews,

Which ſtill their ancient Nature keep;
By lodging Folks diſpos'd to Sleep.
The Cottage, by ſuch Feats as theſe,
Grown to a Church by juſt Degrees,
The Hermits then deſir'd their Hoſt
To ask for what he fancy'd moſt:
*Philemon* having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em thanks in homely Stile;
Then ſaid; my Houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe,
Make me the Parſon, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His Graſiers Coat fall down his Heels;
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-ſleeve.
His Waſtcoat to a Caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable Hue;
But being old, continu'd juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of Duſt.
His talk was now of Tythes and Dues,
Could ſmoak his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to Preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text.
At Chriſtnings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart;
Wiſh'd Women might have Children faſt,
And thought whoſe Sow had farrow'd laſt:
Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for Right Divine.
Found his Head fill'd with many a Syſtem,
But Claſſick Authors----he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having ſurbiſht up a Parſon,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on;
Inſtead of home-ſpun Coif, were ſeen
Good Pinners edg'd with Colberteen:
Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
Became black Sattin flounc'd with Lace,

Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam in her Grogram Gown.
*Philemon* was in great Surprize,
And hardly could believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus, happy in their Change of Life
Were several Years this Man and Wife;
When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
Discourſing o'er old Stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the Church-yard, to take a Walk;
When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out;
My Dear; I see your Forehead sprout:
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous:
But yet methinks I feel it true;
And truly, yours is budding too----
Nay,-----now I cannot stir my Foot:
It feels as if 'twere taking Root.-----

Description would but tire my Muse:
In short, they both were turn'd to Yews.
Old Good-man *Dobson* of the Green
Remembers he the Trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,
And goes with Folks to shew the Sight:
On Sundays after Ev'ning Pray'r,
He gathers all the Parish there;
Points out the Place of either Yew;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
'Till once, a Parson of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other Tree was griev'd:
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So, the next Parson stub'd and burnt it.

## *On Mrs.* BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his Grandsire *Jove* intreat,
To form some Beauty by a new Receit,
*Jove* sent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, good Nature, Look serene,
From which Ingredients first, the dextrous Boy
Pickt the Demure, the Awkward, and the Coy;
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride,
These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquett, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
*Jove* mixt up all, and his blest Clay imploy'd,
Then call'd the happy Composition, *Floyd.*

---

## *A Translation of the foregoing* VERSES.

### *By another Hand.*

### In LYDIAM.

*ORabat precibus Cupido blandis,*
*Ut tandem omnipotens pater deorum*
*Formosam lege conderet recenti.*
*Arridens citò, ruris ad recessum*
*Almus misit avus, Fidemque nudam*
*Illic repperit, Innocentiamque,*
*Et vultum placidum, Indolemque suavem:*
*Dextrâ, quæ, facili Puer peritus*
*Oris à nimio pudore purgat,*
*Et morum ruditate inelegantî,*
*Ac nimis timidâ fugacitate.*
*Sacræ Pierides parant deinde*
*Ex aulâ ingenuam Institutionem,*
*Acumenque acre, Gratiamque formæ,*

*Cum se non nimis efferente Fastu.*
*Ab his flava Venus removit omnem*
*Procul mollitiem, & malas dolosa*
*Mentis Illecebras, Ineptiasque*
*Bonum pravè imitantium, levesque*
*Motus, Glorioleque Inanitatem.*
*Miscet omnia Jupiter, lutoque*
*Temperat meliore, Lydiamque*
*Inde appellat opus, stupens, superbum.*

---

## *Translations of the* Sortes Virgilianæ, King *CHARLES* the First's.

*At bello,* &c.

BUT vex'd with Rebels, and a stubborn Race,
His Country banish'd, and his Sons embrace,
Some foreign Prince for fruitless Succours try,
And see his Friends inglorioufly die.
Nor when he shall to Faithless Terms submit,
His Throne enjoy, nor comfortable Light;
But immature a Shameful Death receive,
And on the Ground th' unbury'd Body leave.

---

## *The Lord* FALKLAND'*s*.

*Non hæc O Palla,* &c.

O *Pallas*, this was not thy promis'd Vow,
To curb thy Fire, and shun the cruel Foe.
Thy Father fear'd thy forward youthful Flame,
The sweet Desire of Praise and warlike Fame.
O hapless Fruits of Youth! ah fatal Cost
Of Neighbour Wars! Ah Vows to Heaven lost!

## *To my Friend, Mr.* POPE, *on his* PASTORALS.

*By Mr.* WYCHERLEY.

IN theſe more dull as more cenſorious Days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit Praiſe;
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to Friendſhip and Deſert is due.
Young, yet Judicious; in your Verſe are found
Art ſtrengthning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound:
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe Numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no Thought e'er interrupts the Song;
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the Head, but to the Ear:
Our Minds unmov'd and unconcern'd, they lull,
And are, at beſt, moſt Muſically dull.
So purling Streams with even Murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy Hearers into Sleep.
As ſmoothest Speech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmoothest Numbers oft are empty Sound,
And leave our lab'ring Fancy quite a-ground.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your Strains are regularly Bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd Care, and unaffected Eaſe,
With proper Thoughts, and lively *Images*:
Such, as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and Judgment makes your own;
For great Men's Faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their Clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd Stile write Paſtoral,
*Arcadia* ſpeaks the Language of the *Mall*,
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the *Sylvan* Muſe,
Deck't in thoſe Flow'rs her native Fields produce,

With modeſt Charms wou'd in plain Neatneſs pleaſe;
But ſeems a Dowdy in the Courtly Dreſs,
Whoſe aukward Finery allures us leſs.
But the true Meaſure of the Shepherd's Wit
Shou'd, like his Garb, be for the Country fit;
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected Thought
More nicely than the common Swain's be wrought,
So, with becoming Art, the Players dreſs
In Silks, the Shepherd and the Shepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the Form and Mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely Ruſſet of the Swain.
Your Rural Muſe appears, to juſtifie
The long-loſt Graces of Simplicity;
So Rural Beauties captivate our Senſe,
With Virgin Charms, and Nature's Excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe Charms conceal'd,
'Till by Men's Envy to the World reveal'd;
For Wits Induſtrious to their Trouble ſeem,
And needs will Envy what they muſt Eſteem.
Live, and enjoy their Spite! nor mourn that Fate
Which wou'd, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in Plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher Flight;
So Larks which firſt from lowly Fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the Skies.

---

## *To Mr.* POPE.

*By another Hand.*

IN *Tempe*'s Shades, thus, to the liſt'ning Throng
Thy own *Apollo* taught the Rural Song;
That rough *Deucalion*-Race he cou'd aſſwage
With Verſe like thine, and ſooth their ſavage Rage;
The Uſe of Reaſon Verſe cou'd firſt Inſpire,
Firſt ſtrike their flinty Breaſts, and light th' Etherial [Fire;

Their ſtupid Souls to Senſe and Thought improve,
To Pity ſoften'd, and refin'd to Love.
The melting Sounds convey'd Love's gentle Dart,
Thus Arm'd, the God ſubdu'd each ſtubborn Heart,
And fix'd his Empire by the Poet's Art.
And as the Pow'r of Verſe did Love infuſe,
To nobler Flights Love wing'd the Infant Muſe;
Soon in fierce Strife the tuneful Swains were found,
The Victor's Brow with Rural Honours crown'd;
Each grateful Nymph her Shepherd's Wreath prepar'd,
And Beauty was the Theam, and the Reward.
Hearts then were pair'd by Love, the mutual Flame
Bright, and unchang'd, to Age and Death the ſame.

Thus happy Mortals liv'd e'er Vice had Birth,
When good Old *Saturn* rul'd the peaceful Earth:
E'er the hoarſe Drum had kindl'd fierce Debate,
Or tuneful Trumpets ſooth'd 'em into Fate:
The guiltleſs Lawrel then from Blood was free,
Nor *Mars* uſurp'd the *Muſes* ſacred Tree;
While Verſe, and Love, their equal Empire ſway'd,
E'er Int'reſt had debas'd 'em to a Trade:
Celeſtial Beauties did to Groves repair,
And Gods deſcending found *Elyzium* there.

Such firſt were Poets, ſuch the Ancient Wit;
Thus *Maro*, and the ſoft *Sicilian* writ;
Thy early Guides, who tun'd thy Infant Voice,
Refin'd thy Numbers firſt, and fix'd thy Choice.
With Art like theirs, thy humble Subject's wrought,
So ſmooth the flowing Verſe, ſo turn'd the beauteous Thought.
Where eaſie Nature every Grace affords,
And charms without an empty Pomp of Words:
Where the juſt Thoughts the *Sylvan* Muſe ſupplies,
Sink without creeping, without ſoaring Riſe.
So form'd the Whole, ſo well diſpos'd each Part,
Nor *Greece* nor *Rome* can boaſt a nobler Art:
Each *Age* and *Paſſion*, ev'ry *Rural Care*,
Attend the *Seaſons* of the various Year:
The Spring of Youth Life's opening Sweets does prove,
Gay Hopes, and ſoft Deſires, the Bloom of Love:

'Till ripen'd Man his scorching Summer mourns,
And kindl'd into Pain, more fiercely burns:
The glowing Flame, damp'd with autumnal Storms,
Dark Images of Death and Horror forms,
Or, when declin'd to Friendship, faintly warms:
A Train of Woes, cold Age like Winter bears,
Lost Hopes, departed Love, and endless Tears!

The *Sylvan* Song your first Essay you chuse,
The hardest, the least known, most moving Muse;
But soon on Wing, above your Native Plains,
You mount aloft in *Homer's* Godlike Strains;
While you Divine *Sarpedon's* Fate deplore,
Sublime with *Grecian* Energy you Soar:
So just an Art in each Extream you prove,
Or sing with Shepherds, or lament with *Jove*.
Thus thy bright God with equal Glory gilds
Majestick Palaces, and humble Fields:
Thus warm in Spring his Youthful Beams appear,
Create the Seasons, and adorn the Year;
To Flow'rs their Bloom, to Stars their Light supply,
Paint all the Vales, and Brighten all the Sky.

---

## HORACE, Ode III. Book III.

Augustus *had a Design to Rebuild* Troy, *and make it the Metropolis of the* Roman *Empire; having Closeted several Senators on the Project,* Horace *is suppos'd to have Written the following Ode on this Occasion.*

THE Man resolv'd and steady to his Trust,
Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately Just,
May the rude Rabbles Insolence despise,
Their senseless Clamours and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,
And with Superior Greatness smiles,

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
*Adria*'s black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The ſtubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of Angry *Jove*,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.
Shou'd the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confuſion hurl'd,
He, Unconcern'd, wou'd hear the mighty Crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling World.
Such were the Godlike Arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the bleſt Abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a Place among the Gods.
Where now *Auguſtus*, mix'd with Heroes, lies;
And to his Lips the Nectar Bowl applies;
His ruddy Lips the Purple Tincture ſhow,
And with immortal Stains divinely glow.
By Arts like theſe did young *Lyæus* riſe:
His Tigers drew him to the Skies,
Wild from the Deſart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they ſtar'd,
In vain their Eyes with Fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the Laſh, and bent 'em to the Yoke.
Such were the Paths that *Rome*'s great Founder trod,
When in a Whirlwind ſnatch'd on high,
He ſhook off dull Mortality,
And loſt the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful Silence broke,
And thus th' aſſembled Deities beſpoke.
*Troy*, ſays the Goddeſs, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire Effects of her proud Tyrant's Guilt;
The tow'ring Pile and ſoft Abodes,
Wall'd by the Hand of ſervile Gods,
Now ſpreads its Ruins all around,
And lyes inglorious on the Ground.
An Umpire, partial and unjuſt,
And a lewd Woman's impious Luſt,
Lay heavy on her Head, and ſunk her to the Duſt.

Since false *Laomedon*'s Tyrannick Sway,
That durst defraud th' Immortals of their Pay,
Her Guardian Gods renounc'd their Patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading Foe repel;
To my Resentments, and *Minerva*'s Rage,
The guilty King and the whole People fell.
And now the long protracted Wars are o'er,
The soft Adult'rer shines no more;
No more do's *Hector*'s Force the *Trojans* shield,
That drove whole Armies back, and singly clear'd the Field.
My Vengeance sated, I at length resign
To *Mars* his Offspring of the *Trojan* Line:
Advanc'd to God-head let him rise,
And take his Station in the Skies;
There entertain his ravish'd Sight
With Scenes of Glory, Fields of Light;
Quaff with the Gods immortal Wine,
And see adoring Nations crowd his Shrine:
The thin Remains of *Troy*'s afflicted Host,
In distant Realms may Seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a Foreign Coast;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
Remov'd by Seas, from the disastrous Shore,
May endless Billows rise between, and Storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curst detested Place,
Where *Priam* lyes, and *Priam*'s faithless Race,
Be cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass.
There let the wanton Flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely Shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty Ruins play,
And frisk upon the Tombs of Kings.
May Tygers there, and all the Savage kind,
Sad solitary Haunts, and silent Desarts find;
In gloomy Vaults, and nooks of Palaces,
May th' unmolested Lyoness

Her

Her brinded Whelps securely lay,
Or couch't, in dreadful Slumbers waste the Day.
While *Troy* in Heaps of Ruins lyes,
*Rome* and the *Roman* Capitol shall rise;
Th' Illustrious Exiles unconfin'd
Shall Triumph far and near, and rule Mankind.
In vain the Sea's intruding Tide
*Europe* from *Afric* shall divide,
And part the sever'd World in two: [spread,
Through *Afric*'s Sands their Triumphs they shall
And the long Train of Victories pursue
To *Nile*'s yet undiscover'd Head.
Riches the hardy Soldier shall despise,
And look on Gold with un-desiring Eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd Earth explore
In search of the forbidden Ore;
Those Glitt'ring Ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lye untouch'd, and Innocently shine.
To the last Bounds that Nature sets,
The piercing Colds and sult'ry Heats,
The Godlike Race shall spread their Arms;
Now fill the Polar Circle with Alarms,
'Till Storms and Tempests their Pursuits confine,
Now sweat for Conquest underneath the Line.
This only Law the Victor shall restrain,
On these Conditions shall he Reign;
If none his guilty Hand employ,
To build again a second *Troy*;
If none the rash Design pursue,
Nor tempt the Vengeance of the Gods anew.
A Curse there cleaves to the devoted Place,
That shall the new Foundations rase:
*Greece* shall in mutual Leagues conspire
To storm the Rising Town with Fire,
And at their Armies Head my self will show
What *Juno*, urg'd to all her Rage, can do.
Thrice shou'd *Apollo*'s self the City raise,
And line it round with Walls of Brass,

Thrice shou'd my fav'rite *Greeks* his Works confound,
And hew the shining Fabrick to the Ground;
Thrice shou'd her captive Dames to *Greece* return,
And their dead Sons and slaughter'd Husbands mourn.
But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring Flight,
Nor bring the Secrets of the Gods to Light:
In vain wou'd thy presumptuous Verse
Th' immortal Rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty Strains, in Lyric Numbers bound,
Forget their Majesty, and lose their Sound.

---

## *The Story of* ERMINIA, *translated from* Tasso's Jerusalem, *Book VII. Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lady Viscountess* WEYMOUTH.

ERminia, by the Centinels surpriz'd,
Fled all the Night, in burnish'd Arms disguis'd;
And all the Day thro' pathless Woods she stray'd,
Of ev'ry whisp'ring Breath of Wind afraid:
But now the Sun his shining Progress ends,
Deserts the Skies, and to the Sea descends;
The Nymph arrives where wealthy *Jordan* flows,
And on his flow'ry Borders seeks Repose;
Soft Sleep, that wish'd Relief to Mortals brings,
Spreads o'er the beauteous Maid his downy Wings;
But restless Love his Empire still maintains,
And o'er her Dreams in airy Triumph reigns.
At last, the Birds salute the rising Light,
And wanton Winds the rosie Morn invite;
They curl the Streams, and dance along the Waves,
Glide thro' the Woods, and whisper in the Leaves:
Each painted Blossom opens to the Day,
With them, *Erminia*'s Eyes their Charms display:
With pensive Looks, the Prospect round she view'd,
The Shepherds Tents, and Rural Solitude;

Each ruffling Noise awakes her former Fears,
'Till thro' the Boughs a tuneful Note she hears:
The Fields and Floods the chearful Sound retain,
And sportive Eccho's mock the Jovial Swain;
Who careless near the Banks of *Jordan* sate,
Nor fear'd the Stars, nor curs'd relentless Fate:
Pleas'd with his honest Art, he Baskets wove;
Three sprightly Boys to imitate him strove.
The Princess nearer drew, with wild Affright
The Children fled the unaccustom'd Sight,
'Till the bright Helmet from her Head she took,
Reveal'd a Female Face, and modest Look;
The golden Tresses o'er her Shoulders fell,
And all their Fears her Charming Eyes dispel:
Her Face no more a Martial Terror boasts,
When thus the wond'ring Shepherd she accosts.

Thrice happy Man! the Gods peculiar Care
Protect thee from the wasteful Rage of War:
I come not here to offer hostile Wrongs,
To interrupt thy Labours, nor thy Songs;
But by what Methods hast thou found Defence,
Against the Sword's impartial Violence;
While clashing Arms, and the shrill Trumpets Sound,
With endless Jars, perplex the Regions round?

My humble State, fair Maid, the Swain replies,
Beneath the Turns of changing Fortune lies:
While Light'ning blasts the Mountain's lofty Brow,
The humble Valley smiles secure below.
From all the Tumults, which distract the Great,
We live exempt, in this obscure Retreat;
The Gods themselves the Rural Life approve,
And kindly guard the Innocence they love:
In Groves we sleep, from Spoil and Rapine free,
Content with Little, blest in Poverty.
This Life (which yet Ambitious Men despise)
Before a Court's licentious Joys, I prize:
Nor Pride, nor sordid Avarice, molest
The soft Tranquillity within my Breast,

Unartful Meats ſupply my frugal Board,
And Drink, the pure untainted Springs afford;
No Poiſons thro' their Channels are convey'd,
Nor are we here in golden Cups betray'd:
Theſe Youths, my Sons, to Labour us'd, like me,
Attend my Flocks with chearful Induſtry.
Nor think theſe Shades can no Delights afford;
With Various harmleſs Beaſts the Woods are ſtor'd,
Among the Boughs melodious Birds reſide,
And ſcaly Fiſh along the Rivers glide.
Yet other Motives did my Youth engage,
And wild Ambition fir'd my blooming Age;
I ſcorn'd the Peaſant's Care and humble Toils,
And left my Native Shores, for Foreign Soils;
And in th' *Egyptian* Court my Suit preferr'd:
My Suit the condeſcending Noble heard.
The Royal Gardens ſoon were made my Care;
I learn'd the fatal Snares of Greatneſs there,
Its Impious Methods, and Unconſtant State;
But learn'd, alas! the dear Miſtake too late:
My Prime was paſt, my airy Wiſhes croſs'd,
And all my Dreams of riſing Fortune loſt.
With weeping Eyes, the Country Scenes I view'd,
And bleſs'd my once Inglorious Solitude;
The ſmooth Tranquillity, the gay Content,
In which my former happy Days were ſpent.
Reſolv'd again thoſe Pleaſures to purſue,
With juſt Remorſe, I bid the Court Adieu.
The Day was doubly fortunate for me,
Which ſet me from its gawdy Bondage free.
His wiſe Diſcourſe th' attentive Princeſs pleas'd,
And half the Tempeſt of her Soul appeas'd;
She now reſolves to try, far from the Strife
Of factious Courts, an unambitious Life.
She paus'd----and thus, with gentle Words, began
T' addreſs the hoary venerable Man.
If, by the Diſappointments thou haſt prov'd,
Thy kind Relief and Pity may be mov'd,

Conduct me to some Hospitable Cell,
And let me in these calm Recesses dwell:
There quiet Shades, perhaps, will ease my Grief,
And give my restless Passions some Relief.
By thy Example taught, I shall grow Wise;
With that, a Tear grac'd her prevailing Eyes:
Some pitying Drops the careful Shepherd shed,
And to his Cottage the fair Stranger led.
A Father's kind Indulgence fills his Breast;
His Wife, with Joy, receives the Royal Guest;
Who now her nodding Helmet lays aside,
Her gilded Arms, and ornamental Pride;
Then in a *Sylvan* Dress, the graceful Maid,
All Negligent, her decent Limbs array'd;
But nothing Rustick in her careless Meen,
The Princess still thro' all Disguise was seen:
Majestick Beauty lighten'd in her Face,
She mov'd, and spoke, with an Unvulgar Grace;
An Air of Grandeur, not to be suppress'd,
Her noble Mind and high Descent confess'd.
Yet to the Fold her bleating Flocks she drove,
And with her Native Delicacy strove:
Sometimes along the fresh enamel'd Meads,
Her harmless Charge, with gentle Pace she leads;
And, oft beneath some Lawrel's Shade reclin'd,
With *Tancred*'s Name, she wounds the tender Rind:
Each Tree that flourish'd in the conscious Grove,
The Records bore of her successless Love.
And when the Tragick Story she review'd,
The sad Description all her Grief renew'd;
With Love and melting Sorrow in her Eyes,
Ye verdant Plants, the pensive Charmer cries,
Ye Pines, and spreading Lawrels, as ye grow,
Retain the deep Inscriptions of my Woe;
Some wretched Maid, undone by Love, like me,
Shall mourn my injur'd Faith, and partial Destiny.
But if my Charming Hero here should stray,
As grant, ye Blest Propitious Powers, he may!

And wand'ring, find in ev'ry Shade his Name,
My ſecret Care, and undiſcover'd Flame,
Long after Death has clos'd my wretched Eyes,
And in the Grave this mortal Relick lyes;
Some tender Sigh, ſome grateful Tear, may prove
The late Succeſs of my unblemiſh'd Love.
My hov'ring Ghoſt, pleas'd with that ſoft Return,
The Rigour of my Fate no more ſhould mourn.
With theſe Complaints, ſhe ſooths her fond De-
And vainly to the Fields and Shades retires; ſires,
The Fields and Shades indulge her fatal Fires:
While *Tancred*, yet a Stranger to her Charms,
Among the Toils of War, and fierce Alarms,
Purſues a nobler Fate in Military Arms.

## SONG.

THEN never let me ſee her more!
In vain I ſigh, in vain adore.
In ſome lonely Deſart Place,
Far from Sight of human Race;
In ſome unfrequented Cell,
Where neither Joy nor Sorrow dwell,
Oh! let me' endeavour to forget
At once my ſelf, and *Amoret*.

## SONG.

*By the ſame Hand.*

WHY we Love, and why we Hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
Guides the Shaft from *Cupid*'s Bow.

II.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis Madneſs all in me to grieve:
Since her Will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſie live?

III.

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mizella*'s Cries;
Ask not me the Reaſon why:
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

---

## *ANACREON*, ODE XXXIV.

*By the ſame Hand.*

WHY ſo Coy, my lovely Maid?
Why of Age ſo much afraid?
Your Cheeks, like Roſes, to the Sight;
And my Hair, as Lillies white;
In Love's Garland, we'll ſuppoſe
Me the Lilly, you the Roſe.

---

## ANACREONTIQUE.

*By the ſame Hand.*

BEneath the Covert of a Grove,
The conſcious Scene of all my Love,
Careleſs, and ſupinely lay'd,
I took my Lute, and ſung and play'd.
Of Love's ſoft Paſſion did I ſing,
And *Cupid*, Love's almighty King;
When lo! a String, that would have ſpoke,
Beneath my Finger, ſighing broke;
It broke, and ſaid, methoughts, to me,
Think on thy own Mortality.-----

## *In Answer to the Question, What is* THOUGHT?

*By the same Hand.*

THE Hermit's Solace in his Cell;
The Fire, that warms the Poet's Brain;
The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell;
The mad Man's Sport, the wise Man's Pain.

---

## *Half Masking her Self when she Smil'd.*

*By the same Hand.*

SO, when the Sun, with his Meridian Light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight;
We thank th' officious Cloud, by whose kind Aid
We view his Glory, lessen'd in a Shade.

---

## *Lying at her* FEET.

*By the same Hand.*

THIS Posture, and these Tears, that Heav'n might move,
In vain I use in Favour of my Love:
And while thus prostrate at her Feet I lye,
Like some fair Rock she stands, that tow'ring high,
Seems deaf to those sad Murmurs, which below
The plaintive Waters utter, as they flow.

## *Reading Mr.* WALLER.

*By the ſame Hand.*

INhuman *Sacchariſſa*! not to love
The Man, whoſe Verſe might Rocks to Pity move,
Yet, ſince *Amphion* Sung, they Senſe retain;
And Verſe may ſoften all things, but Diſdain.
As he the fatal Glories of your Eyes,
His eaſie Wit, and courtly Pen, I prize.
In vain, like him, I ſigh, in vain I mourn;
For, *Waller*'s Muſe has *Sacchariſſa*'s Scorn.

---

## *Occaſion'd by the early Singing of a* LARK.

*By the ſame Hand.*

ATtend, my Soul! The early Birds inſpire
My groveling Thoughts with pure, celeſtial Fire.
They from their temp'rate Sleep awake, and pay
Their thankful Anthems for the New-born Day.
See, how the tuneful Lark is mounted high!
And, Poet-like, ſalutes the Eaſtern Sky.
He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his Layes,
And ſeems the Beauties of the Morn to praiſe.
But Man, more void of Gratitude, awakes,
And gives no thanks for that ſweet Reſt he takes:
Looks on the glorious Sun's new-kindled Flame,
Without one Thought of Him, from whom it came.
The Wretch, unhallow'd, does the Day begin;
Shakes off his Sleep, but ſhakes not off his Sin.

## *A* MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

*By the same Hand.*

WHen Gamesome Youth, and Love's unruly Fire,
Are quell'd by Age, that deadens all Desire;
When Chearful Days and Jovial Nights are fled,
And drooping Health inclines her sickly Head;
When downy Sleep, tho' courted long, denies
To bless my Bed, and close my weary Eyes;
When Nature sickens, and with fainting Breath,
Struggles beneath the bitter Pangs of Death;
When helpless Art no hopes of Life can give,
Nor Pray'r, nor Tears, the sentenc'd Wretch reprieve;
When all our Friends, then few, make heavy Moan;
And heighten all our Sorrows by their own;
Amid the Terrors of this solemn Woe,
The fleeting Soul begins her self to know;
Turns o'er the Register of Life in haste,
Weighs all her Thoughts, her Words and Actions past.
Then, if no frightful Images appear,
No ghastly Ills awake her conscious Fear;
Gently she lays her down in Peace to rest,
As Infants sleep upon their Mother's Breast.

---

## *An* ODE, *for St.* CECILIA's *Day*, 1699.

BLest *Cecilia*! Charming Maid!
Where shall Mortals seek for Aid
Thee to Sing? Whose tuneful Layes
Shall thy Skill in Musick praise?
Inspir'd by Thee, thy Sons their Duty show,
And imitate below,
With pious Love,
What Angels sing Above.
With Breath the spacious Organ fill;
With vital Breath the Trumpet swell;

Inſpire the ſoft'ning Flute with Skill;
And let *Cecilia*, Goddeſs of our Song,
In melting Accents ever dwell
On ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.

II.

For ever Sacred be the Day,
Beyond all others Bright and Fair,
Ever Joyous, ever Gay,
When firſt Divine *Cecilia* found
The Magick Art to quicken the long ſilent Air
With all the Energy of Sound.
Up to the Skies
On new fledg'd Wings,
From Earth celeſtial Muſick flies,
And joins in Concert with the Cherub's Strings.
Down from their bliſsful Bow'rs they came;
Came down to liſten, and admire
The mighty animated Frame,
It ſelf a Quire.

III.

She ſmil'd,
*Cecilia* ſmil'd, to ſee
The Cherubs mild,
With hov'ring Wings deſcending from on High,
Like nimble Lightning, ſwift and gay,
O'er all the Keys her wanton Fingers play;
The ready Notes obey her Touch:
Diſſolv'd in Ecſtaſie
Th' immortal Beings lye;
Divine *Cecilia* charms too much.

IV.

Her ſprightly Treble, warbling ſweet,
Glides thro' the Veins.
On Even Feet,
And binds the Soul in Silken Chains:
The yielding Soul with Softneſs, it diſarms,
And, like a Woman, Charms.
With manly Grace the Baſs ſtalks high,
Array'd in awful Majeſty:

Its haughty Bound
And pompous Sound
The Spirits warm,
The Soul alarm,
And ſhake the trembling Air around.
Between the two Extreams the Tenor flows
In gentle Streams, perſuading Union as it goes.
And now in perfect Harmony
The blended Parts agree,
And glut the liſt'ning Ear with Melody.

V.

The Trebble ſtarts;
On ſwift Diviſion leads the Chaſe,
And quite out-ſtrips the loit'ring Parts.
The rumbling Baſs
With clumzy Pace
Purſues the fleeting Fugitive,
And all in Triumph does her backward drive:
But ſee!
The Friendly Tenor, all for Unity,
Does mildly interpoſe,
And joins them in a full compounded Cloſe.

VI.

She paus'd awhile;
For Silence has in Muſick Place.
The raviſh'd Cherubs, with a ſilent Smile,
Diſcloſe Amazement on each Face.
Again ſhe plies the loud Machine;
Again intranc'd the Cherubs lye;
Immortal, yet in Pleaſures almoſt die.
Thrice the lovely Maid
Paus'd; and thrice ſhe play'd;
And thrice ſhe ſhew'd the Pow'r Divine,
And wond'rous Force of modulated Sound,
That like a mighty Torrent flows,
Victorious as it goes,
And Sweeps away the ſtrongeſt Mound.

CHORUS.

*With Breath the ſpacious Organ fill;*
*With vital Breath the Trumpet ſwell;*
*Inſpire the ſoft'ning Flute with Skill;*
*And let* Cecilia, *Goddeſs of our Song,*
*In melting Accents ever dwell,*
*In ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue.*

---

## *SONG. To the Fickle* SYLVIA.

TAKE Pity, *Sylvia*, charming Fair,
No more my Fate ſuſpend;
But ſolve my Doubts, and eaſe my Care,
Or bid me Hope, or elſe Deſpair;
And thus my Sufferings end.

II.

A tedious Month I've been confin'd,
(Which is an Age in Love:)
Nor will you e'er diſcloſe your Mind;
One while you're Coy, and then you're Kind;
Sometimes you neither prove.
Ah! cruel Charmer, let me know my Fate;
Whiſper your Love, or thunder out your Hate.

---

## *Written by the Earl of* MULGRAVE, *now Marqueſs of* Normanby.

SAfely, perhaps, dull Crouds admire;
But I, alas, am all on Fire.
I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the Danger o'er;
(Like him who thought in Childhood paſt
That dire Diſeaſe, which kill'd at laſt)
Had felt the Pangs of jealous Pain,
And born the Blaſts of cold Diſdain;

Then, reap'd at length the mighty Gains,
That full Reward of all our Pains!
But what was all such Grief, or Joy,
That did my heedless Years employ?
Meer Dreams of feign'd fantastick Pow'rs;
But the Disease of idle Hours;
Amusement, Humour, Affectation,
Compar'd with this sublimer Passion,
Whose Raptures, bright as those above,
Out-shine the Flames of Zeal, or Love.
Yet think not, Fairest, what I sing
Does from a Love Platonick spring;
That formal Softness, false and vain,
Not of the Heart, but of the Brain.
Thou art indeed above all Nature;
But I, a wretched human Creature,
Wanting thy gentle, generous Aid,
Of Husband, Rivals, Friends afraid;
Amidst all this Seraphic Fire,
Am almost dying with Desire;
With eager Wishes, ardent Thoughts,
Prone to commit Love's wildest Faults;
And, as we are on *Sundays* told
The lusty Patriarch did of Old,
Would force a Blessing from those Charms,
And grasp an Angel in my Arms.

---

## *The Episode of* SARPEDON, *translated from the Twelfth and Sixteenth Books of* HOMER's *Iliads.*

*By Mr.* ALEXANDER POPE.

### The ARGUMENT.

Sarpedon, *the Son of* Jupiter, *commanded the* Lycians *who came to the Aid of* Troy. *In the first Battel, when* Diomed *had put the* Trojans *to flight, he in-*

*courag'd* Hector *to rally, and signaliz'd himself by the Death of* Tlepolemus. *Afterwards when the* Greeks *had rais'd a Fortification to cover their Fleet, which the* Trojans *endeavour'd to overthrow, this Prince was the Occasion of effecting it. He incites* Glaucus *to second him in this Action by an admirable Speech, which has been render'd in English by Sir* John Denham; *after whom the Translator had not the Vanity to attempt it for any other reason, than that the Episode must have been very imperfect without so Noble a part of it.*

THUS *Hector*, great in Arms, contends in vain
To fix the Fortune of the fatal Plain,
Nor *Troy* cou'd conquer, nor the *Greeks* wou'd yield,
'Till bold *Sarpedon* rush'd into the Field;
For Mighty *Jove* inspir'd with Martial Flame
His God-like Son, and urg'd him on to Fame.
In Arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air,
Within whose Orb the thick Bull-hides were roll'd,
Pondrous with Brass, and bound with ductile Gold;
And while two pointed Jav'lins arm his Hands,
Majestick moves along, and leads his *Lycian* Bands.
So prest with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow,
Descends a Lion on the Flocks below;
So stalks the Lordly Savage o'er the Plain,
In sullen Majesty, and stern Disdain:
In vain loud Mastives bay him from afar,
And Shepherds gaul him with an Iron War;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prey.
Resolv'd alike, Divine *Sarpedon* glows
With gen'rous Rage, that drives him on the Foes;
He views the Tow'rs, and meditates their Fall;
To sure Destruction dooms the *Grecian* Wall;
Then casting on his Friend an ardent Look,
Fir'd with the Thirst of Glory, thus he spoke;

Why boaſt we, *Glaucus*, our extended Reign,
Where *Xanthus'* Streams enrich the *Lycian* Plain?
Our num'rous Herds that range each fruitful Field,
And Hills where Vines their Purple Harveſt yield?
Our foaming Bowls with gen'rous *Nectar* crown'd,
Our Feaſts enhanc'd with Muſick's ſprightly Sound?
Why on theſe Shores are we with Joy ſurvey'd,
Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unleſs great Acts ſuperior Merit prove,
And Vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above:
'Tis ours, the Dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in Valour, as the firſt in Place:
That while with wondring Eyes our Martial Bands
Behold our Deeds tranſcending our Commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the Sov'reign State,
Whom thoſe that Envy dare not Imitate!
Cou'd all our Care elude the greedy Grave,
Which claims no leſs the Fearful than the Brave,
For Luſt of Fame I ſhou'd not vainly dare
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War,
But ſince, alas, ignoble Age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and Death's inexorable Doom;
The Life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;
Brave, tho' we fall; and honour'd, if we live;
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!

He ſaid; his Words the lift'ning Chief inſpire
With equal Warmth, and rouze the Warrior's Fire;
The Troops purſue their Leaders with delight,
Ruſh to the Foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
*Meneſtheus* from on high the Storm beheld,
Threat'ning the Fort, and black'ning in the Field;
Around the Walls he gaz'd, to view from far
What Aid appear'd t'avert th' approaching War,
And ſaw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* ſtood,
Inſatiate of the Fight, and prodigal of Blood.
In vain he calls, the Din of Helms and Shields
Rings to the Skies, and ecchoes thro' the Fields;

The Gates resound, the brazen Hinges fly,
While each is bent to conquer or to die.
Then thus to *Thoos*;----Hence with speed (he said)
And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our Aid;
Their Strength united best may help to bear
The bloody Labours of the doubtful War:
Hither the *Lycian* Princes bend their Course,
The best and bravest of the *Trojan* Force.
But if too fiercely, there, the Foes contend,
Let *Telamon* at least our Tow'rs defend,
And *Teucer* haste, with his unerring Bow,
To share the Danger, and repel the Foe.
Swift as the Word, the Herald speeds along
The lofty Ramparts, through the warlike Throng;
And finds the Heroes, bath'd in Sweat and Gore,
Oppos'd in Combate on the dusty Shore.
Strait to the Fort great *Ajax* turn'd his Care,
And thus bespoke his Brothers of the War:
Now valiant *Lycomede*, exert your Might,
And brave *Oïleus*, prove your Force in Fight:
To you I trust the Fortune of the Field,
'Till by this Arm the Foe shall be repell'd;
That done, expect me to compleat the Day:
Then, with his Sev'nfold Shield, he strode away,
With equal Steps bold *Teucer* prest the Shore,
Whose fatal Bow the strong *Pandion* bore.
High on the Walls appear'd the *Lycian* Pow'rs,
Like some black Tempest gath'ring round the Tow'rs:
The *Greeks* oppress'd, their utmost Force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight;
The War begins; mix'd Shouts and Groans arise;
Tumultuous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the Skies,
Fierce *Ajax* first th' advancing Host invades,
And sends the brave *Epicles* to the Shades,
*Sarpedon*'s Friend; across the Warrior's Way,
Rent from the Walls, a Rocky Fragment lay;
In modern Ages not the strongest Swain
Cou'd heave th' unwieldy Burden from the Plain:

He poiz'd, and ſwung it round; then toſt on high,
It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky;
Full on the *Lycian*'s Helmet thundring down,
The pondrous Ruin cruſh'd his batter'd Crown.
As skilful Divers from ſome airy Steep
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the Deep,
So falls *Epicles*; then in Groans expires,
And murm'ring from the Corps th' unwilling Soul retires.

While to the Ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,
From *Teucer*'s Hand a winged Arrow flew,
The bearded Shaft the deſtin'd Paſſage found,
And on his naked Arm inflicts a Wound.
The Chief who fear'd ſome Foe's inſulting Boaſt
Might ſtop the Progreſs of his warlike Hoſt,
Conceal'd the Wound, and leaping from his Height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfiniſh'd Fight.
Divine *Sarpedon* with Regret beheld
Diſabled *Glaucus* ſlowly quit the Field;
His beating Breaſt with gen'rous Ardour glows,
He ſprings to Fight, and flies upon the Foes.
*Alcmaon* firſt was doom'd his Force to feel,
Deep in his Breaſt he plung'd the pointed Steel,
Then from the yawning Wound with Fury tore
The Spear, purſu'd by guſhing Streams of Gore;
Down ſinks the Warrior, with a thundring Sound,
His brazen Armour rings againſt the Ground.

Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,
Tugs with full Force, and ev'ry Nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pondrous Stones disjointed yield;
The rowling Ruins ſmoak along the Field.
A mighty Breach appears, the Walls lye bare,
And like a Deluge ruſhes in the War.
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging Bow,
And *Ajax* ſends his Jav'lin at the Foe;
Fix'd in his Belt the feather'd Weapon ſtood,
And thro' his Buckler drove the trembling Wood;
But *Jove* was preſent in the dire Debate,
To ſhield his Off-ſpring, and avert his Fate,

The Prince gave back; not meditating Flight,
But urging Vengeance and ſeverer Fight;
Then rais'd with Hope, and fir'd with Glory's Charms,
His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms.
O where, ye *Lycians*, is the Strength you boaſt,
Your former Fame, and ancient Virtue loſt?
The Breach lyes open, but your Chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded Paſs to gain:
Unite, and ſoon that Hoſtile Fleet ſhall fall,
The Force of pow'rful Union conquers all.
This juſt Rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* Crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' Aſſault renew;
Unmov'd, th' embody'd *Greeks* their Fury dare,
And fix'd ſupport the Weight of all the War:
Nor cou'd the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* Pow'rs,
Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* Tow'rs.
As on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,
Two ſtubborn Swains with Blows diſpute their Bounds;
They tugg, they ſweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
One Foot, one Inch, of the contended Field:
Thus obſtinate to Death, they fight, they fall;
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win the Wall:
Their Manly Breaſts are pierc'd with many a Wound,
Loud Strokes are heard, and ratling Arms reſound,
The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore,
And the high Ramparts drop with human Gore.
As when two Scales are charg'd with doubtful Loads,
From ſide to ſide the trembling Balance nods,
'Till poiz'd aloft, the reſting Beam ſuſpends
Each equal Weight, nor this, nor that deſcends.
So Conqueſt loath for either to declare,
Levels her Wings, and hov'ring hangs in Air.
'Till *Hector* came, to whoſe ſuperior Might
*Jove* ow'd the Glory of the deſtin'd Fight.
Fierce as a Whirlwind, up the Walls he flies,
And fires his Hoſt with loud repeated Cries:
Advance ye *Trojans*, lend your valiant Hands,
Haſte to the Fleet, and toſs the blazing Brands!

They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his Call,
Raise scaling Engines, and ascend the Wall:
Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears
Shoots up, and all the rising Host appears,
A ponderous Stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong Men th' enormous Weight cou'd raise,
Such Men as live in these degen'rate Days.
Yet this, as easie as a Swain wou'd bear
The snowy Fleece; he tost, and shook in Air:
For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of its Load
Th' unwieldy Rock, the Labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,
Of massy Substance and stupendous Frame,
With Iron Bars and brazen Hinges strong,
On lofty Beams of solid Timber hung.
Then thundring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,
Drives the sharp Rock; the solid Beams give way,
The Folds are shatter'd, from the crackling Door
Leap the resounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar.
Now rushing in the furious Chief appears,
Gloomy as Night, and shakes two shining Spears;
A dreadful Gleam from his bright Armour came,
And from his Eye-balls flash'd the living Flame:
He moves a God, resistless in his Course,
And seems a Match for more than mortal Force.
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping Space
A Tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the Place;
The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly; [Sky.
The Shore is heap'd with Death, and Tumult rends the

## Connection of the foregoing with the following Part.

*The Wall being forc'd by.* Hector, *an obstinate Battel was fought before the Ships, one of which was set on fire by the* Trojans. Patroclus *thereupon obtaining of* Achilles *to lead out the* Myrmidons *to the Af-*

*ſiſtance of the* Greeks, *made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, 'till he was oppos'd by* Sarpedon. *The Combate betwixt theſe Two, and the Death of the latter, with the Grief of* Jupiter *for his Son, are deſcrib'd in the enſuing Tranſlation, from the Sixteenth Book of the* Iliads.

WHEN now the Chief his valiant Friends beheld
Grov'ling in Duſt, and gaſping on the Field,
With this Reproach his flying Hoſt he warms,
Oh Stain to Honour! oh Diſgrace of Arms!
Forſake, inglorious, the contended Plain;
This Hand unaided ſhall the War ſuſtain:
The Task be mine the Hero's Strength to try,
Who mows whole Troops, and makes whole Armies fly.
He ſaid, and leap'd from off his lofty Car;
*Patroclus* lights, and ſternly waits the War.
As when two Vulturs on the Mountain's Height
Stoop with their ſounding Pinions to the Fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raiſe a ſcreaming Cry;
The Deſart ecchoes, and the Rocks reply:
The Warriors thus oppos'd in Arms engage,
With equal Valour, and with equal Rage.
*Jove* view'd the Combate, whoſe Event foreſeen,
He thus beſpoke his Siſter and his Queen.
The Hour draws on; the Deſtinies ordain,
My God-like Son ſhall preſs the *Phrygian* Plain;
Already on the Verge of Death he ſtands,
His Life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus'* Hands.
What Paſſions in a Parent's Breaſt debate!
Say, ſhall I ſnatch him from Impending Fate;
And ſend him ſafe to *Lycia*, diſtant far
From all the Dangers and the Toils of War;
Or to his Doom my braveſt Off-ſpring yield,
And fatten, with Celeſtial Blood, the Field?
Then thus the Goddeſs with the radiant Eyes:
What Words are theſe, O Sov'reign of the Skies?

Short is the Date preſcrib'd to Mortal Man;
Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow Span,
Whoſe Bounds were fix'd before his Race began?
How many Sons of Gods, foredoom'd to Death,
Before proud *Ilion* muſt reſign their Breath!
Were thine exempt, Debate wou'd riſe above,
And murm'ring Pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.
Give the bold Chief a glorious Fate in Fight;
And when th' aſcending Soul has wing'd her Flight,
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy Command,
The breathleſs Body to his Native Land.
His Friends and People, to his future Praiſe,
A Marble Tomb and Pyramid ſhall raiſe,
And laſting Honours to his Aſhes give;
His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have!) ſhall live.
She ſaid; the Cloud-Compeller overcome,
Aſſents to Fate, and ratifies the Doom.
Then, touch'd with Grief, the weeping Heav'ns diſtill'd
A Show'r of Blood o'er all the fatal Field.
The God, his Eyes averting from the Plain,
Laments his Son, predeſtin'd to be ſlain,
Far from the *Lycian* Shores, his happy Native Reign.
Now met in Arms the Combatants appear,
Each heav'd the Shield, and pois'd the lifted Spear:
From ſtrong *Patroclus'* Hand the Jav'lin fled,
And paſs'd the Groin of valiant *Thraſymed*,
The Nerves unbrac'd no more his Bulk ſuſtain,
He falls, and falling, bites the bloody Plain.
Two ſounding Darts the *Lycian* Leader threw,
The firſt aloof with erring Fury flew,
The next more fatal pierc'd *Achilles'* Steed,
The gen'rous *Pedaſus*, of *Theban* Breed;
Fix'd in the Shoulder's Joint, he reel'd around;
Rowl'd in the bloody Duſt, and paw'd the ſlipp'ry Ground.
His ſudden Fall th' entangled Harneſs broke;
Each Axle groan'd; the bounding Chariot ſhook;

When bold *Automedon*, to disengage
The starting Coursers, and restrain their Rage,
Divides the Traces with his Sword, and freed
Th' incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the Rein;
The Car rowls slowly o'er the dusty Plain.
The towring Chiefs to fiercer Fight advance,
And first *Sarpedon* tost his weighty Lance,
Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its Course,
And spent, in empty Air, its dying Force.
Not so *Patroclus* never-erring Dart;
Aim'd at his Breast, it pierc'd the mortal Part
Where the strong Fibres bind the solid Heart.
Then as the stately Pine, or Poplar tall,
Hewn for the Mast of some great Admiral,
Nods, groans, and reels, 'till with a crackling Sound
It sinks, and spreads its Honours on the Ground;
Thus fell the King; and laid on Earth Supine,
Before his Chariot stretch'd his Form divine:
He grasp'd the Dust, distain'd with streaming Gore,
And, pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.
So lyes a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,
While the grim Savage grinds with foamy Jaws
The trembling Limbs, and sucks the smoking Blood;
Deep Groans and hollow Roars rebellow thro' the Wood.
Then to the Leader of the *Lycian* Band,
The dying Chief address'd his last Command.
*Glaucus*, be bold, Thy Task be first to dare
The glorious Dangers of destructive War,
To lead my Troops, to combate at their Head,
Incite the Living, and supply the Dead.
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my lateſt Breath,
Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon*'s Death.
What Grief, what Shame must *Glaucus* undergo,
If these spoil'd Arms adorn a *Grecian* Foe?
Then as a Friend, and as a Warrior, fight;
Defend my Corps, and conquer in my Right;
That taught by great Examples, All may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the Fates suppreſt his lab'ring Breath,
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:
Th' inſulting Victor with Diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate Prince, and on his Boſom trod;
Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart,
The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart;
From the wide Wound guſh'd out a Stream of Blood,
And the Soul iſſu'd in the Purple Flood.

Then thus to *Phœbus*, in the Realms above,
Spoke from his Throne the Cloud-compelling *Jove*;
Deſcend my *Phœbus*, on the *Phrygian* Plain,
And from the Fight convey *Sarpedon* ſlain;
Then bathe his Body in the cryſtal Flood,
With Duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with Blood:
O'er all his Limbs *Ambroſial* Odours ſhed,
And with Celeſtial Robes adorn the mighty Dead.
Thoſe Honours paid, his ſacred Corps bequeath
To the ſoft Arms of ſilent *Sleep* and *Death*;
They to his Friends the mournful Charge ſhall bear;
His Friends a Tomb and Pyramid ſhall rear;
Theſe unavailing Rites he may receive,
Theſe, after Death, are All a God can give!

*Apollo* bows, and from Mount *Ida*'s Height
Swift to the Field precipitates his Flight;
Thence, from the War, the breathleſs Hero bore,
Veil'd in a Cloud, to ſilver *Simois* Shore:
There bath'd his honourable Wounds, and dreſt
His Manly Members in th' Immortal Veſt,
And with Perfumes of ſweet *Ambroſial* Dews
Reſtores his Freſhneſs, and his Form renews.
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two Twins of winged Race,
Of matchleſs Swiftneſs, but of ſilent Pace,
Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's Command,
And in a Moment reach'd the *Lycian* Land;
The Corps amidſt his weeping Friends they laid,
Where endleſs Honours wait the Sacred Shade.

## *To the Lady* LOVISA LENOS: *With* OVID's *Epistles.*

*By Dr.* GARTH.

IN moving Lines these few Epistles tell
What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the successful Lovers burn;
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested Right, and Rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'Tis sure they Love, when e'er they strive to Hate.
Their Sex or proudly Shuns, or poorly Craves;
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.
In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow!
Ours kindle quick, but yours extinguish slow.
The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:
But yours, like Incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.
Your Sex, in all that can engage, excell;
And ours in Patience, and persuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees;
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.
Tho' form'd to Conquer, yet too oft you fall
By giving Nothing, or by granting All.
But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes, and Fears.
Tho' Infant-Graces sooth your gentle Hours, [Flow'rs;
More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing
Let rash Admirers your keen Light'ning fear;
'Tis Bright at distance, but destroys if near.
The Time e'er long, if Verse presage, will come,
Your Charms shall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.
All Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,
And not a Lover languish but for you.

The Muſe ſhall ſtring her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph ſhall ſicken at the Sound.
So when *Aurora* firſt ſalutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red ſhe warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe;
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty ſhines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire reſigns.

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## *To a Perſon who was Deſigning to retire into a Monaſtery.*

*Written by the* E. *of* M——. *now* D. *of* B——.

WHat Heart, but yours, could hold this double Fire
Of Blind Devotion, and of kind Deſire!
Love would ſhine out, were not your Zeal ſo bright,
Whoſe glaring Flames o'ercome his gentler Light.
Leſs ſeems that Faith which Mountains can remove,
Than this, which Triumphs over Youth and Love.
But Heav'n our Paſſions ſees with Pity ſtill,
And they who Love well, can do nothing ill.
Or does the dread of Worldly Ills divide
Our Loves? Alas, there is no Ill beſide:
So with a Fright ſome are depriv'd of Breath,
And poorly die, only for fear of Death.
While to us nothing but our ſelves is Dear,
Who e'er ſhall frown, yet what have we to fear? [Fate,
Fame, Wealth, and Power, thoſe high-priz'd Gifts of
The low Concerns of a leſs happy State,
Are beneath ours; and Fortune's ſelf may take
Her aim at us, yet no Impreſſion make:
We can lye ſafe, lock'd in each others Arms,
And neither ask her help, nor fear her harms;

But reſt contented, like the bleſt above,
And ſlight thoſe Storms that underneath us move.
Yet this, all this you are reſolv'd to quit,
I ſee my Ruin, and I muſt ſubmit;
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How ſad a Wretch you leave forlorn behind.
Ill-natur'd Envy, when provok'd by Fear,
Revenge for Wrongs too burdenſome to bear,
Nay, Zeal it ſelf, from whence all Miſchiefs ſpring,
Has never done ſo barbarous a thing.
Juſt ſuch a diſmal Fate is ſaid to vex
*Armida* once, tho' of the fairer Sex;
*Rinaldo* ſhe had charm'd with ſo much Art,
Hers was his Power, his Perſon, and his Heart;
Honour's high Thoughts no more his Mind could move,
She ſooth'd his Rage, and turn'd it all to Love;
When ſtraight a Guſt of fierce Devotion blows,
And in a moment all her Joys o'erthrows;
The poor *Armida* tears her Golden Hair,
Matchleſs 'till now, for Love, or for Deſpair.
Who is not mov'd while the ſad Nymph complains?
Yet you perform what *Taſſo* only feigns:
And, after all my Vows, my Sighs, my Tears,
With which at length I overcame your Fears;
So many Doubts, ſo many Dangers paſt,
Viſions of Zeal now vanquiſh me at laſt.
So in great *Homer*'s War, throughout the Field,
Some Leader ſtill made all before him yield;
But when a God would take the conquer'd ſide,
The Weak prevail'd, and the Victorious dy'd.

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## *WOMAN.*

IN fruitful *Lombardy*, of Yore,
A beauteous Prince the Scepter bore;

A Prince, that never fail'd to move
Each Heart with Envy, or with Love.
As in the Glaſs he did one Day
From Head to Foot himſelf ſurvey,
Can any Man alive, ſaid he,
For Shape and Face compare with me!
Whoe'er ſhall ſuch a Perſon bring,
Upon the Honour of a King,
May claim my Favour, and depend
I'll make the charming Gueſt my Friend.
A *Roman* Knight was ſtanding by,
And made the Monarch this Reply:
Your Majeſty, as I perceive,
Is nice in Beauty: Give me leave
To fetch my Brother, and you'll ſee
None, but your ſelf, has more than he.
But that may eaſily be try'd
By what the Ladies Hearts decide.
If you think fit, he'll gladly ſhare
The Pains you take to pleaſe the Fair;
And may, while you purſue new Game,
Solace the poor forſaken Dame.
*Aſtolpho* anſwer'd thereupon;
(For ſo they call'd the Royal Don)
Your Talk has made me much deſire
To know this Brother; bring the Squire.
The Knight to fetch his Brother goes;
We *Cynthio* will his Name ſuppoſe.
He in the Country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd;
Wed to a young and charming Spouſe:
But, whether bleſs'd in wedlock Vows
With ſuch a Mate, he beſt could tell;
----His Neighbours liked her paſſing well.
His Brother finds him, lets him know,
That to the Court he needs muſt go;
Where he'd be ſure to get a Place,
And make his Fortune by his Face.

But then, alas! the charming Wife,
Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,
Expreſt ſo movingly her Woe,
It griev'd his very Soul to go;
Proteſting againſt all Relief,
She ſeems to Triumph in her Grief;
Puts on her tragic Airs, and tries
To draw the Tears from *Cynthio*'s Eyes.
And can you leave me then? ſaid ſhe,
Has *Cynthio* ſo much Cruelty?
Ah! will you to my tender Care
The Pageantry of Courts prefer?
Can you forget a faithful Wife,
And Pleaſures of a Rural Life,
That calm Repoſe and Peace of Mind,
Which none in Crowds nor Courts can find,
Theſe flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams
Soften the Soul to pleaſing Dreams,
Theſe Woods that ſhelter us from Heat,
Where Birds their various Songs repeat;
The riſing Hills, and winding Vales,
And Ev'ning's ſweet refreſhing Gales,
Thoſe coy Receſſes o'the Grove,
Thoſe Seats of Innocence and Love!
But oh! what ſhould engage your Stay,
I fear moſt haſtens you away!
You ſcorn in Solitudes to ſhine,
And ſlight an eaſie Heart like mine.
Go, cruel Man! be vain, and ſhew
Thoſe Charms, which none can boaſt but you.
What *Cynthio* offer'd, to abate
Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,
Our Story mentions not: We'll ſay,
His Sorrow took his Speech away;
A Method that will beſt excuſe
The Squire, and diſengage my Muſe.
The Wife, when now with broken Heart
She ſaw him ready to depart,

Reminding him of former Bliſſes,
And ſtifling him with Tears and Kiſſes,
A Bracelet gave him, as a Charm
To keep his precious Life from Harm.
Take and wear this, my Dear, ſaid ſhe;
And when you ſee it, think of me.
An honeſt meaning Body might
Have thought ſhe would have dy'd that Night.
Well, *Cynthio* went; but on the Road,
About two Leagues from his Abode,
The Bracelet came into his Head,
Which he had left on Spouſe's Bed,
As having taken there his Leave.
This ſtrange Neglect he knew would grieve
Her tender Heart, and gallopt back,
Not knowing what Excuſe to make.
To the dear Bed, in haſte he flies;
And on his Wife's chaſte Boſome ſpies
A Lubbard Hind; and both ſo faſt
Aſleep, as if they ſlept their laſt.
*Cynthio*, at firſt, reſolv'd they ſhou'd:
But having paus'd awhile, thought good
To let the ſcurvy Matter reſt:
And in my Judgment that was beſt.
For in theſe nice Affairs, the Wiſe
Make uſe of neither Ears nor Eyes.
Whether 'twas Wiſdom or Compaſſion
With-held the Husband's Indignation;
Or that the Poet was unwilling
To ſpoil a Merry Tale, with Killing;
Ill Woman live! Poor *Cynthio* ſaid,
Let thy own Conſcience thee upbraid:
Then ſtrait took Horſe, and left the Lout
In his Wife's Arms, to ſnore it out.
Still as he rode, he bore in Mind
The Couple which he left behind;
And fretting, as he ſcowr'd along,
This was the Burthen of his Song:

Had ſome brisk Wit, or powder'd Beau,
Or Coll'nel lac'd from Top to Toe;
Or Page been choſen for her uſe,
She might have pleaded ſome Excuſe:
But after Swooning, Sighing, Sobbing,
Zoon's! to debauch that Booby *Robin*!
Then ſpurr'd his Horſe with Indignation,
In hopes to leave behind his Paſſion.
Such keen Reflections on his Caſe
Had giv'n the Squire a diſmal Face.
The Ladies, when they ſaw him, ſaid,
Lord! Is the Man alive, or dead!
Is this the Beautiful *Narciſſus*,
Was ſent for in Poſt-haſte, to kiſs us!
Heav'ns! did you ever ſee a Fellow,
With Sides ſo lank, and Face ſo yellow!
The King was pleas'd, the Knight was blam'd,
The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire aſham'd.
*Cynthio*, tho' worn to Skin and Bone,
Was yet a comely Skeleton;
And ſtill one eaſily might trace
Remains of Beauty in his Face:
But wanting Life, and Force, to fire
The Ladies Boſomes with Deſire.
Saunt'ring, one Day, about the Court,
In places of the leaſt Reſort,
A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to ſee,
That open'd to a Gallery;
And, from a private Cloſet there,
Theſe tender Words did over-hear.
My Life, my Love, my only Joy,
My dear *Courtade*, my Charming Boy!
Muſt I then ſtill my Vows apply
To one, ſo Lovely and ſo Shy?
A Thouſand glitt'ring Beaux would fain
Do what you may, yet wiſh in vain.
When *Floramel* the Meſſage brought,
You curſt her, call'd her all to naught;

And heedleſs of my am'rous Rage,
Would play at Cribbidge with a Page,
Rather than eaſe the fond Deſires
Of her, that for your Love expires.
*Cynthio* was puzzell'd, and one may
Give any one at leaſt a Day
To gueſs the Nymph that humbly ſu'd,
And Swain ſo ſtubborn to be woo'd.
Now who ſhou'd this *Adonis* be,
But the King's ugly Dwarf! and ſhe,
In whoſe Embraces he was ſeen,
The bright *Aſtolpho*'s haughty Queen!
The crazy Wainſcot was but ſlight,
And at a Chink let in the Light;
Where *Cynthio* with Amazement ſaw
Theſe tender Lovers, thro' the Flaw.
Both did on *Floramel* rely,
To be ſecure of Privacy;
But, warm'd by watching at the Door,
She too, perhaps, had her Amour.
Which took up all her Thought and Care;
So, mindful of her own Affair,
Forgot th' Importance of her Poſt,
And heedleſly the Key had loſt;
Which *Cynthio* kept for future Uſe,
And pleaded thus his Wife's Excuſe.
I find that *Cupid* makes his Jokes
Among the better Sort of Folks:
A Royal Dame for Love may pine,
And give a Monarch Brows like mine.
Since ſuch a Princeſs ſlights the King,
For ſuch an ugly, little thing,
I think my Wife was leſs to blame,
Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.
Thus having ſet his Mind at Peace,
His Griefs abate, his Charms increaſe;
His hollow Cheeks begin to riſe,
Freſh Vigour ſparkles in his Eyes,

A second Youth renews his Face,
And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.
The Fair with eager Looks pursue
The Man, they lately scorn'd to view;
Transported with his sudden Charms,
And die to clasp him in their Arms.
When *Cynthio* thus had heard, and seen
What past betwixt the Dwarf and Queen,
He thought he cou'd, on no Pretence,
Hide the Smock-Treason from his Prince.
But that he might the less displease,
Open'd the Matter by degrees;
And, as it fell in Conversation,
Had always ready some Quotation,
To shew, that Heroes in all Ages
Had worn the Matrimonial Badges.
Dread Sir, said he, the proudest Shees
Make frequently such Slips as these;
And many Dames of Regal Station
Have condescended to the Fashion:
Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit and Sense,
Have against Horns found no Defence;
But when they had 'em, always bore
Their Fronts as upright as before.
The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu
To my dear Spouse, to wait on you,
I was convinc'd by her Miscarriage,
That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.
Then did each Circumstance relate,
Of his, and of the Monarch's Fate.
The King was fir'd: You seem, said he,
A Man of Sense and Probity:
Yet, tell me where I may behold,
With my own Eyes, what you have told.
He did; and plac'd him, where, unseen,
He saw the Dwarf upon the Queen.
Struck with the Baseness of the Crime,
He stood astonish'd for a time;

Then said, Our Wives, the more's their Shame,
Have play'd us but an ugly Game:
Yet since we can't what's past unravel,
Dear *Cynthio*, let us both go Travel;
And try what Fortune we shall find
Among the rest of Womankind.
To put in Practice this Design,
Change you your Name, and I'll change mine.
Great Equipage would trouble bring;
Therefore I'll quit the State of King,
Lay dull Formality aside,
And all things equally divide.
Bare-foot I round the World would roam,
Quoth *Cynthio*, rather than go home.
All that your Majesty requires,
Is what my injur'd Heart desires.
We'll ramble, 'till we have forgot
The dire Effects of Nuptial Knot.
It shall be so, the King reply'd;
But first, a Table-Book provide,
To take the Names of those we find
Pliant to our Desires, and kind.
It won't be long, I dare ingage,
Before we fill up ev'ry Page;
For she that proves to Beauty cold,
Will fall by Flattery, or Gold.
Both thus Equipt their Journey took,
And bought a *Folio* Table-Book.
The many Favours they receiv'd
Were hard to tell, or be believ'd.
Each lovely Nymph, when they appear,
Puts on her most becoming Air,
And ev'ry study'd Grace displays,
Happy if she obtain their Praise;
But happier she, whose killing Charms
Attract the Lover to her Arms.
Hearts hard as Stone, and cold as Ice,
Grow warm, and soften in a trice:

Where-e'er they come they meet fresh Prey,
And a new Face for ev'ry Day;
Round all the Country strole for Prizes,
And fail no *May-pole*, nor Assizes.
In ev'ry Town take special Care
To finish *Alderman*, and *Mayor*.
If at the Baths, or at the Wells;
Vapours are cur'd, and Belly swells.
In *Folio*-Book the nicest Dame
Is proud to Register her Name.
Your Criticks will object, that I
Break thro' the Rules of Decency;
That Dames who keep their Days in State,
And Wives of City Magistrate,
Who know themselves of high Degree,
Will not be towz'd *Extempore*.
It may be so; but I want time
To draw their Courtship out in Rhyme:
And grant, I be a little rude;
My Tale the sooner will conclude.
When our Gallants had ta'en their Swing,
And quencht their Thirst at ev'ry Spring,
*Astolpho* said, we can subdue
What Heart soever we pursue:
But, if Old *Galen*'s Rule hold good,
It is with Love, as 'tis with Food;
In which, Variety of Meat
Is apt to make one over-eat.
We'll have a single Dish in common,
That is, between us both, one Woman.
Quoth *Cynthio*, what you say is true;
The Viscount's pretty Wife will doe.
I'm not dispos'd to have a Flame,
The King reply'd, for such a Dame:
A little Seamstress might be found,
Fair as a Dutchess, and as Sound.
To such we need no Homage pay;
Or at the Park, or at the Play;

But without making any Rout,
To Ogle 'em, or Lead 'em out;
We do what we Desire with Ease,
And are in no Constraint to Please.
Said *Cynthio*, what if we shou'd try
The Daughter of our Landlady?
She's still a Maid, I dare uphold,
In ev'ry Point, tho' twelve Years old.
Your Motion's good, *Astolpho* said,
If I may have the Maidenhead:
This Privilege, at which I aim,
Is but a Fancy; let me claim
For once, Dear Friend, the Preference;
Allow me here to play the Prince;
In this one single Branch I'd strive
To keep up my Prerogative.
Quoth *Cynthio*, Sir, in such a Case,
Pray how can Flesh and Blood give place?
In all things else, I shall be still
Obedient to your Royal Will;
But if you please, we'll leave this Cause
To the Decision of two Straws.
Draw Lotts they did, with earnest Care,
For this imaginary Ware;
Which *Cynthio* claim'd in Point of Law,
By vertue of the longest Straw.
The little Damsel being come
(No matter why) into the Room,
The King and Squire the Girl careſt,
Her Beauty prais'd, and Bubbies preſt;
Then shew'd a Ring, which shin'd so bright,
That she ingag'd to come that Night.
She did; for when her Mother slept,
She softly to their Chamber crept.
The Lovers in the middle plac'd her,
And honestly by Turns Embrac'd her,
To the contenting of all three;
But *Cynthio* was in Ecstasie,

To think how he had got, with Might,
Entry and Seisin of his Right.
I'll Pardon him, for 'tis in vain,
To have on that point any Pain,
In which all Girls, with little Trouble,
Can the most cunning Wenchers bubble;
As *Seneca*, that learned Cleik,
Doth somewhere, as I'm told, Remark.
Thus all went well; because the Maid
The Virgin part exactly play'd;
Tho' she had that fantastick Toy
Bestow'd upon a Prentice Boy.
Howe'er that merry Night was spent
Abundantly to her Content;
So was the next; and 'tis averr'd
She past as merrily the third.
The Prentice wonder'd, to behold
The Damsel grown so very Cold;
But was not long upon the Scent,
Before he smelt how Matters went,
And did in bitter Terms reprove
The Girl, for being false in Love.
She whimper'd; but confess'd, at last,
The Contract she had lately past.
And to appease him, thus she said;
*If there be Credit in a Maid,*
Soon as these naughty Guests are gone,
I'll Lye with you, and *you alone.*
A Fig, said he, for any Guest;
Let me this very Night, you'd best.
The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,
Which way to do't, can you devise?
These Folks, to whom I am ingag'd,
If I should fail, would be inrag'd;
And keep the Ring, for which, you know,
What Pains I nightly undergo.
Let's get the Ring, said he, for you,
And gratifie my Humour too,

Do they Sleep ſound? Yes, when they Sleep,
Said ſhe; but I'm oblig'd to keep
My Poſt between 'em both, while one
Lyes ſtill, but 'till his Friend has done,
So that I ſeldom want Imploy.
At their firſt Snoring, ſaid the Boy,
I'll viſit you, and ask no more
Than that you would not ſhut the Door.
She left it open, and he came
To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame;
Then ſliding up between the Sheets,
(Love ever favours theſe Deceits)
There plac'd himſelf, I know not how;
But my good Author does avow,
That tho' the Lovers did awake,
Soon as the Bed began to ſhake;
Yet all the while the Boy was at her,
They neither of 'em ſmoakt the Matter.
What has my Comrade eat to Night,
To fire his Blood and force Delight,
*Aſtolpho* thought; And ſtill the Squire
Lay wondring at the Monarch's Fire.
In the mean while, the ſturdy Boy
His precious Time did well imploy:
And as the Day began to peep,
The Partners being faſt aſleep,
The Lad ſlipt off, and the *Young* Maid
Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.
When the Knights Errant were awake,
*Cynthio* the Monarch thus beſpake.
Great Sir! with glorious Toils oppreſt!
Compoſe your weary Limbs to Reſt;
And after ſuch unuſual Pains,
Conſult the Welfare of your Reins.
*Odds-fiſh*, the merry King reply'd,
I waited to get up and ride:
'Till, tyr'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame,
But, had you ſooner quencht your Flame,

I would have made a Poſt or two;
And that's as much as I could do.
Quoth *Cynthio*, there is no Diſpute
With Kings, that will be Abſolute:
But for the future, I'll beware
How Sov'rains in my Pleaſures ſhare.
The King was piqu'd at this Retort;
Some Monarchs would have quarrel'd for't:
But he, good Prince, reply'd, Dear Mate,
Let the Girl judge of the Debate.
Then, having call'd her up in haſte,
To tell 'em how the Matter paſt,
Eager each other to Refute,
Both told the Cauſe of their Diſpute;
She bluſhing, on her Knees did fall,
Ask'd Pardon, and diſcover'd all.
They would not treat the Damſel ill;
But, after having laught their fill,
Gave her the Ring, and Fifty Crowns,
To buy new Top-knots, Gloves, and Gowns;
With which the Baggage ſoon was Wed:
When modeſtly, in Bridal Bed,
She loſt, with many an artful Squawl,
Her Maiden-head for good and all.
Thus did this Monarch and his Friend
To their Adventures put an End;
Finding themſelves o'ercharg'd with Lawrels,
Which, tho' not gain'd in Warlike Quarrels,
Yet ſhall Immortalize their Names,
As long as *Cupid*'s Altar flames:
Lawrels more fair, than thoſe attain'd
By Cities won, or Battels gain'd;
More fair, altho' they only coſt
A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears, at moſt;
And far from Danger and Alarms,
Had been acquir'd by dint of Charms.
Their Table-Book quite full of Names,
Of Beauties, that had quench'd their Flames;

Come, said the Monarch to the Squire,
We pretty well have spent our Fire.
E'en let us to her Homes resort;
You to the Country, I to Court.
Our Wives are loose about the Waste;
But others are not overchaste.
'Tis in Misfortune some Relief,
To have Companions in our Grief;
Then let us both, like prudent Men,
Return, and take our Dames again.
That Love, which *Hymen* had subdu'd,
Perhaps our Absence has renew'd.
And, as *Astolpho* had divin'd,
Their Wives were tenderly inclin'd.
After some Chiding, more for Fashion,
Our Author says, than out of Passion,
They strove lost Pleasures to retrieve,
As fast as Love wou'd give 'em leave;
Not mentioning, as I can find,
The crooked Dwarf, or Lubbard Hind.
Then let us not, with fruitless Care,
Expect Perfection in the Fair;
But since we cannot live without 'em,
Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em;
And stedfastly this Truth believe,
That ev'ry Woman comes from *Eve*.

---

## *From* LUCAN.

Upon *Cæsar's* looking upon the dead Bodies after the Battel of *Pharsalia*, and not suffering them to be Burnt.

HOS, Cæsar, *populos si nunc non usserit Ignis,*
*Uret cum Terris, uret cum gurgite Ponti.*
*Communis mundo superest Rogus, Ossibus astra*
*Mistuimus. Quocunque Tuam Fortuna vocabit,*

*Hæ quoque eunt Animæ; non altiùs ibis in auras,*
*Non meliore loco Stygiâ sub nocte jacebis.*
*Libera fortuna Mors est: Capit omnia Tellus*
*Quæ genuit; Cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam.*

Thus English'd:

CÆSAR,

If now these Bodies want their Pile and Urn,
At last, with the whole Globe, they're sure to burn.
The World expects one general Fire: And thou
Must go where these poor Souls are wand'ring now.
Thou'lt reach no higher, in th' Ethereal Plain,
Nor 'mongst the Shades a better place obtain.
Death levels all: And he that has not room
To make a Grave, Heaven's Vault shall be his Tomb.

## Alcimus Avitus's *Description of* PARADISE.

*NON hic alterni succedit temporis unquam*
*Bruma, nec æstivi redeunt post frigora Soles;*
*Hic Ver assiduum Cœli clementia servat.*
*Turbidus Auster abest, sempérque sub aere sudo*
*Nubila diffugiunt, jugi cessura sereno.*
*Nec poscit Natura loci, quos non habet, imbres,*
*Sed contenta suo dotantur germina rore.*
*Perpetuò viret omne solum, terræque benignæ*
*Blanda nitet facies: Stant semper collibus herbæ,*
*Arboribúsque comæ,* &c.

Thus English'd:

No change of Seasons or excess was there,
No Winter chill'd, nor Summer scorch'd the Air,
But, with a constant Spring, Nature was fresh and fair.
Rough Winds or Rains that Region never knew,
Water'd with Rivers and the morning Dew;
The Heav'ns still clear, the Fields still green and gay,
No Clouds above, nor on the Earth decay;
Trees kept their Leaves and Verdure all the Year,
And Fruits were never out of Season there.

## *GALLUS*: ELEG. I.

*Æmula cur ceſſas finem properare Senectus.*

MOVE faſter, Life; thou tireſome Gueſt away,
Why in this ruin'd Cottage doſt thou ſtay?
Why am I forc'd to drag the heavy Chain
Of Life, when nothing but the Dregs remain?
My feeble Limbs are with the Load oppreſs'd,
And Death, kind Death alone can give 'em Reſt.
While youthful Blood the well fill'd Channels fed,
And o'er each Part a ſprightly Vigour ſpread;
Wholly reſign'd to Nature's boundleſs Sway,
I follow'd ſtill where Pleaſure led the Way.
Roving from Thought to Thought, with freſh Delight,
Love rul'd the Day, and am'rous Dreams the Night.
With Beauty's various Forms my Breaſt was fir'd;
The more I taſted, ſtill the more deſir'd.
The well-ſhap'd ſlender Nymph did Paſſion move,
By Nature fram'd for active Scenes of Love;
If Plump, ſhe charm'd me with a comely Face,
And fleſhy Plumpneſs fill'd our ſoft Embrace;
Majeſtick Stature, with a nervous Strength,
(A full proportion'd Beauty drawn at Length,)
Struck me with awful Love: Who cou'd withſtand
The Dart ſhot from an *Amazonian* Hand?
The dancing Fairy did all Life appear,
And pleas'd the Lover with her lively Air.
Sometimes my Muſe ſung fair *Dorinda*'s Praiſe,
In Smiles we liſten'd to the tuneful Lays;
Sometimes, by ſprightly Airs to Love betray'd,
With antick Rounds I warm'd the yielding Maid.
When brisk Champaign reliev'd the Lover's Care,
(Each Goblet ſacred to the abſent Fair,)
With double Joy I bore the double Load,
The wanton Goddeſs, and the reeling God.

In Pleasure thus my youthful Hours were past,
For Love's the greatest Pleasure, and the last.
Guarded by inward Heat, my Breast lay bare
To Winter Storms, nor felt the Northern Air;
On *Isis* Banks oft have I naked stood,
And boldly plung'd into her chilly Flood.
Oft thro' the Woods I chac'd the frighted Prey,
Nor sunk beneath the Labour of the Day;
But pressing forward pierc'd the foaming Boar,
And smear'd my Jav'lin with his reeking Gore.

Henceforth farewel the Lover's soft'ning Joys,
The warbling Lute, soft Pipe, and mellow Voice.
Farewel, *Tho' Musick be the Food of Love*,
No tuneful Numbers can my Passion move.
The sparkling Juices, tho' by Beauty crown'd,
Are hurtful grown, and must no more go round,
Nor artful Measures beat the burthen'd Ground.

The Savage Game no more Delight can yield,
Farewel the manly Pleasures of the Field.

Now by enervate Age I am o'ercome,
That universal Conqueror, from whom
The first-form'd Matter must receive its doom.
With trembling Steps, and foggy Puffs of Breath,
My weary Limbs crawl to the Verge of Death;
The thoughts of Pleasure past torment my Breast,
For 'tis a dismal Thought to have been Blest.
Oh wretched State! in lingring Pain I lye,
Robb'd of Life's use, yet not allow'd to die.
Th' Unhappy wish for Death, but wish in vain;
Death flies their Courtship with a coy Disdain,
While to the Youthful, and the happy Breast
He is too oft a bold unwelcome Guest.
Transform'd from what I was, how am I grown
A frightful Spectre to my self unknown!
My Face to livid Shades its Air resigns,
And deep-plough'd Furrows hide the featur'd Lines.
The Nerves unbrac'd, and fleshy Cloathing gone,
A shrivel'd Skin clings to the naked Bone;

My Eyes, when they beheld the Form (afraid
To see the dreadful Change which Age had made,)
Shrunk back into their Sockets with the Fright,
And with a filmy Veil they shroud their Sight.
Distilling Rheums, the only liquid Store,
Mourn their dead Lustre in a scalding Show'r.
Tho' bright the Sun, tho' all serene the Sky,
O'ercast they seem, and clouded to my Eye;
The Day creeps on with such a gloomy Light,
I scarce perceive when 'tis reliev'd by Night.
No tuneful Accent forms my feeble Voice,
'Tis now become a hollow mumbling Noise;
The list'ning Ear, on ev'ry Word intent,
Catches the Sound, and guesses what is meant.
Sour'd with the thoughts of Pleasure past, I praise
The good old Times, and blame the present Days;
Doating with Age, my ever-babling Tongue
Boasts how I liv'd, what Feats I did when young;
Then strait forgetting it was told before,
Again I tell the tedious Story o'er.
In vain does Age its mighty Wisdom boast,
'Tis a dear Bargain, and not worth the Cost,
Purchas'd so late, e'er long enjoy'd, 'tis lost.
And by Experience this sad Truth I know,
I scarce remember what I did just now.
Tho' of large Tracts of Land I am possest,
And Bags of Gold lye crowded in the Chest;
Amidst this heap of Riches I am Poor,
Since 'tis to me become a useless Store;
Like wretched *Tantalus*, within the Flood
I stand, but cannot taste the Golden Food.
No more erect, no more the Heav'n's I see,
That Attribute of Man is lost to me.
With down-cast Looks I view my place of Birth,
And bow my bended Trunk to Mother Earth;
The mould'ring Clay seeks out its first Abode,
While a stiff Plant supports the tott'ring Load,
And with repeated Thumps knocks at the Ground,
To let the weary Traveller lye down.

Open thy Bosom, Earth, and, in the Womb
Of Nature, let me find a second Tomb.
To thy cold Breast my colder Limbs receive,
They're now that very Clod thou once didst give.
Where-e'er I go, when-e'er I walk the Street
(With Wonder pointed at by all I meet,)
Some pity the old Man, while others cry,
There goes the Picture of Mortality.
So tender am I grown, I cannot bear
The gentle Dew, or the soft Southern Air;
Hence are my Lungs with trickling Rheums oppress,
And Ptisick Coughs ne'er cease to tear my Breast,
Of Ease they rob the Day, the Night of Rest.
Stretch'd on the Rack, a tortur'd Wretch, I wait
With Joy, the last indulgent Blow of Fate.
Happy the Man, whose Life, without allay,
In a smooth Stream of Pleasure glides away,
And with his Pleasure ends his lateſt Day.
Mine seems to wait on ev'ry Gasp of Breath,
'Tis better once to die; *Then welcome Death.*

---

## *The Love of* GALLUS: *Translated from* VIRGIL's *Tenth Eclogue.*

By *J. TRAPP.*

ONE Labour, *Arethusa*, to the past
One let us add; this Labour is my last.
Something in Verse is to my * *Gallus* due,
Which ev'n *Lycoris* may with Pity view.
How can a Verse to *Gallus* be deny'd?
So may'st thou safe beneath the Ocean glide,
Nor *Doris* mix with thine her brackish Tide.

---

* Gallus *was a Man of Quality, an excellent Poet, and a particular Friend of* Virgil's.

Begin; and, while the browzing Cattle rove,
Let us relate how *Gallus* pin'd for Love.
Nor ſing we to the Deaf; the Lawns around
Anſwer our Notes, and Echoe to the Sound.
What Woods, or Groves, ye Nymphs did you detain,
When *Gallus* dy'd with Love's tormenting Pain?
For neither 'twas the Hill where Poets dream;
Nor *Pindus*'s Top, nor *Aganippe*' Stream.
For him the weeping Laurels droop'd in Tears,
For him the Shrubs; and *Mænalus* who rears
Its Head o'ergrown with Pines; *Lycæus* mourn'd,
And its bleak Cliffs his ſweet Complaints return'd:
While ſtretch'd beneath a moſſy Rock he lay,
Sleepleſs all Night, and ſighing all the Day.
The Flocks ſtand round, and in dumb Pity moan;
Them, divine Poet, bluſh not thou to own:
The fair *Adonis* did not ſcorn to keep
Along the River's Side his grazing Sheep.
To comfort him, and eaſe his reſtleſs Care,
The tardy Herdſmen, and the Swains repair;
*Menalcas* wet with Winter-Acorns came:
All ask the Cauſe of his unhappy Flame.
*Apollo* too arriv'd; and why in vain,
He cry'd, will *Gallus* hug his fruitleſs Pain?
Thy lov'd *Lycoris*, Cauſe of all thy Woes,
Follows another, thro' rough Camps and Snows.
*Sylvanus* came, with rural Honours crown'd,
With flowry Wreaths, and Lillies nodding round.
And *Pan*, th' *Arcadian* God, with Berries preſs'd
And red Vermillion painted, join'd the reſt.
Where will this end, he ſaid? what fond Diſeaſe?
No Tears can unrelenting Love appeaſe;
Love minds them not: As ſoon ſhall Flocks refuſe
To feed, or Graſs be ſatisfy'd with Dews;
As ſoon ſhall Bees with flow'ry Sweets be cloy'd,
As cruel Love with weeping be allay'd.
Yet penſive, he; theſe things you ſhall relate,
*Arcadian* Shepherds; if you ſing my Fate,

And in complaining Muſick make your Groves
And Mountains ſound with my unhappy Loves,
Ye only skill'd; my Soul its Wiſh will have,
And ſweet ſhall be my Slumbers in the Grave.
Oh! had it been my Fate with you to join
To tend the Flocks, or prune the cluſt'ring Vine!
With *Phyllis*, or *Amyntas* I ſhould ſpend
My Hours; my Lover ſhe, and he my Friend.
And what's the Fault, tho' black *Amyntas* be?
Violets, and Hyacinths are black as he.
Both in their way to me Delight would bring,
*Phyllis* weave Garlands, and *Amyntas* ſing.
Behold, my dear *Lycoris*, here are Shades,
Cool Groves, refreſhing Springs, and flow'ry Meads;
Here bleſs'd, with thee, I could for ever ſtay,
And in ſoft Fondneſs languiſh Life away.
Now tyrannizing Love to War's Allarms
Confines me, and the rough Fatigue of Arms,
While thou (but can I yet believe 'tis ſo?)
Art roving o'er the diſtant *Alpine* Snow,
Ah! cruel! far from me; or wandring near
The frozen *Rhine*: Ah! how I die with fear
Leſt the rough Ice upon the froſty Ground
Should bruiſe thy tender Feet, or that ſoft Body wound.
I'll go; and, to divert my raging Pains,
Sing my ſweet Numbers in *Sicilian* Strains.
It is reſolv'd; to Wilds I will repair,
To Dens of Beaſts, and all thoſe Hardſhips bear.
On ev'ry Tree indent her charming Name
With Verſe, expreſſive of my fatal Flame.
The tender Bark my Love engrav'd ſhall ſhow,
And with th' increaſing Bark my Love ſhall grow.
Mean while, among the Nymphs, I'll ramble o'er
*Mænalian* Cliffs, or hunt the foaming Boar;
With Hounds I'll chaſe the Beaſts, and ſeek their ſpoils,
And round *Parthenian* Thickets pitch my Toils,
In ſpight of Froſt; now, now, methinks, I go
O'er Rocks, thro' ſounding Woods, and twang the
*Parthian* Bow.

As if thoſe Sports my Frenzy could compoſe,
Or Love could learn to pity human Woes.
And now again the Nymphs no more can eaſe
My Soul, nor ev'n my Verſe its Pains appeaſe;
Ye Woods, farewel; your Shades no longer pleaſe.
No Toils of ours the cruel God can change,
Whether thro' parch'd, or frozen Climes we range;
Whether of *Heber*'s Flood on *Thracian* Coaſts
We drink, or tread the ſtiff *Sithonian* Froſts;
Or feed our Flocks on *India*'s torrid Sands,
When ſcorching *Cancer* burns the thirſty Lands:
'Tis ſtill the ſame; where-ever we remove,
Love conquers all, and we muſt yield to Love.

---

## *The Deſcription of the* PRODIGIES *which attended the Death of* JULIUS CÆSAR. *Tranſlated into Blank Verſe, from the latter End of the Firſt Book of* Virgil's Georgicks.

*By* J. TRAPP.

The Poet deſcribing the various Signs, by which the Sun foretels all ſorts of Weather, takes Occaſion from thence to make the following Digreſſion.

*Ille etiam extincto miſeratus Cæſare Romam*, &c.

HE too at *Cæſar*'s Murther, pitying *Rome*,
With duſty Scurf obſcur'd his beamy Head,
And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night.
Tho' at that Time, Earth too, and ſpacious Seas,
And Dogs obſcene, and ill-preſaging Birds
Gave dire Portents. How oft have we beheld

O'er-

O'er-boiling *Ætna* with *Volcanos* burſt
Thunder, and rage into *Cyclopean* Fields,
Rolling vaſt Globes of Flames and melted Stones?
*Germany* heard Arms clatt'ring in the Sky;
The *Alps* with unexampled Shuddrings quak'd:
And frequently among the ſilent Groves
Voices were heard, and Spectres wondrous pale
Seen in the Dusk of Ev'ning: Cattle ſpoke,
(Horrid to tell!) Earth yawn'd, and Streams ſtood ſtill;
In Temples mourning Iv'ry wept, and Braſs
Sweated: *Eridanus*, the King of Floods,
With roaring Inundation o'er the Plains
Swept Woods away, and Cattle with their Folds.
Nor did mean while th' ill-boding Fibres ceaſe
To menace Fate, nor Blood to riſe in Wells,
Nor Cities loudly to reſound with Wolves
Howling by Night. Ne'er from unclouded Sky
Did Lightning with more nimble Flaſhes glare,
Nor e'er ſo thick did baleful Comets blaze.
For this, *Philippi* ſaw the *Roman* Troops
Twice in like Arms engage; and Heav'n thought fit
That twice *Æmathia*, and the ſpacious Fields
Of *Hæmus*, ſhould be fruitful with our Blood.
Nay, and the Time ſhall come, when in thoſe Coaſts
The lab'ring Hind, as with the crooked Share
He turns the Glebe, ſhall plough up Piles conſum'd
With rugged Ruſt, and with the pond'rous Rakes
Claſh againſt empty Helmets, and admire
Big, manly Bones, dig'd from their open'd Graves.
Ye Tutelary Gods, Thou *Romulus*,
And Mother *Veſta*, who preſerv'ſt with Care
*Etrurian Tiber*, and the *Roman* Tow'rs;
Permit, at leaſt, this wond'rous Youth to prop
The reeling World; already by our Blood
Enough We've ru'd the Perjuries of *Troy*.
Long ſince, O *Cæſar*, the Celeſtial Court
Has envy'd Us thy Preſence, and repines
Thou ſhouldſt on Mortal Triumphs be employ'd,

Where Right and Wrong are blended; o'er the World
So many Wars, such various Shapes of Vice:
Tillage has loft its due Regard; the Hinds
Preſs'd into Soldiers, Fields lye waſte, and wild;
And crooked Scythes are hammer'd into Swords.
*Euphrates* here, there *Germany* makes War;
The Neighb'ring Cities break all Leagues, and fly
To Arms; *Mars* rages impious o'er the World.
As when the Racers from their Barriers ſtart
Oft whirling round the Goal; the Charioteer
Holding in vain the Bridles, by the Steeds
Is drag'd, nor will their Mouths obey the Rein.

---

## *The* STORY *of* PHAETON.

Tranſlated from the Concluſion of the Firſt, and the Beginning of the Second Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoſes.*

*By* J TRAPP.

HEnce * *Epaphus* th' illuſtrious Title bears
Of Son to *Jove*, Celeſtial Honour wears,
And Temples with his Mother jointly ſhares.
Equal to him in Age and ſprightly Fire
Was *Phaëton*; He, boaſting of his Sire
The Sun, to *Epaphus* refus'd to yield;
Who mortify'd him thus, with Fury fill'd:
With a falſe Father's Name thy Fancy ſwells,
Fool, to believe all true, thy Mother tells.
Confounded, *Phaëton* bluſh'd; nor could engage
In that Diſpute, but Shame ſuppreſs'd his Rage.

---

* *From his being born of* Iö, *who was belov'd by* Jupiter; *as it is related in the preceding Story.*

Strait to his Mother *Clymene* he bore
Th' opprobrious Words; and said, To grieve you more,
I, that fierce Youth, that Spirit full of Flame
Abash'd, no Answer made: I die with Shame
That such Reproaches, by a Rival mov'd,
Could once be urg'd, and could not be disprov'd.
But if indeed you don't my Blood bely,
Produce some Proof of a Descent so high,
And vindicate my Title to the Sky.

Thus having said, about her Neck he flung
His twining Arms, and on his Mother hung.
Then by his own, and by her Husband's Head,
And by each Sister's *Hymenæal* Bed,
Conjures her with plain Proof to ease his Fear,
And make the Author of his Birth appear.

'Tis doubtful whether *Clymene* were mov'd
More by th' Intreaty of the Son she lov'd,
Or by her Honour's Stain. She spread abroad
Her Hands to Heav'n, and to the blazing God;
By those bright Beams, she cry'd, thy Mother swears,
By him who us, and all Things sees, and hears;
That *Phœbus* whom thou seest, who blesses Earth
And Heav'n with cheering Influence, gave thee Birth.
If not, may I his Light for ever lose,
And view that God no more, whose Name I use.
Nor is't a tedious Task his Court to find,
His Morning-Palace to our Coasts is join'd.
If so thy Will determine, thither go,
And from thy Father's Mouth thy Father know.

At this Advice, by his fond Parent giv'n,
The Youth exults, and thinks of nought but Heav'n.
Then his own *Æthiopia* leaves with haste;
And having *India*'s torrid Confines pass'd,
Which just beneath the burning Axle lay,
Strait to his Father's Court with Speed pursues his Way.

## *The Beginning of the Second Book.*

TOw'ring on Pillars awful to the Sight
*Sol*'s Palace ſtood; with golden Splendour bright,
And flaming Rubies darting radiant Light.
The Roof with fineſt Iv'ry was o'erlaid;
The Silver Folding-Doors a Glory round diſplay'd.
The Work its rich Materials did outſhine;
For there had *Mulciber*, with Art divine,
Engrav'd the circling Waves, the ſolid Ball,
And Heav'n's wide Arch expanded over All.
Shrill-ſounding *Triton* ſwims the winding Seas,
And Mimick *Proteus*, wat'ry Deities;
*Ægaon* claſping round unweildy Whales,
And preſſing with his Arms their monſtrous Scales.
With *Doris*, and her Nymphs; ſome ſmoothly glide
Along the Flood, and ſome on Fiſhes ride:
Some ſit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green Hair;
Their Looks not unlike, nor the ſame appear,
But, juſt as Siſters ſhould, a decent Diff'rence bear.
The Earth has Men, and Cities, Beaſts, and Woods,
Rivers, and Nymphs, and other Rural Gods.
High above all Heav'n's bright Effigies ſhines,
And on each Door are ſix refulgent Signs.

Here *Phaëton*, having gain'd the ſteep Aſcent,
Strait to his doubted Father's Preſence went,
And ſtood at diſtance; for his mortal Sight
Could bear no nearer that Exceſs of Light.
Attir'd in Purple *Phœbus* on a Throne
Was ſeated, which with dazling Emralds ſhone.
Around him ſtood Days, Months, Years, Ages, Hours;
Gay Spring, all freſh, and crown'd with blooming Flow'rs;
Parch'd Summer with her Wheaten Wreath appear'd,
Autumn with Juice of trodden Grapes beſmear'd,
And icy Winter with his hoary Beard.

There *Phœbus*, with his all-beholding Eyes,
His youthful Offspring in Confusion spies,
Trembling at those Celestial Novelties:
When thus; What Bus'ness hither brings my Son,
My *Phaëton*, whom I shall ne'er disown?
O thou, whose Influence cheers the World with Day,
The Youth reply'd; O Father, if I may
Guiltless of Usurpation use that Name,
Nor *Clym'ne* with a Falshood hides her Shame;
Give sure Credentials which my Birth may prove,
And from my Mind these restless Doubts remove.
He spoke; and strait the Father from his Head
Flung the bright Rays, which streaming Glory spread,
Bid him draw near, and thus, Embracing, said:
Nor art thou worthy sure to be deny'd,
Nor has my *Clymene* thy Birth bely'd.
To clear thy Doubts, ask what thy Thoughts suggest,
And no Repulse shall baffle thy Request:
And may that *Stygian* Lake which Gods revere,
But never see, this solemn Promise hear.
Scarce had he ended, when th' aspiring Boy
Demands one Journey on th' ethereal Way,
To drive his Father's Steeds, and guide the Day.
Fain would th' unwary God his Oath revoke,
Thrice shook his radiant Head, and thus he spoke.
'Tis true, my Promise from my Lips is flown,
And thou hast made my heedless Words thy own.
But oh! could I those heedless Words recant,
This only I confess I should not grant.
Ev'n now I may dissuade; in Ruin end
These wild Attempts; great things thy Thoughts intend,
Which this green Age, and childish Strength transcend.
Thy State is mortal, Godlike thy Desire;
Nay ev'n above the Gods thou dost aspire.
For let them ne'er so daringly confide
In their own Might, yet none has Pow'r to ride
On my hot Axle, and my Chariot guide,

Not he who darts his Lightning from above [*Jove?*
Can rein these Steeds: And what's more great than
The first Ascent with Pain my Horses climb,
So steep it rises; next thro' Heav'n sublime
I'm born; from whence with Horror pale I grow,
To see the distant Earth and Seas below:
Prone is the Ev'ning Stage, which gives me Pain
In swift Descent, and needs a steady Rein.
Ev'n *Tethys*, who receives me, quakes with Dread,
Left I should headlong plunge into her wavy Bed.
Besides, this globous and ethereal World,
With all its Stars, and spinning Orb, is whirl'd:
I drive adverse; and urge my full Career,
In opposition to the rapid Sphere.
But couldst thou bear the Force with which it rolls?
Or stand the swift Rotation of the Poles?
Perhaps thou there conceiv'st the blest Abodes,
And rich with Gifts the Temples of the Gods.
Thro' Snares and Forms of Monsters lies the Way;
For granting that on neither hand thou stray,
Close by the *Bull*'s stern Horns the Chariot goes,
Th' *Æmonian Archer*, and the *Lion*'s Paws,
And thro' the *Crab*'s, and twisted *Scorpion*'s Claws.
Nor is't an equal Task for thee to cool
My foaming Steeds, and those mad Heats controul
Which glow within their Breasts, and from their
Nostrils roll.
Scarce can my Strength their tossing Heads restrain,
When struggling, and reluctant to the Rein.
But thou, left I a fatal Present give,
My Son, correct thy rash Demand, and live.
To prove thee mine, thou fain wouldst have appear
Undoubted Tokens; which I give by Fear,
Am prov'd thy Father by Paternal Care.
Behold my Looks; and could my Thoughts be seen,
Thou might'st perceive the Pain that cleaves my
Breast within.

In fine, of all that in th' ethereal Sky,
Or Earth, or Seas (look round) thou canſt eſpy,
Demand ſome Gift, and nothing I'll deny.
Decline this one; thy longing Fancy raves,
And not an Honour, but a Curſe it craves.
Why round my Neck fond Twinings doſt thou make?
I've ſworn already by the *Stygian* Lake;
Doubt not; in vain thou nothing ſhalt require,
But mix more Prudence with thy next Deſire.
He ended; but the other ſtill retain'd
His firm Reſolves, and urg'd his firſt Demand.
The Sire then ling'ring with ſlow Steps proceeds,
And him to *Vulcan*'s Work his Chariot leads.
Gold was the Axle, and the Beam was Gold;
The Wheels with ſilver Spokes, and golden Circles roll'd.
Gems ſet in Rows adverſe, and ſparkling bright,
Reflected on the God the dazzling Light,
Which while th' ambitious Youth with wondring Eyes
Runs o'er, and all the beauteous Work ſurveys;
Lo! from the roſie Eaſt her purple Doors
The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with bluſhing Flow'rs:
The leſſen'd Stars draw off, and diſappear,
Whoſe bright Battallions laſtly *Lucifer*
Brings up, and quits his Station in the Rear.
When *Phœbus* ſaw the Moon's pale Horns withdrawn,
And the World round him red'ning at the Dawn;
He bids the nimble Hours his Steeds array
With Harneſs; ſtrait the Goddeſſes obey:
From their high Mangers with *Ambroſia* fed,
And breathing Flame, the gen'rous Beaſts they lead,
And fit the rattling Bridles. Then the Sire,
To make his Son endure th' Ethereal Fire,
A ſacred Ointment o'er him ſpreads with care,
And with the radiant Glory crowns his Hair.
When Sighs repeated from his Breaſt had broke,
Thoſe ſad Preſages of ill Luck, he ſpoke.
That all my Words may not be ſpent in vain,
Son ſpare the Laſh, and manage well the Rein.

Swift of themſelves they ſcour along the Sky,
And Pain it is to check them, as they fly.
Nor muſt thou ſtrait thro' the five Circles ride,
A Path oblique do's Heav'n's Convex divide:
Which bounded by three Zones, do's in its Line
From both the Poles on either hand decline. [made;
There drive; thou'lt ſee the Track the Wheels have
That Fire may neither Heav'n nor Earth invade,
But both the Heat in juſt proportion prove,
Nor ſink below the Road, nor ſoar above.
For if too high, th' ethereal Manſions glow;
The Earth is turn'd to Aſhes, if too low;
Between th' Extremes ſecureſt ſhalt thou go.
On the left, keeping ſtill the middle Track,
Avoid the *Altar*; on the right, the *Snake*.
The reſt I leave to Chance; be ſhe thy Guide,
And for thee better than thy ſelf provide.
While I am talking, to th' *Heſperian* Strand
The Night's advanc'd; I muſt no longer ſtand:
The Morn is ris'n, I'm ſummon'd to appear:
Take, take the Bridles; or if prudent Fear
Has chang'd thy Mind, my Chariot ſtill refuſe,
And while thou'rt yet ſecure, my Counſel chuſe;
While yet thou doſt not on my Axle ſit,
My proper Province to my ſelf permit:
Let me diſpenſe the Day; thou ſafely live,
And view that Light which I alone can give.

Forthwith th' impatient Youth with eager Heat
Seizes the Reins, and ſprings into the Seat;
Then ſtood aloft, with that high Charge o'erjoy'd,
And to his Sire unwelcome thanks repaid.

Mean while hot *Pyroeis* with *Eöus* join'd,
With *Æthon* fleet, and *Phlegon* wild as Wind,
The Sun's ſwift Steeds each others Rage provoke,
Neighing aloud, and ſnorting Fire and Smoke;
And haſty to perform Fate's harſh Decree,
Inſult the Barriers, pawing to get free:

Which, when, not thinking of th' unhappy Boy
Her Grandſon, *Tethys* had remov'd away,
And all the Heav'nly Tract before 'em lay;
Strait, in a moment ſtarting, out they ſpring
Cutting th' oppoſed Clouds, and born on Wing
Outfly the Eaſtern Winds; ſo light a Load
They could not feel, but miſs'd the poiſing God.
As Ships, when no juſt Ballaſt is aſſign'd,
Are whiffled thro' the Sea, and dance before the Wind;
The Chariot ſo jump'd, rocking thro' the Air
On rattling Wheels, and totter'd here and there.
Which when the Steeds perceive, they ſoon forſake
The beaten Road, and wild Excurſions make.
He's damp'd with Fear, nor do's he know the Way,
Nor would the Horſes, if he did, obey.
Then firſt the *Bear* grew hot, and wiſh'd in vain
To cool her Head in the forbidden Main.
The *Serpent* too, plac'd in the frozen Zone,
Benumb'd with Cold at firſt, and fear'd by none;
Rous'd by the Heat, unfurls her tardy Spires, [Fires.
Frets with an angry Hiſs, and feels th' approaching
Thou too *Boötes*, from the Sun ſo far
Remote, fled'ſt nearer to the Polar Star,
Tho' ſlow, and lagging with thy lazy Car.

But when th' unhappy Youth from higheſt Sky
Saw Earth, which vaſtly diſtant down did lye;
Struck pale with Fear, he ſhiver'd at the Sight,
Half blinded by th' inſufferable Light.
Too late he wiſhes now h' had ne'er deſir'd
His Father's Steeds, nor his high Birth enquir'd:
Wiſhes his fatal Suit had been deny'd,
And would be Mortal by the Father's ſide.
Like ſome toſs'd Bark, whoſe Pilot in Deſpair
Turning all fruitleſs vain Attempts to Pray'r,
Abandons all to th' Hazards of the Air;
He's driven: What ſhould he do? much Space behind
He ſees; more onward; meaſures both in Mind,

Sometimes, which he muſt never reach, the Weſt
He views, ſometimes looks back upon the Eaſt.
Puzzled and loſt, He dares not looſe the Rein,
Tho' weary, faint, and holding it with Pain,
Nor do's his Horſes Names in Mind retain.

Then ſcatter'd o'er the Sky ſtrange Forms appear,
And monſtrous Shapes, which chill his Blood with Fear.
There is a Place, wherein his crooked Paws
The *Scorpion* into two bent Arches draws, [Claws.
And ſtretches thro' two Signs his Tail and winding
Him when the Youth ſaw twiſted in a Ring
Wriggling himſelf, and threatning with his Sting
Fork'd horribly, and ſweating pois'nous Black;
Quite robb'd of Strength, he let the Bridles ſlack.
Soon as the fiery Steeds perceive the Reins
Lie looſe and uſeleſs on their reeking Mains,
They roam at random, and thro' Paths untrod
Without Controul they rambling make a Road;
Where their impetuous Frolick prompts, they rove,
And make Incurſions on the Stars above.
Now with reſiſtleſs Force they bound on high,
Now thunder down the ſteepneſs of the Sky
Nearer to Earth: Amazement ſeiz'd the Moon,
To ſee her Brother's Steeds beneath her own.
The Clouds aſcend in Smoke; high points of Land
Firſt catch the Flame, of all their Juices drain'd.
Scorch'd are the Paſtures; Trees to Aſhes turn, [burn.
And o'er ten thouſand Fields the crackling Harveſts
But Trifles theſe; great Cities were deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt the Fire whole Kingdoms laid.
The ſame did on vaſt Woods and Mountains ſeize;
*Athos*, *Cilician Taurus*, *Tmolus* blaze;
*Oete*, and *Ida*, once for Fountains fam'd,
And Virgin *Helicon* and *Hæmus* flam'd,
*Hæmus*, which yet from *Orpheus* was not nam'd.
*Ætna*, which long had burnt for many an Age,
Now roars and thunders with redoubled Rage,

*Parnaſſus*, *Eryx*, *Othrys*, *Cynthus* glow,
*Mimas*, and *Rhodope* now free from Snow.
*Dyndamæ*, *Mic'le*, and *Cytheron*, Seat
Of Sacred Rites; nor *Scythia* from the Heat
Its Cold ſecures; *Caucaſus* glares with Fire,
*Oſſa*, and *Pindus*, and *Olympus* higher
Than both, are wrapp'd in Smoke, or blazing ſhine,
And th' airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Appenine*.
Now *Phaeton*, ith' rapid Chariot hurl'd,
From ev'ry part beholds the flaming World;
Involv'd in Smoke, and drag'd he knows not where,
As from a Stove he draws the ſcalding Air,
Nor longer can the Coals, and Balls of Aſhes bear.
Whether on high he's hurry'd, or below,
He ſees not, but perceives his Chariot glow.
Then firſt 'tis thought the torrid *Indians* Blood
Drawn to the Surface of their Bodies ſtood;
From whence their black Complexion has remain'd:
Then *Libya* parch'd, and of its Moiſture drain'd,
Has, ever ſince, its Drought, and ſcorching Sands retain'd.
The Nymphs with Hair diſhevel'd mourn the loſs
Of purling Springs, and Fountains edg'd with Moſs.
*Bœotia* doubts where *Dirce*'s Brook ſhould ſtray,
*Argos* ſeeks *Amymone* ſtol'n away,
Nor *Corinth* do's *Pirene*'s Streams enjoy.
Nor in their Channels diſtant Rivers glide
Securely; *Tanais* rolls a ſmoking Tide,
*Peneus*, *Cäycus*, and *Iſmenos*'s Bank are dry'd.
*Lycormas*, *Erymanthus* feel the Heat,
And *Xanthus* doom'd to burn again by Fate.
*Eurotas*, and *Meander*, he who plays
Amidſt his Labyrinth and watry Maze;
*Euphrates*, who the Walls of *Ninus* laves,
And great *Orontes* flow with ſcalding Waves.
*Thermodon*, *Ganges*, *Phaſis*, *Iſter* burn,
*Melas*'s, and *Sperchius*'s Banks to Aſhes turn,
*Alphëus* boil'd; Billows of melted Gold
In the rich Stream of yellow *Tagus* roll'd,

Thoſe River-Birds, with whoſe delightful Song
*Mæonia*'s winding Shores ſo oft had rung,
No cooling Waters find to quench their Fire,
But in *Cäyſter*'s bubling Tide expire.
To the World's End affrighted *Nilus* flies,
And hides his Head, which ſtill in ſecret lies;
For the ſev'n Channels where he drew his Train,
Sev'n dry and duſty Vallies now remain.
The ſame hard Fate each *Thracian* River mourns,
*Hebrus* and *Strymon* thirſt with empty Urns.
Nor are the *Rhine*, *Rhone*, *Po*, or *Tiber* freed,
*Tiber*, to whom wide Empire was decreed. [Light
The Ground all cleaves, and thro' the Chinks the
Strikes into Hell, and ſcares the Shades of Night.
Th' infernal King was ſtartled as it ſhone,
And, with his Conſort, trembled on his Throne.
The Ocean ſhrinks; and what before was Main,
Appears a ſpacious Waſte, and ſandy Plain.
Rocks ſtanding high above the ſhallow Seas,
The number of the *Cyclades* increaſe.
The Fiſh all dive, and creep into the Mud,
Nor dare the Dolphins play above the Flood.
Supine in Death the monſtrous *Phocæ* ſleep,
And float upon the Surface of the Deep.
*Nereus* and *Doris* too in rocky Caves
Contracted lay beneath the boiling Waves.
Thrice *Neptune* with ſtern Aſpect rais'd his Head,
And thrice ſhrunk back into his Oozy Bed.
But kind, indulgent Earth, whoſe ſmoking Sides
The Sea embrac'd, and bounded with its Tides,
Midſt fuming Rills, and leſſen'd Springs that come
To ſeek for ſhelter in their Mother's Womb;
Rears her ill-bearing Head; and from the Blaze
Endeavours with her Hand to guard her Face,
Then trembling She the whole Creation ſhakes,
And ſinking thus with ſacred Accent ſpeaks.
If 'tis your Will, and I deſerve to die,
Great *Jove*, why ſleeps th' Artillery of the Sky?

Since 'tis my Fate to periſh by the Fire,
Let me, Supreme of Gods, by Yours expire;
If from your thund'ring Arm the Ruin come,
Its mighty Author's Name will eaſe my Doom.
Scarce can my Voice expreſs this feeble Pray'r;
(Heat choak'd her Mouth) behold my blazing Hair:
How Clouds of Smoke my watry Eyes annoy,
And round my Head the crackling Cinders play.
Are theſe the beſt Rewards you can confer
On me, your uſeful Slave? who all the Year
The wounding Strokes of Plow and Spade have born,
And with the goring Harrows have been torn?
Who have on Men and Cattle wholſome Food,
And Incenſe on your ſacred Shrines beſtow'd?
But grant theſe Judgments juſtly light on me;
What has your Brother done, or what his Sea?
Why do his Waves decreaſe, nor dare to riſe;
But keep that modeſt diſtance from the Skies?
But if nor He, nor I your Favour ſhare,
Yet your own Heav'n will ſure command your Care.
Pity your ſelf; behold the ſmoking Poles,
How round them both the ruddy Vapour rolls.
If once they ſink, none can your Courts enſure,
Nor Fate it ſelf your ſtarry Throne ſecure.
See *Atlas* labours with unuſual Pain,
And ſcarce the glowing Axle can ſuſtain.
If Sea, if Earth, and Heav'n to Ruin burn,
All huddled into Chaos we return.
Thou, if Fire's waſteful Fury ought has ſpar'd,
Yet ſave it, and the main Affair regard.
Thus She; for now ſhe could no longer bear
The ſultry Smoke, and ſuffocating Air;
Into her ſelf draws back her fainting Head
To the dark Caverns bord'ring on the Dead.
But *Jove* appeals to all the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
And ev'n to him, who had the Chariot giv'n;
Urging that now, without his Succour, all
Muſt run to Ruin, and to nothing fall,

Strait on that lofty Eminence he tow'rs,
From whence he uſually ſends down the Show'rs;
From whence his Thunderbolts abroad he pours:
Thinking the Conflagration to reſtrain
With ruſhing Tempeſts, and deſcending Rain.
But now thoſe Magazines were all bereft
Of watry Stores, and only Thunder left.
That he employs; and launch'd from his right Ear
A Bolt he whirls againſt the Charioteer:
With the ſame fatal Blow tranſports him hurl'd
At once from off the Seat, and from the World;
And quenches Fire with Fire. With furious Bound
The Steeds leap diff'rent ways, and flinging round
From off their toſſing Necks the Harneſs break,
And from their Heads the ſhatter'd Bridles ſhake.
Here lyes the Beam by thoſe impetuous Shocks
Pluck'd off, and there the Shivers of the Spokes;
In Parts remote the Reins and Axle lye,
The broken Chariot ſcatter'd o'er the Sky.
But *Phaëton* with his ſing'd and ſhining Hair
Shot like a Meteor gliding thro' the Air;
Which, if it fell not, ſeem'd a falling Star.
Him vaſtly diſtant from his native Place
The *Po* receiv'd, and waſh'd his ſmoking Face.

---

## *To* APOLLO *making Love. From Monſieur* FONTENELLE.

*By Mr.* TICKELL.

I Am (cry'd *Apollo*, when *Daphne* he woo'd,
And panting for Breath, the coy Virgin purſu'd,
When his Wiſdom, in manner moſt ample, expreſt
The long Liſt of the Graces his Godſhip poſſeſt:)

II.

I'm the God of ſweet Song, and Inſpirer of Lays;
Nor for Lays, nor ſweet Song, the fair Fugitive ſtays:
I'm the God of the Harp---ſtop my Faireſt---in vain;
Nor the Harp, nor the Harper, could fetch her again.

III.

Ev'ry Plant, ev'ry Flow'r, and their Virtues I know,
God of Light I'm above, and of Phyſick below:
At the dreadful Word Phyſick, the Nymph fled more faſt;
At the fatal Word Phyſick ſhe doubled her haſte.

IV.

Thou fond God of Wiſdom, then alter thy Phraſe,
Bid her view thy young Bloom, and thy raviſhing Rays,
Tell her leſs of thy Knowledge, and more of thy Charms,
And, my Life for't, the Damſel ſhall fly to thy Arms.

---

## *The* FATAL CURIOSITY.

*By the ſame Hand.*

MUCH had I heard of fair *Francelia*'s Name,
The laviſh Praiſes of the Babler, Fame;
I thought them ſuch, and went prepar'd to pry,
And trace the Charmer, with a Critick's Eye,
Reſolv'd to find ſome Fault, before unſpy'd,
And diſappointed, if but ſatisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the Vaſſal Heart, that durſt rebel,
And where a Judge was meant, a Victim fell:
On thoſe dear Eyes, with ſweet Perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my Pride and Soul away;
All o'er I felt the luſcious Poiſon run,
And, in a Look, the haſty Conqueſt won.

Thus the fond Moth around the Taper plays,
And ſports, and flutters near the treach'rous Blaze;

Raviſh'd with Joy he wings his eager Flight,
Nor dreams of Ruin, in ſo clear a Light;
He tempts his Fate, and courts a glorious Doom,
A bright Deſtruction, and a ſhining Tomb.

---

## *To the Author of* ROSAMOND, *an* OPERA.

------- *Ne forte pudori*
*Sit Tibi Muſa Lyræ ſolers, & Cantor Apollo.*

*By the ſame Hand.*

THE *Opera* firſt *Italian* Maſters taught,
Enrich'd with Songs, but innocent of Thought.
*Britannia*'s learned Theater diſdains
Melodious Trifles, and enervate Strains;
And bluſhes, on her injur'd Stage to ſee
Nonſenſe well-tun'd, and ſweet Stupidity.
No Charms are wanting to thy artful Song,
Soft as *Corelli*, and as *Virgil* ſtrong.
From Words ſo ſweet new Grace the Notes receive,
And Muſick borrows Helps, ſhe us'd to give.
Thy Stile hath match'd what ancient *Romans* knew,
Thy flowing Numbers far exceil the new.
Their Cadence in ſuch eaſie Sound convey'd,
That height of Thought may ſeem ſuperfluous Aid;
Yet in ſuch Charms the noble Thoughts abound,
That needleſs ſeem the Sweets of eaſie Sound.
Landskips how gay the bow'ry Grotto yields,
Which Thought creates, and laviſh Fancy builds!
What Art can trace the viſionary Scenes,
The flow'ry Groves, and everlaſting Greens,
The babling Sounds that Mimick *Echo* plays,
The fairy Shade, and its eternal Maze?
Nature and Art in all their Charms combin'd,
And all *Elyſium* to one View confin'd!

No further could Imagination roam,
'Till *Vanbrook* fram'd, and *Marlbro'* rais'd the Dome.
Ten thousand Pangs my anxious Bosom tear,
When drown'd in Tears I see th' imploring Fair;
When Bards less soft the moving Words supply,
A seeming Justice dooms the Nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In Dirges thus expiring Swans complain)
Each Verse so swells expressive of her Woes,
And ev'ry Tear in Lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of Fame, her Fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her Crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let Joy salute fair *Rosamonda*'s Shade,
And Wreaths of Myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
While now perhaps with *Dido*'s Ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the Story of their Loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their Fate,
Since Love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great.
Nor longer that relentless Doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a *Virgil*, and an *A*-----*n*.
Accept, Great Monarch of the *British* Lays,
The Tribute Song an humble Subject pays.
So tries the Artless Lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the God of Verse, and Light.
Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy Fame,
And thy own Laurels shade thy envy'd Name:
Thy Name, the Boast of all the tuneful Quire,
Shall tremble on the Strings of ev'ry Lyre,
Who reads thy Work, shall own the sweet Surprize;
And view thy *Rosamond* with *Henry*'s Eyes.

## *To a Lady; with the Description of the* PHOENIX.

*By the same Hand.*

LAvish of Wit, and bold appear the Lines,
Where *Claudian*'s Genius in the *Phœnix* shines;
A thousand ways each brillant Point is turn'd,
And the gay Poem, like its Theme, adorn'd:
A Tale more strange ne'er grac'd the Poets Art,
Nor e'er did Fiction play so wild a Part.
Each fabled Charm in matchless *Celia* meets,
The heav'nly Colours, and ambrosial Sweets;
Her Virgin Bosom chaster Fires supplies,
And Beams more piercing guard her kindred Eyes:
O'erflowing Wit th' imagin'd Wonder drew,
But fertile Fancy ne'er can reach the true. [disclose,
Now buds your Youth, your Cheeks their Bloom
Th' untainted Lilly, and unfolding Rose;
Ease in your Mien, and Sweetness in your Face,
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace;
Nor time shall urge these Beauties to decay,
While Virtue gives, what Years shall steal away:
The Fair, whose Youth can boast the Worth of Age,
In Age shall with the Charms of Youth engage;
In ev'ry Change still lovely, still the same,
A fairer *Phœnix* in a purer Flame.

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## *A Description of the* PHOENIX: *Translated from* CLAUDIAN.

*By the same Hand.*

IN utmost Ocean lies a lovely Isle, [smile,
Where Spring still blooms, and Greens for ever

Which sees the Sun put on his first Array,
And hears his panting Steeds bring on the Day;
When, from the Deep, they rush with rapid Force,
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious Course;
When first appear the ruddy Streaks of Light,
And glimm'ring Beams dispel the parting Night.
In these soft Shades, unprest by human Feet,
The happy *Phœnix* keeps his balmy Seat,
Far from the World disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
Alike the Empire, and its King unknown.
A God-like Bird! whose endless Round of Years
Out-lasts the Stars, and tires the circling Spheres;
Not us'd like vulgar Birds to eat his Fill,
Or drink the Crystal of the murm'ring Rill;
But fed by Warmth from *Titan*'s purer Ray,
And slak'd by Steams which Eastern Seas convey;
Still he renews his Life in these Abodes,
Contemns the Pow'r of Fate, and mates the Gods.
His fiery Eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring Ray,
And round his Head ten thousand Glories play;
High on his Crest, a Star celestial bright
Divides the Darkness with its piercing Light.
His Legs are stain'd with Purple's lively Dye,
His azure Wings the fleeting Winds out-fly;
Soft Plumes of cheerful Blue his Limbs infold,
Enrich'd with Spangles, and bedropt with Gold.
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the Son;
His Life in fruitful Death renews its Date,
And kind Destruction but prolongs his Fate:
Ev'n in the Grave new Strength his Limbs receive,
And on the Fun'ral Pile begin to live.
For when a thousand times the Summer Sun
His bending Race has on the Zodiaque run,
And when as oft the Vernal Signs have roll'd,
As oft the Wintry brought the numbing Cold;
Then drops the Bird, worn out with aged Cares,
And bends beneath the mighty Load of Years.

So falls the ſtately Pine, that proudly grew
The Shade, and Glory of the Mountain's Brow,
When pierc'd by Blaſts, and ſpouting Clouds o'er-
It, ſlowly ſinking, nods its tott'ring Head, [ſpread,
Part dies by Winds, and part by ſickly Rains,
And waſting Age deſtroys the poor Remains.

Then, as the ſilver Empreſs of the Night
O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter Light,
So, froz'n with Age, and ſhut from Light's Supplies,
In lazy Rounds ſcarce roll his feeble Eyes, [nown'd,
And thoſe fleet Wings, for Strength and Speed re-
Scarce rear th' unactive Lumber from the Ground.

Myſterious Arts a ſecond time create
The Bird, prophetick of approaching Fate.
Pil'd on an Heap *Sabæan* Herbs he lays,
Parch'd by his Sire the Sun's intenſeſt Rays;
The Pile deſign'd to form his Fun'ral Scene
He wraps in Covers of a fragrant Green,
And bids the ſpicy Heap at once become
A Grave deſtructive, and a teeming Womb.

On the rich Bed the dying Wonder lies,
Imploring *Phœbus* with perſuaſive Cries,
To dart upon him in collected Rays,
And new-create him in a deadly Blaze.

The God beholds the Suppliant from afar,
And ſtops the Progreſs of his heav'nly Carr.
" O Thou, ſays he, whom harmleſs Fires ſhall burn,
" Thy Age the Flame to ſecond Youth ſhall turn,
" An Infant's Cradle is thy Fun'ral Urn.
" Thou, on whom Heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous
" To live by Ruin, and by Death to bloom, [Doom
" Thy Life, thy Strength, thy lovely Form renew,
" And with freſh Beauties doubly charm the View.

Thus ſpeaking, 'midſt the Aromatick Bed
A golden Beam he toſſes from his Head:
Swift as Deſire, the ſhining Ruin flies,
And ſtrait devours the willing Sacrifice.
Who haſtes to periſh in the fertile Fire,
Sink into Strength, and into Life expire.

In Flames the circling Odours mount on high,
Perfume the Air, and glitter in the Sky,
The Moon and Stars, amaz'd, retard their Flight,
And Nature ſtartles at the doubtful Sight;
For whilſt the pregnant Urn with Fury glows,
The Goddeſs labours with a Mother's Throes,
Yet joys to cheriſh, in the friendly Flames,
The nobleſt Product of the Skill ſhe claims.
Th' enliv'ning Duſt its Head begins to rear,
And on the Aſhes ſprouting Plumes appear;
In the dead Bird reviving Vigour reigns,
And Life returning revels in his Veins:
A new born *Phœnix* ſtarting from the Flame,
Obtains at once a Son's, and Father's Name;
And the great Change of double Life diſplays,
In the ſhort Moment of one tranſient Blaze.
On his new Pinions to the *Nile* he bends,
And to the Gods his parent Urn commends,
To *Egypt* bearing, with Majeſtick Pride,
The balmy Neſt, where firſt he liv'd, and dy'd.
Birds of all kinds admire th' unuſual Sight,
And grace the Triumph of his Infant Flight;
In Crowds unnumber'd round their Chief they fly,
Oppreſs the Air, and cloud the ſpacious Sky;
Nor dares the fierceſt of the winged Race
Obſtruct his Journey thro' th' æthereal Space,
The Hawk and Eagle uſeleſs Wars forbear,
Forego their Courage, and conſent to fear;
The feather'd Nations humble Homage bring,
And bleſs the gaudy Flight of their Ambroſial King.
Leſs glitt'ring Pomp does *Parthia*'s Monarch yield,
Commanding Legions to the duſty Field;
Tho' ſparkling Jewels on his Helm abound,
And Royal Gold his awful Head ſurround;
Tho' rich Embroid'ry paint his Purple Veſt,
And his Steed bound in coſtly Trappings dreſt,
Pleas'd in the Battel's dreadful Van to ride,
In graceful Grandeur, and Imperial Pride,

Fam'd for the Worſhip of the Sun, there ſtands
A ſacred Fane in *Egypt*'s fruitful Lands,
Hew'n from the *Theban* Mountain's rocky Womb
An hundred Columns rear the Marble Dome;
Hither, 'tis ſaid, he brings the precious Load,
A grateful Off'ring to the Beamy God;
Upon whoſe Altars conſecrated Blaze
The Seeds and Reliques of himſelf he lays,
Whence flaming Incenſe makes the Temple ſhine,
And the glad Altars breath Perfumes divine.
The wafted Smell to far *Peluſium* flies,
To chear old Ocean, and enrich the Skies,
With Nectar's Sweets to make the Nations ſmile,
And ſcent the ſev'n-fold Channels of the *Nile*.

Thrice happy *Phœnix*! Heav'n's peculiar Care
Has made thy ſelf thy ſelf's ſurviving Heir;
By Death thy deathleſs Vigour is ſupply'd,
Which ſinks to Ruin all the World beſide;
Thy Age, not thee, aſſiſting *Phœbus* burns,
And Vital Flames light up thy Fun'ral Urns.
Whate'er Events have been, thy Eyes ſurvey,
And thou art fixt, while Ages roll away;
Thou ſaw'ſt when raging Ocean burſt his Bed,
O'er-top'd the Mountains, and the Earth o'er-ſpread,
When the raſh Youth inflam'd the high Abodes,
Scorch'd up the Skies, and ſcar'd the deathleſs Gods.
When Nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs Reign;
Fate's Tyrant Laws thy happier Lot ſhall brave,
Baffle Deſtruction, and elude the Grave.

## *Verses sent to the Hon. Mrs.* MARGARET LOWTHER *on her Marriage.*

Translated from *Menage.*

*By the same Hand.*

[Grove,

THE greatest Swain that treads th' *Arcadian*
Our Shepherds Envy, and our Virgins Love,
His charming Nymph, his softest Fair obtains,
The bright *Diana* of our flow'ry Plains;
He, 'midst the graceful, of superior Grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest Race.
Thy fruitful Influence, Guardian *Juno*, shed,
And crown the Pleasures of the genial Bed,
Raise thence, their future Joy, a smiling Heir,
Brave as the Father, as the Mother fair.
Well may'st thou show'r thy choicest Gifts on those,
Who boldly rival thy most hated Foes;
The vig'rous Bridegroom with *Alcides* vies,
And the fair Bride has *Cytherea*'s Eyes.

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## *To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers.*

*By the same Hand.*

THE fragrant Painting of our flow'ry Fields,
The choicest Stores that youthful Summer yields,
*Strephon* to fair *Elisa* hath convey'd,
The sweetest Garland to the sweetest Maid.
O cheer the Flow'rs, my Fair, and let them rest
On the *Elysium* of thy snowy Breast,
And there regale the Smell, and charm the View,
With richer Odours, and a lovelier Hue.

Learn hence (nor fear a Flatt'rer in the Flow'r)
Thy Form divine, and Beauty's matchleſs Pow'r:
Faint, near thy Cheeks, thy bright Carnation glows,
And thy ripe Lips out-bluſh the op'ning Roſe;
The Lilly's Snow betrays leſs pure a Light,
Loſt in thy Boſom's more unſullied White;
And Wreaths of Jeſſ'mine ſhed Perfumes, beneath
Th' ambroſial Incenſe of thy balmy Breath.

Ten thouſand Beauties grace the Rival Pair,
How fair the Chaplet, and the Nymph how fair!
But ah! too ſoon theſe fleeting Charms decay,
The fading Luſtre of one haſt'ning Day,
This Night ſhall ſee the gaudy Wreath decline,
The Roſes wither, and the Lillies pine.

The Garland's Fate to thine ſhall be apply'd,
And what advanc'd thy Form, ſhall check thy Pride:
Be wiſe, my Fair, the preſent Hour improve,
Let Joy be new, and now a Waſte of Love;
Each drooping Bloom ſhall plead thy juſt Excuſe,
And that which ſhow'd thy Beauty, ſhow its Uſe.

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## *On a Lady's Picture: To* GILFRED LAWSON, *Eſq;*

*By the ſame Hand.*

AS *Damon Chloe*'s painted Form ſurvey'd,
He ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for the jilting Shade,
For *Cupid* taught the artiſt Hand its Grace,
And *Venus* wanton'd in the mimick Face.

Now he laments a Look ſo falſely fair,
And almoſt damns, what yet reſembles her;
Now he devours it, with his longing Eyes;
Now ſated, from the lovely Phantome flies,
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.

Her

Her Iv'ry Neck his Lips presume to kiss,
And his bold Hands the swelling Bosom press;
The Swain drinks in deep Draughts of vain Desire,
Melts without Heat, and burns in fancy'd Fire.
Strange Pow'r of Paint! thou nice Creator Art!
What Love inspires, may Life it self impart.
Struck with like Wounds, of old, *Pygmalion* pray'd,
And hugg'd to Life his artificial Maid;
Clasp, new *Pygmalion*, clasp the seeming Charms,
Perhaps ev'n now th' enliv'ning Image warms,
Destin'd to crown thy Joys, and revel in thy Arms:
Thy Arms, which shall with Fire so fierce invade,
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a Maid.

## *Written at* BATH.

WITH wish'd Success these min'ral Springs I try'd,
Which o'er hot Beds of smoking Sulphur glide;
For Health I came, nor was that Health deny'd.
But when unwarn'd, and fearless of Surprize,
I felt the darted Fire of *Celia*'s Eyes;
All was undone again: Unusual Pains
Heav'd at my Heart, and tingled in my Veins.
No Remedy can this Disease remove;
But ev'n these wond'rous Waters useless prove
To quench the Fire, the raging Fire of Love.
Were *Willis*, like his Fame, surviving still,
Ev'n *Willis* would in vain employ his Skill.
Cur'd of one Sickness, by a worse I die;
And meet the Fate, from which I strove to fly.
So the sick Deer by ready Instinct goes,
To seek the healing Plant which Nature shews;
Crops it secure, nor other Danger heeds:
But while on that restoring Herb he feeds,
Shot by a mortal Shaft he yields his Breath,
And where he finds his Med'cine, finds his Death.

## *LOVE and FOLLY.*

REflecting, how ev'n common Senſe was gone,
When Love had puſh'd my Reaſon from the Throne,
And how one Error drew another on;
How ev'ry Object in falſe Lights was view'd,
And vain Deſigns with wrong Addreſs purſu'd;
How I expos'd my Weakneſs to be ſeen,
And wanted Wit to *keep the Fool within*;
Deſpair'd, yet hop'd; ſcarce knew what 'twas I ſought,
While Sighs and Sonnets ſerv'd inſtead of Thought;
New Methods found th' unlucky Fire to nurſe,
And ſtill repair'd one Folly by a worſe.
Amaz'd, enrag'd, I curs'd my fatal Flame,
Bluſh'd ev'n alone, and almoſt dy'd with Shame;
Reſolv'd my native Freedom to regain,
And either break my Heart, or break my Chain.
When thus his ſage Advice *Apollo* gave;
Wouldſt thou be free? ſubmit to be a Slave.
To flounce, and ſtruggle in th' intangling Snare,
Hampers the Captive more, and ties him faſter there:
And he who in a Quickſand floundring lyes,
Still deeper ſinks, the more he ſtrives to riſe.
Nor at thy thoughtleſs Management repine;
The Fair have ſpoil'd far better Senſe than thine.
Among their Vaſſals, patient take thy Place,
And be an Idiot with a truer Grace.
But thou wouldſt needs ſee clearly with no Eyes,
Be mad with Reaſon, and in Folly wiſe.
Content thy ſelf; let this thy Care remove,
The wiſeſt of Mankind are Fools in Love.

# *Part of the Sixth Book of* LUCAN.

## *Translated from the* Latin *by Mr.* ROWE.

Cæsar *and* Pompey *being Encamp'd near each other upon the River* Apsus *in* Illyria, *the former, who was preſt for want of Proviſion, laid a Deſign of ſurpriſing* Dyrrachium, *in order to bring the latter to a Battel; but* Pompey *having early Notice of his Motion, march'd before him, and Encamp'd ſo as to cover the Town. Upon this* Cæsar *reſolv'd to draw a Line quite round the Enemy's Camp, which he did with wonderful Expedition. After the Deſcription of theſe Works, the Poet goes on to tell that* Pompey *being Encloſ'd, and his Horſe ſuffering for want of Forage, he reſolv'd to force his Paſſage thro'* Cæsar's *Entrenchments; upon the firſt Attack* Cæsar's *Soldiers gave way, 'till* Scæva *a Centurion made up to the Breach, and by his ſingle Valour ſtop'd* Pompey's *whole Army.*

NOW, near Encamp'd, each on a neigh'bring [Height,
The *Latian* Chiefs prepare for ſudden Fight,
The Rival Pair ſeem hither brought by Fate,
As if the Gods wou'd end the dire Debate,
And here determine of the *Roman* State.
*Cæsar*, intent upon his hoſtile Son,
Demands a Conqueſt here, and here alone;
Neglects what Laurels Captive Towns might yield,
And ſcorns the Harveſt of the *Grecian* Field.
Impatient he provokes the fatal Day,
Ordain'd to give *Rome*'s Liberties away,
And leave the World the greedy Victor's Prey.
Eager that laſt, great Chance of War he waits,
Where either's Fall determines both their Fates.
Thrice, on the Hills all drawn in dread Array,
His threat'ning Eagles wide their Wings diſplay;

Thrice, but in vain, his hostile Arms he shew'd,
His ready Rage, and thirst of *Latian* Blood.
But when he saw how Cautious *Pompey*'s Care,
Safe in his Camp, declin'd the proffer'd War;
Thro' woody Paths he bent his secret Way,
And meant to make *Dyrrachium*'s Tow'rs his Prey.
This *Pompey* saw, and swiftly shot before,
With speedy Marches on the Sandy Shore:
'Till on *Taulantian Petra*'s Top he stay'd,
Shelt'ring the City with his timely Aid.
This Place, nor Walls, nor Trenches deep can boast,
The Works of Labour, and expensive Cost.
Vain Prodigality! and Labour vain!
Lost is the lavish'd Wealth, and lost the fruitless Pain!
What Walls, what Tow'rs foe'er they rear sublime,
Must yield to Wars, or more destructive Time;
While Fences like *Dyrrachium*'s Fortress made,
Where Nature's Hands the sure Foundation laid,
And with her Strength the naked Town array'd,
Shall stand secure against the Warrior's Rage,
Nor fear the ruinous Decays of Age.
Guarded around by steepy Rocks it lies,
And all Access from Land, but one, denies.
No vent'rous Vessel there in Safety rides;
But foaming Surges break, and swelling Tides
Roll roaring on, and wash the craggy Sides:
Or when contentious Winds more rudely blow,
Then mounting o'er the topmost Cliff they flow,
Burst on the lofty Domes, and dash the Town below.

Here *Cæsar*'s daring Heart vast Hopes conceives,
And high with War's vindictive Pleasures heaves;
Much he revolves within his thoughtful Mind,
How, in this Camp, the Foe may be confin'd,
With ample Lines from Hill to Hill design'd.
Secret and swift he means the Task to try,
And runs each Distance over with his Eye.
Vast Heaps of sod and verdant Turf are brought,
And Stones in deep laborious Quarries wrought;

Each *Grecian* Dwelling round the Work supplies,
And sudden Ramparts from their Ruins rise.
With wond'rous Strength the stable Mound they rear,
Such as th' impetuous Ram can never fear, [tear.
Nor hostile Might o'erturn, nor forceful Engine
Thro' Hills, resistless *Cæsar* plains his Way,
And makes the rough unequal Rocks obey.
Here deep beneath the gaping Treaches lye,
There Forts advance their airy Turrets high.
Around vast Tracts of Land the Labours wind,
Wide Fields and Forests in the Circle bind,
And hold as in a Toil the salvage Kind;
Nor ev'n the Foe too strictly pent remains,
At large he forages upon the Plains;
The vast Enclosure gives free leave around,
Oft to Decamp, and shift the various Ground.
Here from far Fountains Streams their Channels trace,
And while they wander thro' the tedious space,
Run many a Mile their long extended Race:
While some, quite worn and weary of the Way,
Sink, and are lost before they reach the Sea.
Ev'n *Cæsar*'s self when thro' the Works he goes,
Tires in the midst, and stops to take Repose.
Let Fame no more record the Walls of *Troy*,
Which Gods alone could build, and Gods destroy;
Nor let the *Parthian* wonder, to have seen
The Labours of the *Babylonian* Queen:
Behold this large, this spacious Tract of Ground,
Like that, which *Tigris* or *Orontes* bound;
Behold this Land! which Majesty might bring,
And form a Kingdom for an Eastern King;
Behold a *Latian* Chief this Land enclose,
Amidst the Tumult of impending Foes,
He bad the Walls arise, and as he bad they rose.
But ah! vain Pride of Pow'r! Ah! fruitless Boast!
Ev'n these, these mighty Labours all are Lost!

A Force like this what Barriers could withſtand?
Seas muſt have fled, and yielded to the Land;
The Lover's Shores united might have ſtood,
Spight of the *Helleſpont*'s oppoſing Flood;
While the *Egæan* and *Ionian* Tide,
Might meeting o'er the vanquiſht *Iſthmus* ride,
And *Argive* Realms from *Corinth*'s Walls divide;
This Pow'r might change unwilling Nature's Face,
Unfix each Order, and remove each Place.
Here, as if clos'd within a Liſt, the War
Does all its Valiant Combatants prepare;
Here ardent glows the Blood, which Fate ordains
To Dye the *Libyan* and *Emathian* Plains;
Here the whole Rage of Civil Diſcord join'd,
Struggles for Room, and ſcorns to be confin'd.
Nor yet, while *Cæſar* his firſt Labours try'd,
The Warlike Toil by *Pompey* was deſcry'd:
So, in mid *Sicily*'s delightful Plain,
Safe from the horrid Sound, the happy Swain
Dreads not loud *Scylla* barking o'er the Main.
So, Northern *Britains* never hear the Roar
Of Seas that break on the far *Cantian* Shore.
Soon as the riſing Ramparts hoſtile Height,
And Tow'rs advancing, ſtruck his anxious Sight,
Sudden from *Petra*'s ſafer Camp he led,
And wide his Legions on the Hills diſpread.
So *Cæſar*, forc'd his Numbers to extend,
More feebly might each various Strength defend;
His Camp far o'er the large Encloſure reach'd,
And guarded Lines along the Front were ſtretch'd,
Far as *Rome*'s diſtance from *Aricia*'s Groves,
(*Aricia* which the Chaſte *Diana* loves)
Far as from *Rome* Old *Tyber* ſeeks the Sea,
Did he not wander in his winding way.
While yet no Signals for the Fight prepare,
Unbidden, ſome the Javelin dart from far,
And skirmiſhing, provoke the ling'ring War.
But deeper Cares the thoughtful Chiefs diſtreſs,
And move, the Soldier's Ardor to repreſs.

*Pompey*, with secret anxious Thought, beheld
How trampling Hoofs the rising Grass repell'd;
Waste lye the russet Fields, the gen'rous Steed
Seeks on the naked Soil, in vain, to feed:
Loathing, from Racks of husky Straw he turns,
And pining, for the verdant Pastures mourns.
No more his Limbs their dying Load sustain,
Aiming a Stride, he falters in the Strain,
And sinks a Ruin on the with'ring Plain:
Dire Maladies upon his Vitals prey,
Dissolve his Frame, and melt the Mass away.
Thence deadly Plagues invade the lazy Air,
Reek to the Clouds, and hang malignant there:
From *Nesis* such the *Stygian* Vapours rise,
And with Contagion taint the purer Skies;
Such do *Typhœus'* steamy Caves convey,
And breath Blue Poisons on the Golden Day:
Then liquid Streams the mingling Plague receive,
And deadly Potions to the Thirsty give:
To Man the Mischief spreads, the fell Disease
In fatal Draughts does on his Entrails seize;
A rugged Scurf, all loathly to be seen,
Spreads, like a Bark, upon his silken Skin;
Malignant Flames his swelling Eye-balls dart,
And seem with Anguish from their Seats to start;
Fires o'er his glowing Cheeks and Visage stray,
And mark, in Crimson Streaks, their burning Way;
Low droops his Head, declining from its height,
And nods, and totters with the fatal Weight.
With winged Haste the swift Destruction flies,
And scarce the Soldier sickens e'er he dies:
Now falling Crowds at once resign their Breath,
And doubly taint the noxious Air with Death.
Careless their putrid Carcasses are spread;
And on the Earth, their dank unwholsome Bed,
The Living rest in common with the Dead.
Here none the last Funereal Rights receive;
To be cast forth the Camp, is all their Friends can give.

At length kind Heav'n their Sorrows bad to ceaſe,
And ſtaid the peſtilential Foes increaſe;
Freſh Breezes from the Sea begin to riſe,
While *Boreas* thro' the lazy Vapour flies, [Skies:
And ſweeps, with healthy Wings, the rank polluted
Arriving Veſſels now their Freight unload,
And furniſh plenteous Harveſts from abroad:
Now ſprightly Strength, now cheerful Health returns,
And Life's fair Lamp, rekindled, brightly burns.

But *Caſar*, unconfin'd, and camp'd on high,
Feels not the Miſchiefs of the ſluggiſh Sky:
On Hills ſublime he breaths the Purer Air,
And drinks no Damps, nor Pois'nous Vapours there;
Yet Hunger keen, an equal Plague is found,
Famine, and meagre Want beſiege him round:
The Fields as yet no hopes of Harveſt wear,
Nor yellow Stems diſcloſe the bearded Ear;
The ſcatter'd Vulgar ſearch around the Fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields;
Some ſtrip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,
And with the Cattle ſhare their graſſy Food.
Whate'er the ſoft'ning Flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the Teeth or lab'ring Jaws can break;
What Fleſh, what Roots, what Herbs ſoe'er they get,
Tho' new, and ſtrange to Human Taſte as yet,
At once the greedy Soldiers ſeize, and eat.
What Want, what Pain ſoe'er they undergo,
Still they perſiſt in Arms, and cloſe beſet the Foe.

At length, impatient longer to be held
Within the Bounds of one appointed Field;
O'er ev'ry Bar which might his Paſſage ſtay,
*Pompey* reſolves to force his warlike Way;
Wide o'er the World the ranging War to lead,
And give his looſen'd Legions Room to ſpread.
Nor takes he mean Advantage from the Night,
Nor ſteals a Paſſage, nor declines the Fight;
But bravely dares, diſdainful of the Foe, [go;
Thro' the proud Tow'rs and Ramparts Breach to

Where ſhining Spears and creſted Helms are ſeen,
Embattell'd thick, to guard the Walls within:
Where all things Death, where Ruin all afford,
There *Pompey* marks a Paſſage for his Sword.
Near to the Camp a woody Thicket lay,
Cloſe was the Shade, nor did the Greenſword Way,
With ſmoky Clouds of Duſt, the March betray.
Hence, ſudden they appear in dread Array,
Sudden their wide extended Ranks diſplay;
At once the Foe beholds, with wond'ring Eyes,
Where on broad Wings *Pompeian* Eagles riſe;
At once the Warriors Shouts, and Trumpet-ſounds ſurprize.
Scarce was the Sword's Deſtruction needful here,
So ſwiftly ran before preventing Fear;
Some fled amaz'd, while vainly valiant ſome
Stood, but to meet in Arms a nobler Doom.
Where-e'er they ſtood, now ſcatter'd lye the Slain,
Scarce yet a few for coming Deaths remain,
And Clouds of flying Javelins fall in vain.
Here ſwift conſuming Flames the Victors throw,
And here the Ram impetuous aims a Blow;
Aloft, the nodding Turrets feel the Stroke,
And the vaſt Rampart groans beneath the Shock:
And now propitious Fortune ſeem'd to doom
Freedom and Peace, to *Pompey*, and to *Rome*;
High o'er the vanquiſh'd Works his Eagles tow'r,
And vindicate the World from *Cæſar*'s Pow'r.
But, (what nor *Cæſar*, nor his Fortune cou'd)
What not ten thouſand warlike Hands withſtood,
*Scæva* reſiſts alone; repels the Force,
And ſtops the rapid Victor in his Courſe.
*Scæva*! a Name e'erwhile to Fame unknown,
And firſt diſtinguiſh'd on the Gallick *Rhone*;
There ſeen in hardy Deeds of Arms to ſhine,
He reach'd the Honours of the * *Latian* Vine.

* *The Badge or Diſtinction of the* Roman *Centurions.*

Daring and Bold, and ever prone to Ill,
Inur'd to Blood, and active to fulfil
The Dictates of a lawless Tyrant's Will;
Nor Virtue's Love, nor Reason's Laws he knew,
But careless of the Right, for hire his Sword he drew.
Thus Courage by an impious Cause is curst,
And he that is the Bravest, is the Worst.
Soon as he saw his Fellows shun the Fight,
And seek their Safety in ignoble Flight,
Whence does, he said, this Cowards Terror grow,
This shame, unknown to *Cæsar*'s Arms 'till now?
Can you, ye slavish Herd, thus tamely yield?
Thus fly, unwounded, from this bloody Field?
Behold, where pil'd in slaughter'd Heaps on high,
Firm to the last, your brave Companions lye;
Then blush to think what wretched Lives you save,
From what Renown you fly, from what a glorious Grave:
Tho' sacred Fame, tho' Virtue yield to Fear,
Let Rage, let Indignation keep you here.
We! we the weakest, from the rest are chose,
To yield a Passage to our scornful Foes!
Yet *Pompey*, yet, thou shalt be yet withstood,
And stain thy Victor's Lawrel deep in Blood.
With Pride, 'tis true, with Joy I should have dy'd,
If haply I had fall'n by *Cæsar*'s Side,
But Fortune has the noble Death deny'd;
Then *Pompey*, thou, thou on my Fame shalt wait,
Do thou be Witness, and applaud my Fate.
Now push we on, disdain we now to fear,
A thousand Wounds let ev'ry Bosom bear, [Spear.
'Till the keen Sword be blunt, be broke the pointed
And see, the Clouds of dusty Battel rise!
Hark how the Shout runs ratt'ling thro' the Skies!
The distant Legions catch the Sounds from far,
And *Cæsar* listens to the thund'ring War.
He comes, he comes, yet e'er his Soldier dies,
Like Light'ning swift the winged Warrior flies:
Haste then to Death, to Conquest haste away,
Well do we fall, for *Cæsar* wins the Day.

He ſpoke, and ſtrait, as at the Trumpet's Sound,
Rekindled Warmth in ev'ry Breaſt was found;
Recall'd from Flight, the Youth admiring wait,
To mark their daring Fellow-Soldiers Fate,
To ſee if haply Virtue might prevail, [fail.
And ev'n, beyond their Hopes, do more than greatly

High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,
With ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes around him ſpread;
With nervous Arms uplifting theſe he throws,
Theſe Rolls oppreſſive, on aſcending Foes;
Each where Materials for his Fury lye,
And all the ready Ruins Arms ſupply;
Ev'n his fierce Self he ſeems to aim below,
Headlong to ſhoot, and dying dart a Blow.
Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,
And tumbling, drives the bold Aſſailants back:
How Heads, now Hands he lops, the Carcaſs falls,
While the clinch'd Fingers gripe the topmoſt Walls:
Here Stones he heaves; the Maſs deſcending full,
Cruſhes the Brain, and ſhivers the frail Scull.
Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the Flames hiſs in the liquid Wound,
Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimſon drown'd.

And now the ſwelling Heaps of ſlaughter'd Foes,
Sublime and equal to the Fortreſs roſe;
Whence, forward, with a Leap, at once he ſprung,
And ſhot himſelf amidſt the hoſtile Throng.
So daring, fierce with Rage, ſo void of Fear,
Bounds forth the ſpotted Pard, and ſcorns the Hunter's Spear.
The cloſing Ranks the Warrior ſtrait enfold,
And compaſs'd in their Steely Circle hold;
Undaunted ſtill around the Ring he roams,
Fights here and there, and ev'ry where o'ercomes;
'Till, clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill
The Dictates of its vengeful Maſter's Will.
Edgeleſs it falls, and tho' it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruiſes ſore.

Mean time, on him, the crowding War is bent,
And Darts from ev'ry Hand, to him, are sent;
It look'd, as Fortune did in odds delight,
And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight;
A wondrous match of War she seem'd to make,
Her Thousands here, and there her One to stake;
As if on knightly Terms in Lists they ran,
And Armies were but equal to the Man.
A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring,
A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples sing;
Hard bearing on his Head with many a Blow,
His steely Helm is inward taught to bow.
The missive Arms, fixt all around, he wears,
And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears.
Cease, cease, *Pompeian* Warriors, cease the Strife,
Nor vainly, thus, attempt this single Life;
Your Darts, your idle Jav'lins cast aside,
And other Arms for *Scæva*'s Death provide;
The forceful Ram's resistless Horns prepare,
With all the pond'rous vast Machines of War;
Let dreadful Flames, let massie Rocks be thrown,
With Engines thunder on, and break him down,
And win this *Cæsar*'s Soldier, like a Town.
At length, his Fate disdaining to delay,
He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away,
Resolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on ev'ry side.
Encumbred sore with many a painful Wound,
Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile Round;
Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Crowd survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey.
Such, by *Getulian* Hunters compass'd in,
The vast unwieldy Elephant is seen:
All cover'd with a steely Show'r from far,
Rousing he shakes, and sheds the scatter'd War;
In vain the distant Troop the Fight renew,
And with fresh Rage the stubborn Foe pursue;

Unconquer'd ſtill the mighty Salvage ſtands,
And ſcorns the Malice of a thouſand Hands.
Not all the Wounds a thouſand Darts can make,
Tho' all find Place, a ſingle Life can take:
When lo! addreſt with ſome ſucceſsful Vow,
A Shaft, ſure flying from a *Cretan* Bow,
Beneath the Warrior's Brow was ſeen to light,
And ſunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight:
But he (ſo Rage inſpir'd and mad Diſdain)
Remorſeleſs, Fell, and ſenſeleſs of the Pain,
Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,
With ſtringy Nerves beſmear'd and wrapp'd around,
And ſtamp'd the gory Jelly on the Ground.
So in *Pannonian* Woods, the growling Bear
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear,
Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,
And catches at the flying Shaft in vain.
Down from his eyleſs Hollow ran the Blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled Viſage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each ſeverer Grace,
And veil'd the manly Terrors of his Face.
The Victors raiſe their joyful Voices high,
And with loud Triumph ſtrike the vaulted Sky:
Not *Cæſar* thus a general Joy had ſpread,
Tho' *Cæſar*'s ſelf like *Scæva* thus had bled.
Anxious, the wounded Soldier, in his Breaſt,
The riſing Indignation deep repreſt,
And thus in humble vein his haughty Foes addreſt:
Here let your Rage, ye *Romans*, ceaſe, he ſaid,
And lend your Fellow-Citizen your Aid,
No more your Darts, nor uſeleſs Jav'lins try,
Theſe which I bear, will Deaths enow ſupply,
Draw forth your Weapons, and behold I die:
Oh rather bear me hence, and let me meet
My Doom beneath the mighty *Pompey*'s Feet.
'Twere Great, 'twere Brave, to fall in Arms, 'tis true;
But I renounce that glorious Fate for you.
Fain wou'd I yet prolong this vital Breath,
And turn from *Cæſar*, ſo I fly from Death,

The wretched *Aulus* listen'd to the Wile,
Intent and greedy of the future Spoil;
Advancing fondly on, with heedless Ease,
He thought the Captive and his Arms to seize;
When, e'er he was aware, his thund'ring Sword
Deep in his Throat, the ready *Scæva* gor'd:
Warm'd with the Slaughter, with fresh Rage he burns,
And Vigour with the new Success returns.
So may they fall (he said) by just Deceit,
Such be their Fate, such as this Fool has met,
Who dare believe that I am Vanquisht yet.
If you would stop the Vengeance of my Sword,
From *Cæsar*'s Mercy be your Peace implor'd,
There let your Leader kneel, and humbly own his Lord.
Me! could you meanly dare to fancy, Me
Base, like your selves, and fond of Life to be!
But know, not all the Names which grace your Cause,
Your Reverend Senate, and your boasted Laws;
Not *Pompey*'s self, not all for which you fear,
Were e'er to you, like Death to *Scæva*, dear.
Thus while he spoke, a rising Dust betray'd,
*Cæsarean* Legions marching to his Aid.
Now *Pompey*'s Troops with Prudence seem to yield,
And to encreasing Numbers quit the Field;
Dissembling Shame, they hide their foul Defeat,
Nor vanquish'd by a single Arm, retreat.
Then fell the Warrior, for 'till then he stood;
His manly Mind supply'd the want of Blood.
It seem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,
And Courage to Oppose, from Opposition grew.
But now, when none were left him to repel,
Fainting for want of Foes, the Victor fell.
Strait with officious Haste his Friends draw near,
And raising, joy the noble Load to bear:
To Rev'rence and religious Awe inclin'd,
Admiring, they adore his mighty Mind,
That God within his mangled Breast enshrin'd,

The wounding Weapons ſtain'd with *Scæva*'s Blood,
Like ſacred Reliques to the Gods are vow'd:
Forth are they drawn from ev'ry Part with Care,
And kept to dreſs the naked God of War.
Oh! happy Soldier, had thy Worth been try'd,
In pious Daring, on thy Country's ſide!
Oh! had thy Sword *Iberian* Battels known,
Or Purple with *Cantabrian* Slaughter grown;
How had thy Name in deathleſs Annals ſhone!
But now no *Roman Pæan* ſhalt thou Sing,
Nor peaceful Triumphs to thy Country bring:
Nor loudly bleſt in ſolemn Pomp ſhall move,
Thro' crowding Streets to *Capitolian Jove*,
The Laws Defender, and the Peoples Love:
Oh hapleſs Victor thou! O vainly Brave!
How haſt thou Fought to make thy ſelf a Slave!

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## *Part of the* CENTO *of* AUSONIUS, *imitated in* Engliſh *Verſe.*

*Deſcriptio egredientis Sponſæ.*
*Tandem progreditur Veneris*, &c.

THE Bride at length, the Care of Love, appears
Mature for Man, and in her blooming Years.
In wanton Folds her modeſt Garments flow,
And Bluſhes in her Cheeks, or Wiſhes, glow.
The Youth, with greedy Eyes, her Charms devour;
The Lover's Fortune curſe, and coming Hour.
The Reverend Fathers, and the Matrons ſtand,
In decent Order rank'd on either Hand;
They gaze, and ev'ry Glance ſhe darts inſpires
Forgotten Hopes, and Impotent Deſires.
In vain, alas, their Youthful Fever burns,
For oft the Wiſh, but ne'er the Joy returns;
Still on ſhe moves, and, as ſhe paſſes by,
A Thouſand little Loves around her fly:

A Thousand *Zephyrs* crowd the balmy Air,
To Curl the Golden Tresses of her Hair:
And where she treads the springing Flow'rs appear,
Forget the Season, and begin the Year.
Thus *Argive Helen* look'd, by *Cupid* led
In Nuptial Triumph to the *Spartan*'s Bed.
Thus the sweet Image of approaching Joys,
Play'd in her Breast, and sparkled in her Eyes.
And thus, at some Celestial Feast above,
The Goddesses proceed to visit *Jove*;
Their Beauties, like so many Suns, display,
And make, where-e'er they move, a milky Way.
The same full Lustre in her Looks appears,
Her Beauties brighten'd by her Hopes and Fears.
Her Virgin-Hopes produce the blushing Rose;
Her Virgin-Fears, the spotless Lilly shews.
By Nature Free, by Custom only Coy;
She will not for her Fears renounce the Joy.
Willing she goes, and strives in vain to hide
The silent Raptures of a wishing Bride.

## *Descriptio egredientis Sponsi.*

Next, from another Quarter, we behold
A Youth in *Tyrian* Purple clad, and Gold.
His Hairs to shed their Vernal Down begin,
Nor ever had the Razor touch'd his Chin.
The Mantle, which his tender Mother wove,
Hangs loosely on------For all his Care is Love.
A shining Garment, for the Day design'd,
And round its Edge the Gold *Maanders* twin'd;
With various Figures wrought, and rich in Art:
He scorns it all----The Bride has all his Heart.
His lofty Look, and his Majestick Mein
Are such, as in dissembled Gods are seen.
Thus Nervous are his Limbs, his Shoulders spread,
Thus firm his Step, and thus erect his Head.
From Ocean rises thus, the Morning Star,
Bright with new Rays, e'er *Phœbus* mounts his Carr.

So shines the Bridegroom, and with eager Eyes
Surveys the Scene of Joy, and thither flies;
There meets the Bride, and round her slender Waste
He folds his manly Arm; and thus embrac'd
They kiss, and have of future Joys a Taste.

## *Obligatio Munerum.*

To these the bidden *Youth* advance by Pairs,
And each an Hymeneal Off'ring bears.
Their Parents smiling, view the goodly Train,
And hope the like for them, nor hope in vain.
The first presents a Robe of Orient Die,
Where Beasts are seen to walk, and Birds to fly.
Some Caskets bring, which *Indian* Diamonds hold,
Some polish'd Ivory, and some burnish'd Gold.
With Talents some enrich the happy Pair,
This gives a Goblet, that a gilded Chair.
The Gifts in order on the Table set,
It bends, unable to sustain the Weight.
A Chaplet round the Bridegroom's Temple's bound,
And the fair Bride is with a Garland crown'd.
The Priests with Myrrh their fragrant Altars load,
And the sweet Fumes regale the Nuptial God.
Four Youths their Service to the Bridegroom lend,
And Four officious Maids the Bride attend;
All Shorn alike, and all with Chains of Gold,
So Custom bids, their Necks alike enfold.
A teeming Wife before the Bride appears,
And on her Breasts two sucking Babes she bears:
A living Type, to make the Maid reflect
On what she's to enjoy, and what expect.

## *Epithalamium Utrique.*

The Matrons, in their turn, with equal Care
To close and crown the solemn Rites prepare.
The Lovers, to the Nuptial Bed they bring,
And thus the Virgin Quires, their Spousals sing.

Be bleſt, ye happy Pair! be ever bleſt,
Of ev'ry Joy, of ev'ry Wiſh poſſeſt.
Let *Venus*, and her Son, profuſely ſpread
The Genial Pleaſures on the Bridal Bed,
Fair as the Field, ſo fruitful be the Soil,
And anſwer yearly to the Tiller's Toil.
When the nine Moons their deſtin'd Courſe ſhall end,
Thee, Goddeſs of the Night, thy Succour lend;
And, as the Mother's Labour ſtronger grows,
Aſſiſt, *Latona*, and relieve her Throwes.
Around her like the Ivy let him twine,
And be ſhe pregnant as the branching Vine.
The Jolly God, that o'er the Vintage reigns,
Reſtore, with gen'rous Juice, his ebbing Veins.
Be all your future Days and Nights like this,
And Plenty ſweeten and ſupport your Bliſs.
Your Bleſſings, may your Sons and Daughters ſhare,
Be thoſe as worthy, and be theſe as Fair.
With the ſame Joy, may you your Children view,
As your glad Parents ever lookt on you.
They Sung----And all around the joyful Throng,
Applauded----And the Fates approv'd the Song.

## *Ingreſſus in Cubiculum.*

The Gueſts attending ſtill; The beauteous Bride
Sits on the Bed, the Bridegroom by her Side.
But when alone, their ev'ry Glance imparts
The ſweet Confuſion of their meeting Hearts.
They talk, they toy, and as with weeping Eyes
She turns aſide, and half repenting Sighs,
He ſeizes on her Lilly Hand, and cries,
With Kiſſes intermixt----My Love, my Life,
And ev'ry tender Name in One, my Wife,
Is it then giv'n me, in my longing Arms
To fold thee, guiltleſs thus, and taſte thy Charms?
And canſt thou now, my only Wiſh, my Spouſe,
Refuſe me the Reward of all my Vows?

Look up, and turn thy humid Eyes on mine,
They flame, and with their Fires will kindle thine.
He said----And could no more his Heat command,
But she resists his Rage, and checks his Hand.
Downward she looks, and when the Bed she spies,
She shuts, so modest Maids affect, her Eyes,
And softly, sinking in his Arms, replies:
Oh lovely Youth! If ever to thy Ear,
A Father and a Mother's Names were dear;
By them let me conjure thee to forbear,
And but this Night a suppliant Virgin spare.
One Night again she begs, but begs in vain;
His Hand she can no more, nor he his Heat restrain.
Nor Words their Way, nor broken Accents find,
More Violent he grows, and she more Kind.
The rising Raptures break her swelling Sighs,
And breathless in the Bridegroom's Arms she lies.
Her Fears are flown, she clasps the furious Boy,
Gives all her Beauties up, and meets the Joy.

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## *The* HUSBAND.

*By a* LADY.

THE Poets sing of old, that amorous *Jove*
In various Shapes perform'd the Feat of Love;
Chang'd to a Swan, he rifled *Leda*'s Charms,
And with a Rival Whiteness fill'd her Arms.
On *Danae*'s Lap he fell a golden Show'r:
(Gold is the surest Friend in an Amour)
Now in a Bull's, or Satyr's grisly Shape,
He on some Beauty makes a welcome Rape.
Nor think it strange, that *Jove*'s Almighty Pow'r,
Thro' these base Forms taught Females to adore.
Likeness less agreeable he try'd,
He came a Husband to *Amphitryon*'s Bride:
And, in a Husband's Shape could welcome prove,
Who must not own th' Omnipotence of *Jove*?

## *An Imitation of the First* SATYR *of the First Book of* HORACE.

By a Young Gentleman at *Cambridge*.

*------Corpoream ad naturam pauca videmus*
*Esse opus omnino, quæ demant quenque dolorem,*
*Delicias quoque uti multas substernere possint, &c.*
*------Nil nostro in corpore gazæ*
*Proficiunt, neque nobilitas, neque gloria regni:*
*Quod supereſt animo quoque nil prodesse putandum est.*
Lucret. Lib. 2

MY Lord, whence comes it, that with wav'ring Thought,
We thus neglect what once with Care we sought?
That none can easie, none content can live,
With what their Reason chose, or Fate would give?
Each brainsick Hum'rist likes his Neighbour's Road,
And, since he goes it not, perversly thinks it good.
The haggard Veteran deform'd with Scars,
And broke with long Fatigues in constant Wars,
Curses the starveling Honours he has got,
And cries, The happier Merchant's be my Lot.
The Merchant, trembling, whilst the rowling Seas
Toss the charg'd Barque, and risque his future Ease,
Cries, Happy only is the Soldier's Fate,
A ling'ring Fortune never forc'd to wait;
Whose Hopes are in one happy Minute crown'd:
In Victory, or Death, a certain Prize is found.
The harrass'd Lawyer thinks the Peasant blest,
When early Clients interrupt his Rest, [lest.
And with impert'nent Fears his downy Hours mo-
The lab'ring Peasant, whom vexatious Law,
And dread *Subpœna*'s to the City draw,
Extols each Pleasure of the gawdy Town, [known.
Where he no Labours feels, no irksome Toil has

were vain the differing Wishes to rehearse,
: sow'r with Discontents each jarring Verse:
ot all could be expreſt by *Fabius*'s Tongue,
ho' fam'd for ſpeaking nought, and pleading long.
it left, like him, I, with cenſorious Rhime
ould treſpaſs on your Thoughts, or waſte your Time,
ear to what ſpeedy iſſue I the Cauſe
'ill bring, and try it by impartial Laws.
ippoſe ſome God, mov'd with our conſtant Grief,
rder'd each Malecontent his wiſh'd Relief;
o thou, who hat'ſt Campaigns, a Seaman be;
nd thou a Soldier, who condemn'ſt the Sea;
he Lawyer to his fancy'd Eaſe retire;
nd the rude Hind to courtly Joys aſpire:
ence, hence depart with chearful Looks, and bleſs
he pitying Pow'r, that gave your Griefs redreſs,
hang'd the decrees of Fate, to fix your Happineſs.
/hat? Silent? Do you then ſo ſoon repeal
/hat eager Warmth purſu'd with ſo much Zeal?
an nought your idle Diſcontents appeaſe? [pleaſe?
an nought your troubled Souls, your reſtleſs Fancies
ome, chearful, what the Gods beſtow, receive;
'is Man's part to poſſeſs, the Gods can only give.
/hat? Hum'riſts ſtill? And do you thus embrace
he tender Deity's abounding Grace?
/hat Arts can ſkreen this Folly? What ſhall move
he future Favours of deluded *Jove?*
/ell may his ſlighted Mercy ſcorn your Pray'rs,
augh at your Mis'ries, and upbraid your Tears;
id you be Wretches ſtill, ſince you refuſe [buſe.
/hat Man could ne'er deſerve, what none but you a-
ut leſt you think this writ in ſportive mood,
'o raiſe your Fancy, not to make you Good:
nd yet I can't conceive why beauteous Truth
ay not become the gayeſt Smiles of Youth:
'is thus the Miſtreſs, after fruitleſs Pains,
/ith little Arts the wayward Infant gains;

Treats him with Plumbs, and winning on his Taſte,
Inſinuates the Leſſon with the Feaſt,
And makes the Bitter kindly reliſh, and digeſt.
But to be ſerious, and theſe Trifles quit,
The eaſie Offspring of luxuriant Wit;
What would the Soldier, what the Seaman have,
Who dares the warring Ocean's Fury brave?
What would the Vintners, who with dang'rous Arts
Increaſe the Juice the bounteous God imparts;
Refine on Nature's Stores, and think her Reign
Too narrow for their vaſt Deſires of Gain?
With one conſent they make this joint Reply;
'Tis future Care our preſent Thoughts employ:
When trembling Limbs, and ſtiffen'd Nerves preſage
The ſad Approaches of a helpleſs Age;
What then ſhall aid us, if the timely Care
Of vig'rous Youth does not the Burden bear,
And antedate the Labours of the hoary Year?
Thus with fam'd Providence the ſlender Ant,
The great Example of good Management,
Whilſt the fair Seaſon laſts, and laviſh'd Grain
Profuſely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,
Induſtriouſly his little Garner fills,
And the Proviſions for his Winter ſteals;
Grateful, he takes what the Occaſion grants,
And with the preſent Waſte ſupplies his future Wants.
'Tis true; but when the Winter ſharper grows,
And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows,
When Nature's Penury can nought afford,
The little Beaſt lives wanton on his hoard, [ſtor'd.
And what with anxious Care his prudent Foreſight
Not ſo with thee, whoſe raging Thirſt of Gold,
Not Fire, nor Sword, not Sea, not Heat, nor Cold,
Can e'er abate; and yet thy only Care
Is to be Richer than thy Neighbours are.
Whence then theſe monſtrous Fears, that dare pre-
To violate the common Mother's Womb, [ſume
And make the fruitful Seat thy bury'd Treaſures
Tomb?

What Fruit, what Int'reſt canſt thou thence receive?
What kind return ſhould injur'd Nature give?
Or change her Courſe, to make her En'my thrive?
But if hard Times ſhould break upon my Hoard,
Or Folly ſquander what my Prudence ſtor'd;
The reſt too flies, and mould'ring ſinks away,
Leaving its Maſter to deſerv'd Decay.
ut ſay, ſuppoſing it untouch'd, and whole, [Soul?
Vhence ſpring the Charms, that move thy raviſh'd
What Beauty canſt thou in its Groſſneſs find,
'o pleaſe thy Thoughts, and elevate thy Mind?
What? tho' thy Barns are full, and Purſe commands
he various Products of ten thouſand Lands?
'ho' luſty Nature laviſhes her Pow'r
'o meet thy Wiſh, and multiply thy Store?
'ho' teeming Provinces their Harveſts join
'o ſwell thy Treaſures? Where's the vaſt Deſign?
hy Stomach rioting at plenteous Feaſts,
ſo more than mine can hold, no more digeſts.
s if amongſt the Hinds, with friendly Care,
hou the Proviſions of the reſt ſhouldſt bear;
hou could'ſt not, after all thy Toil and Sweat,
greater Portion than thy Fellows eat,
ho careleſs walk'd at eaſe, nor felt the galling
Weight:
r tell me freely, when the eaſie Mind
an live by Nature's frugal Laws confin'd;
here is the diff'rence to conſid'ring Men,
o plough ten thouſand Acres, or but ten?
But then 'tis ſweet to view the ſmiling Stores,
And crowd the diſtant Joys of future Hours
Into one Moment's Thought, and make them
preſent ours.
'Tis Godlike Luxury of Happineſs, [poſſeſs:
To be poſſeſſing ſtill, and know we always ſhall
To take from Heaps that------" What? thou
canſt but have
hat common Appetites of Nature crave:

And if my earthen Jarr, with meaſur'd Grain,
Can thoſe in Pleaſure, and in Health maintain;
I would not richer be, I want no more,
That *Ægypt* is to me, 'tis *Afric*'s fruitful Shore.
'Twere Madneſs ſure, if thirſty Nature's want,
One Glaſs could eaſe, one Bottle could content;
To cry, the boundleſs Ocean's Depths explore,
To quench my Thirſt, nor ſtarve my fancy'd Pow'r,
Draining a petty Fountain's thrifty Store.
Hence comes it, that where greedy Hopes prevail,
And Fancy, not our Reaſon, holds the Scale;
The angry *Auſ'idus* ſwells his foaming Streams,
And ſhows the Moral of the Miſer's Dreams;
Devouring all, he marks his waſteful Way, [away.
And bears the yielding Banks, and thoughtleſs Wretch
When he, whoſe Thoughts, contented, ne'er aſpire,
Nor ſwell beyond what preſent Wants require;
Fears not, reclining o'er the moſſy Side,
The dreadful Ravage of the angry Tide,
Nor ſpoils himſelf the Streams, which pure, which peaceful glide.
He wiſely views, how all around him ſmile,
The Plants not wither'd, nor too rank the Soil:
How Nature's equal Care does each maintain
In proper Beauty, by a frugal Reign;
Then quaffs his limpid Nectar, free from Fears,
And flouriſhes alike with Nature's other Cares.
But ſtill, the blinded World with ſcorn regards
That Indolence, which theſe Reſults rewards;
And raviſh'd with a tawdry tinſel'd Dreſs,
For that alone each God they anxious preſs,
That is their only Wiſh, that they can only bleſs:
Think there's no Scandal, but in being Poor,
And meaſure virtuous Worth by great extent of Pow'r.
What ſhall we do then, ſince no *Hellebore*,
No Reaſon can the willing Mad reſtore?
Ev'n let 'em ſtill continue in their Dreams,
Debauch their Fancies with the ſoothing Themes;

'Twere

'Twere vain and hopeless to presume Success,
Where Patients hug their Ills, and hate the kind Re-
At *Athens* liv'd a Wretch, Sordid and Old, [dress.
Possessing nothing, but possest by Gold.
Him the insulting Mob, with Taunts assail'd,
Jeer'd as he pass'd, or hist, and loudly rail'd,
Hence with the hideous Monster's baleful Sight,
Rebel of Nature, and Mankind's despight;
Bear him far hence, where griping Harpies reign,
And kindred Monsters fill the dismal Scene;
Unfit for us, or Life----By Chance repriev'd,
Got home, and from the publick Fury sav'd,
He thus reflects---Well Fools, hiss on, and threat,
Vent all your Malice, all your Scorn and Hate;
Shall these small Blasts my steddy Barque o'erset?
'Tis not your empty Honours tempt my views,
A nobler Joy my lab'ring Thought pursues;
Thou, thou, my darling Gold, reign'st Monarch here,
The deareſt Object of my Hope and Fear:
Whilst thou art guarded safe from Insults free,
Let them wreak all their Bolts, waste all their Shafts
on me;
Not all their Threats my stedfast Soul shall move,
In Death I'll taste thy Sweets, and revel with my Love;
Push my Enjoyments ev'n beyond the Grave,
Since living I no Joys but in thy Tomb can have.
Poor *Tantalus* the swelling Flood surveys,
That flies his Lips, and can't his Thirst appease.
Why smil'st thou, Ignorant? Thou art that Curst,
That Wretch, who dy'st with everlasting Thirst;
And what the Fable draws in short, is near
Shewn in full length by thy Example here.
Thou art the real *Tantalus*, whose Sleeps,
Broke with distemper'd Broodings o'er thy Heaps,
Declare thy tortur'd Soul, the Joys thy Av'rice
reaps:
Who basely deify'st what bounteous Heav'n
Design'd thy useful Slave, a Blessing giv'n;

Yet thou pervert'ſt its Uſe, mak'ſt it thy Lord,
As *Jove* again was to that Form reſtor'd,
Irradiated its Beams, and lighten'd from thy Heard:
As if the glorious Form for Shew was made,
A taſteleſs Pleaſure, and an empty Shade;
Or as the *Delphian* Deities watch'd o'er,
And Thunder guarded ſafe thy hallow'd Store.
Know'ſt thou not, after all thy racking Cares,
To raiſe the Heaps thy niggard Nature ſpares,
The real Value, which thy Treaſure bears?
What? know'ſt thou not its Uſe? let Bread be bought,
Let ſav'ry Herbs, and cheerful Wine be ſought;
Let Nature's Cravings meet their juſt Supplies;
And little ſure can all her Wants ſuffice.
Reſtleſs all Night, half dead with Fear each Hour,
Leſt ſudden Flames thy fav'rite Gold devour;
Leſt ſturdy Burglars ſhould beſiege thy Pelf,
Or faithleſs Servants rob you of your ſelf:
Are theſe the only Joys thy Wealth can grant,
The only Pleaſures that thy Soul can want?
May I ſuch dang'rous Bleſſings ever ſhun,
Nor wiſh prepoſt'rouſly to be undone;
May I be ever Poor, and 'ſcape the Snares
The treach'rous *Syren* for the Rich prepares.
" But ſhould a raging Fever boil your Blood;
" Or fiercer Cold freeze up the vital Flood:
" Should any Mis'ry nail you to your Bed, [Head:
" Gouts rack your Limbs, or ſhootings ſplit your
" This will procure you Aid, ſecure you Friends
" To watch your Wants, and wait your ſick Commands;
" To bath and rub you with obſequious Care,
" And ev'ry friendly Drug with friendlier Help prepare;
" Shall gain the Doctors interpoſing Pow'r,
" To ſave their Friend, and ward the fatal Hour;
" Shall make him Med'cines, utmoſt Arts explore,
" By that one happy Cure the Family to reſtore,

Mistaken Wretch; thy Children, Friends, thy Wife
Dread the Continuance of thy irksome Life;
Hate the officious Care, that bars their Joys,
Retards Possession, and their Hope destroys:
These are the Fruits thy Avarice attend,
A wretched, hated Life, and unlamented End.
And where's the Wonder? In thy Days of Health,
Thy only Pleasure was to rake up Wealth;
That was thy only Friend, the rest past by
Unknown, as alien Blood; or hated, as too nigh:
Gold was the only Thought thy Soul could move,
All was devoted to that fatal Love;
What canst thou in return from Friends expect,
But equal Hatred, and deserv'd Neglect?
Well may they in thy Miseries make bold,
And Sacrifice thee, in their turn, to Gold.
Nature, 'tis true, may kindly give you Friends,
But 'tis your Care must make 'em serve your Ends:
'Tis just you buy their Service, as they yours;
'Tis mutual Interest Nature's frailer Bond secures:
All other Motives, Methods, Ties are vain,
Successless Labour, and unfruitful Pain;
As if you'd teach the sluggish Ass the Course,
To match th' *Olympian* Racer's noble Force,
Or vie with proud *Thessalia*'s air-born Horse.
Then let there be an End to all your Cares,
And since your Stocks are great, be less your Fears;
End all your Labours, since their End is got,
And Fortune crowns you with a smiling Lot.
Do not like rich *Vmidius* (hateful Name,
Not long the Story, tho' well known by Fame,)
Whose Wealth, too pond'rous for the common Scale,
Was measur'd out, to ease the tedious Tale;
Yet thoughtless Wretch, he dy'd with constant dread
Of griping Penury, and want of Bread;
Disclaim'd his Riches, and renounc'd his Kind,
In Habits suited to his slavish Mind:

And what's the End of all this Treasure spar'd?
What proves, for all his Toils, a just Reward?
A Fav'rite Slave (if any can be so
To joyless Misers, who no Pleasures know)
Took pity on her Patron's wretched Case,
Gave him his Freedom with a Heroine's Grace,
Eas'd him from Life, and set his Soul at Peace.
" Well then; What's your Advice? That I should
" Like *Nævius*, or like *Nomentanus* live? [thrive
Strangely perverse! Is that a Vice to shun,
To its most distant Opposite to run,
Uneasie to be sav'd, and glad to be undone?
Is there no golden *Medium* to be found,
A Seat for Virtue, and for Vice a Bound?
I do not griping Avarice reprehend,
That I may Rakes and Prodigals commend.
Wide is the Diff'rence, and distinct the Fite
Which flames in *Tanais*, and exalts Desire,
From the froz'n Humours of *Visellius*'s Sire.
In ev'ry thing a certain Mean is plac'd,
Which must be reach'd, and never be transgress'd:
In this small Compass Virtue seats her Throne,
By most unheeded, tho' to few unknown, [own.
Who leave her real Charms for Monsters of their
But to resume the Subject I begun,
Nor wildly from my stated Purpose run;
Shall, like the Miser, none approve his State,
But rather praise the diff'rent Turns of Fate?
Shall pine, when others swell with flowing Joy,
Fond to amass; yet seeming fonder to destroy:
Shall overlook the Crowds of poorer Men,
Unfit for Envy, and too low for Spleen;
Shall only this or that rich Man regard,
Spurs to his Hopes, and Patterns of his Care's Reward:
Whilst still some richer One appears in view,
To draw him onwards, and his Toil renew.
As, when the Chariots, with applauding cries,
Start from the Goal to run *Olympia*'s Prize;

With equal Ardour, tho' unequal Speed,
All forwards preſs the eager foaming Steed:
Each bravely puſhing only at the beſt,
Drives furious tow'rds it, and neglects the reſt.
Hence ſprings the Reaſon, why ſo few confeſs
Their Life a real Round of Happineſs;
That few are known content to quit the Scene,
Pleas'd with their Part, without Regret or Pain;
Can leave its Pleaſures, like a chearful Gueſt,
Full with the Dainties of a dubious Feaſt,
Sated with Life, in its laſt Changes bleſs'd.
But 'tis enough, nor will I add a Line,
Leſt *Criſpin*'s tedious Rhimes ſhould be reputed mine.

---

## *To a Lady; to whom the Author ſent a Book of his own Compoſing.*

HIS moving Elegies when *Ovid* wrote,
And ſung his Exile in the ſofteſt Note;
The Bliſs he envy'd of the guiltleſs Lines,
Which no harſh Law from his lov'd *Rome* disjoins.
They than their Lord a kinder Fortune prove,
And, where he dares not go, may ſafely rove.
How does he wiſh, that * as his boundleſs Verſe
Did various Shapes and riſing Forms rehearſe,
(Where into bluſhing Flow'rs coy Maidens turn,
And weeping Boys in flowing Rivers mourn)
So he a like propitious Change might try,
And the griev'd Poet be the Elegy?
To you, fair *Celia*, thus your baniſh'd Slave
That little Pledge of vaſt Affection gave.
Go Book, ſaid I, the happy Freedom prize,
Touch'd by thoſe Hands, view'd by thoſe lovely Eyes;

---

* *His* Metamorphoſes.

An heav'nly Pleasure you securely gain,
Which your despairing Author sues in vain,
Condemn'd to Absence, and her cold Disdain.

## *To* CHLOE *Mask'd.*

NAY, you're discover'd, 'spite of your Disguise,
Mask'd as you are, I know you by your Eyes.
So richest Diamonds, by an inbred Ray,
Dart thro' the Gloom, and do themselves display.
But why these pretty Tricks, this double Cheat,
To put a Vizard on a Counterfeit?
Would you with artful Modesty express
Beauty's chief Pride in self-denying Dress?
Things out of Sight, of Price and Value seem,
And what lyes most conceal'd, we most esteem.
Were not each Part adorn'd with native Grace,
Yet thus you'd purchase a reputed Face.
Religious Rites conceal'd from common Eyes,
Are priz'd as Sacred, and as Mysteries.
Thus Heroes, when of old they disappear'd,
Ceas'd to be Men, and were for Gods rever'd.
The *Persian* cannot Worship *Phœbus* more,
Than the fond *Indian* his Eclipse adore.
But there's another Reason for this Skreen:
You know too well, you're dang'rous to be seen;
For who can view that Face in open Charms,
But shews his Fate in Sighs and folded Arms!
We thank you, *Chloe*, for your tender Care,
Which, tho' it checks our Joy, prevents Despair.
But this, alas! will Mischief scarce prevent;
Do what you can, you can't be Innocent;
Beauty in Ambuscade the Traitor plays,
Sends a sly Dart, and unperceiv'd betrays.
It gives, like Light'ning, Death without controul,
Spares the gross Shell, and blasts the inmate Soul:
With surer Fate, when hid it active grows,
And to Restraint its double Virtue owes.

## HORACE's Otium Divos, &c. Lib. II. Ode XVI. *to his Friend* GROSPHUS. *Imitated in Paraphrase.*

*By Mr.* J. HUGHES.

INdulgent Quiet! Pow'r Serene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O say, thou calm propitious Queen,
Say, in what solitary Grove,
Within what hollow Rock, or winding Cell,
By human Eyes unseen,
Like some retreated *Druid* dost thou dwell?
And why, illusive Goddess! why,
When we thy Mansion would surround,
Why dost thou lead us thro' enchanted Ground,
To mock our vain Research, and from our Wishes fly?

II.

The wand'ring Sailors, pale with Fear,
For thee the Gods implore,
When the tempestuous Sea runs high,
And when, thro' all the dark benighted Sky,
No friendly Moon or Stars appear
To guide their Steerage to the Shore:
For thee the weary Soldier prays;
Furious in Fight the Sons of *Thrace*,
And *Medes*, that wear majestick by their side
A full charg'd Quiver's decent Pride,
Gladly with thee would pass inglorious Days,
Renounce the Warrior's tempting Praise,
And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold, [Gold.
With Gems, and Purple Vests, and Stores of plunder'd

III.

But neither boundless Wealth, nor Guards that wait
Around the Consul's honour'd Gate,

Nor Anti-chambers with Attendants fill'd,
The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate,
Or baniſh ſullen Cares that fly
Acroſs the gilded Rooms of State,
And their foul Neſts, like Swallows, build [Sky.
Cloſe to the Palace-Roofs, and Tow'rs that pierce the
Much leſs will Nature's modeſt Wants ſupply;
And happier lives the homely Swain,
Who, in ſome Cottage, far from Noiſe
His few Paternal Goods enjoys,
Nor knows the ſordid Luſt of Gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting Pain
His hovering Sleeps deſtroys.

IV.

Vain Man! that in a narrow ſpace
At endleſs Game projects the daring Spear!
For ſhort is Life's uncertain Race;
Then why, capricious Mortal! why
Doſt thou for Happineſs repair
To diſtant Climates, and a foreign Air?
Fool! from thy ſelf thou canſt not fly,
Thy ſelf, the Source of all thy Care.
So flies the wounded Stag, provok'd with Pain,
Bounds o'er the ſpacious Downs in vain;
The feather'd Torment ſticks within his Side,
And from the ſmarting Wound a Purple Tide
Marks all his Way with Blood, and dies the graſſy Plain.

V.

But ſwifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds that thro' the Skies
Thick driving Snows and gather'd Tempeſts bear;
Purſuing Care the failing Ship out-flies,
Climbs the tall Veſſels painted Sides;
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the marching Horſemen rides,
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes
[all Places yield.

VI.

Then, since no State's compleatly blest,
Let's learn the Bitter to allay
With gentle Mirth, and wisely gay
Enjoy at least the present Day,
And leave to Fate the rest.
Nor with vain Fear of Ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed Doom.
Soon did *Achilles* quit the Stage,
The Heroe fell by sudden Death;
While *Tithon* to a tedious wasting Age
Drew his protracted Breath.
And thus, old partial Time, my Friend,
Perhaps unask'd, to worthless me
Those Hours of lengthen'd Life may lend,
Which he'll refuse to thee.

VII.

Thee shining Wealth and plenteous Joys surround,
And all thy fruitful Fields around
Unnumber'd Herds of Cattle stray.
Thy harness'd Steeds with sprightly Voice
Make neighb'ring Vales and Hills rejoice,
While smoothly thy gay Chariot flies o'er the swift [measur'd Way.
To me the Stars, with less Profusion kind,
An humble Fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful Lyrick Vein,
But a sincere contented Mind
That can the vile malignant Crowd disdain.

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## *A Thought on* DEATH.

*By Mr.* GROVE.

O *Death!* What Pow'r is thine, that distant, thus,
By Fancy seen, thou call'st up all our Fears,
And shed'st a baleful Influence on the Soul!

Mine hangs her drooping Wings, and, downward preſs'd
By foggy Damps, attempts in vain to riſe;
For ſtill in ken of an untimely Grave,
The daily Subject of the penſive Thought,
She hovers o'er, and views the ſad Receſs.
If (which is ſeldom) I converſe with Joy,
And Nature, lighten'd of her Sorrows, ſmiles,
While pleaſing Objects dance before the Sight,
A Thought of *Death* comes croſs the lovely Scene,
And blots it out at once: So have I known
The riſing Sun dart round his golden Beams,
The welcome Promiſe of a glorious Day,
When, lo! ſcarce have we felt his vital Lamp,
But ſtrait ſome ſullen Cloud hangs threat'ning o'er;
We Sicken, the Creation ſeems to Mourn,
And all things wear a deep and heavy Gloom.

---

## *A HYMN on SIGHT.*

*By the ſame Hand.*

I Bleſs my God for ev'ry Senſe,
But moſt for thee, my darling Sight,
By whom I learn t' Adore the Pow'r
That won this beauteous World from Night.

II.

When thou art not, the glorious Scene
In Darkneſs undiſtinguiſh'd lyes,
Heav'n, Earth, and Seas are all in vain,
Nor can their Wonders move Surprize.

III.

Ev'n Light, of all material Things
Beſt Emblem of the Deity,
Spreads to the Blind unheeded Charms,
For why? 'Twas made alone for thee.

IV.

Thou awful Fears, and Thoughts sublime,
Dost to the ravish'd Mind convey,
Of Him, who rais'd this ample Frame,
And o'er the whole extends His Sway.

V.

With Pleasure now I travel o'er
Heav'n's vast Extent; amaz'd to see
Numberless Worlds in order roll
With rapid Motion thro' the Sky.

VI.

Infinite Pow'r, and equal Skill
In all thy Works, O Lord, I view;
Thy Breath first kindled up these Fires,
And thou their Wastes dost still renew.

VII.

The Sun's bright Orb thy Glory fills,
The nightly Moon reflects the same,
And all the starry Globes diffuse,
With their own Light, their Maker's Name.

VIII.

But ah! how soon my Light is lost,
Hopeless to reach the Bounds of Place!
Yet where that fails, by Fancy's Aid,
Remoter Regions I can trace.

IX.

'Till, got within the Verge of Stars,
Earth's little Ball escapes my ken;
The more I wonder thy Delight,
O God, is with the Sons of Men.

---

## *Of a Lady at the* OPERA; *dress't in White.*

SO would descending Angels charm the Sight;
With Form all Spotless, and with Dress all White;

Thus Imitating her, they'd dart ſuch Rays
Would dazzle all our Eyes, and baffle all our Praiſe.
Such Virgins ſeem for Sacrifice deſign'd;
Here too a certain Sacrifice we find;
But, faireſt Nymph, you change the Courſe of Fate,
No Victim are you made, the Victim you create.
Such pure Attire unbody'd Viſions wear,
Can what reſembles you, be ſaid to ſcare?
You raviſh, not affright, our Souls away,
So pleaſingly they fly, we ſcarce can wiſh their ſtay.
Such Gaib attribute we to perfect Fame,
Conſummate Maid! you well become the ſame:
Ador'd by all, you reign by all avow'd
A Sun without a Stain, a Sky without a Cloud.
Such lovely White on lucky Days appears,
May this bright Mark diſtinguiſh all your Years;
Thus of a Piece throughout, your Face, your Mind,
Your ev'ry Hour ſerene, and ev'ry Bleſſing join'd.
Such Innocence did Nature's Bloom adorn,
Nature, where-e'er you come, again looks born;
Her firſt untainted Sweets are ſet to view,
And all her killing Softneſs lives in wond'rous you.
Gods! How we rioted at Eye and Ear,
Thus to ſee Harmony, as well as hear!
O the Tranſporting Bliſs! ſo Fine! ſo Vaſt!
It cuts Deſcription ſhort, and gives of Heav'n a Taſte.

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## *The* CELEBRATED BEAUTIES.

### *A Poem, occaſioned upon being ſuſpected of writing* The Britiſh Court.

WHY with ſuch Freedom ſhould the Town accuſe,
And charge abſurd *Encomiums* on my Muſe?
Celeſtial Objects by themſelves I place,
Nor with a *C--de* a *F--rr--ſt--r* diſgrace;

That Disproportion'd *Piece* offends the View,
No Feign'd Perfection should attend the True.
Whene'er my Voice attempts the *British* Fair,
I sing the Worthy, but th' Unworthy spare;
Respect, when Merit fails, in Silence lies,
Praise undeserv'd is Scandal in Disguise.
What mod'rate Tongue would vulgar Things rehearse,
Where Crowds of wondrous Nymphs invite the Verse?
Charmers in Millions grace this happy Sphere,
And ev'ry View presents a Conqu'ror here.
Who to mean Subjects can debase his Quill,
And waste his scanty Stock of Art so ill,
Looks like the Fop that courts a paltry Dame,
While faultless Maids contend to meet his Flame.
Poets should still Autumnal Forms omit,
*Forty* gives small Encouragement to Wit;
The *Genius* flags beneath so stale a Theam,
And spritely Fancy sinks to heavy phlegm,
When those declining Years our Strains require,
And Compliment supplies pretended Fire;
Some little Virtue may perhaps be found,
But Beauty's an intolerable Sound:
To Youth alone that Heav'nly Grace belongs,
None but the Young are Fair, and truly worthy Songs.
Ye Female Glories, which exalt our Isle,
Vouchsafe th' auspicious Influence of your Smile;
To you I call, to you, ye matchless Lights,
Inspire my Numbers, and improve my Flights;
Lest I depress your Fame with languid Lines,
And pay unhallow'd Vows at sacred Shrines.
Would you, ye Pow'rs, but look serenely down,
I'd soar aloft, and blazon your Renown;
Then something so Divine might raise my Voice,
And make me scarce inferiour to my Choice,
What Ancient Story tells, the World should scorn,
And ev'ry Goddess deem in glorious *Britain* born.
Begin, my Muse, begin with *M--rlb---gh*'s Race,
When Valour's Sung, the Father claims the Place;

And sure, when Beauty's Pow'r employs our Flight,
The shining Daughters challenge foremost Right.
A *S--nd--rl--nd* the coldest Writer warms,
So turn'd for Conquest, so compleat in Charms,
There seems Detraction in our highest Praise,
She leaves the Muse behind, and mocks our distant Lays.
Not thus *Minerva*, tho' a Goddess, shone.
O! had her Eyes such dazling Lustre thrown,
Thence the bold Artist had inform'd his Clay,
Nor sought another Sun, nor fall'n a Vulture's Prey.
Could Nature's self her own first Form express,
She'd charm the World in bright *M-nth-rm-r*'s Dress;
Gods! what engaging Bloom sits smiling there!
How languishingly sweet her ev'ry Air!
Her Shape, her Gesture, all the Nymph, subdues,
We look our Souls away, and Fate with Transport chuse.
Had Love's fair Goddess been so strong in Charms,
Rash *Diomede* had dropt his vent'rous Arms;
No shameful Victory the *Greek* had won,
But thousand Wounds receiv'd, instead of giving one.
Splendor and Softness in *Br-dgw-t-r* meet,
There Mild appears an Attribute with Great;
Such humble Sweetness gives a dawn of Joy,
She seems, like Heav'n, unwilling to destroy.
Who would not serve, where such a Victor reigns?
What Freedom equal to such gentle Chains?
But soon, too soon, mistaken Mortals know,
Th' Imagin'd Bliss concludes in Real Woe.
So from soft Breezes of the Southern Wind,
Uncumber'd Sweets we fondly hope to find;
But soon, alas! succeeds immod'rate Rain,
And sadly renders all the promis'd Pleasure vain.
*G--d--lph--n*'s form'd among the first to shine,
That other Conqu'ror of the conqu'ring Line;
Nor Pride her Mien, nor Art her Aspect knows,
Her full Renown from single Nature flows;
Rich in unpractis'd Charms, she scatters Chains,
And shunning Empire, certain Empire gains;

Neglectful, yet secure, with Arrows plays,
Unmeaning, throws, and undesiring, slays;
She stoops to make no Prize her little Aim,
But emulates her Sire, and conquers but for Fame.
*B--lt--n*'s Majestick Form invades the Sight
With awful Wonder, and sublime Delight;
Here Diff'ring Deities conspire our Fate,
*Venus* with *Juno*, Sweetness dwells with State;
High Pines are Emblems of her graceful Size,
And bending Osiers shew her humble Guise.
Disease sollicits her with impious Care,
And too, too fast her precious Spirits wear,
Not thus her Charms: Ev'n yielding, How she reigns,
And conquers others, while her self's in Chains!
Great, yet Oppress't! Were Virtue's Image seen,
Virtue could look but equally Serene;
In Pain she proves the prowess of her Mind,
And only, when she dies, deceives Mankind.
Forbid it, Heav'n! that Fate should ever close
Such All-commanding Eyes, and plunge the World in Woes.

To *S--ym--r*, daring Muse, thy Numbers raise;
Muse, thy best Numbers flag beneath her Praise:
Lo! sweetest Youth, disclaiming artful Care,
Sports in her Face, and revels in her Air;
Briskness and Innocence their Pow'rs unite,
And next her spotless Mind, her Skin is White.
When radiant Blushes to her Cheeks repair,
(Such lovely Stains become the brightest Fair,)
Gods! How That Paint of Nature tempts our Eyes!
How Earth's *Aurora* far transcends the Skies!
But her high Merit checks the bold Delight,
We tremble at the Soul, yet riot at the Sight.
When *T--ft--n* was created, Nature took
Such Care to furnish out a conqu'ring Look,
Who did not think her Hoard of Lustre spent,
And Eyes design'd hereafter Innocent?
Nor was she less Extravagant in Bloom, [Loom.
As if she meant no future Charms, and beggar'd all her

For beauteous *Helen Troy* in Fires was seen,
The World was sacrific'd to *Ægypt*'s Queen;
Behold in *Af-b-nh-m* a Brighter Dame,
But Virtue stifles such Destructive Flame.
Heav'ns! were she free from *Hymen*'s envy'd Chains,
Who would not rage with *Cupid*'s fiercest Pains?
Marriage suspends our Transports, for who dare
Burn, now Hope's fled, and tempt extream Despair?
Th' Illustrious Ancients were by halves Divine,
The Face and Mind did ne'er together shine:
Here all Accomplishments are fully shown,
And ev'ry Goddess is compriz'd in One;
So Fair; yet Fairness seems her smallest Praise,
Her Soul's profuse of Light, and darts immortal Rays.
*P--rp--nt*'s in all the Pomp of Youth array'd,
Charming as Winter's Shine, or Summer's Shade;
Fair as descending Snow, or mounting Light,
Born to shame Fancy, and enslave at Sight:
What's all our boasted Freedom, when we gaze?
*Britain*'s distinguish'd Blessing flies, and Man in
Chains obeys.

The graceful Movement of the Wife of *Jove*,
Th' enchanting Aspect of the Queen of Love,
*Minerva*'s Skill, and Excellence in Arts,
*Apollo*'s Rays, and *Cupid*'s piercing Darts,
Bright *Hebe*'s Youth, and chaste *Diana*'s Mind,
Softness and Sweetness of the *Ch--rch--l* Kind,
All blended in one perfect Piece, would shew
*Pr--by*'s consummate Image to the ravish'd View.
If breathing Flow'rs such pleasing Sweets dispense,
If Light has Charms, and so allures the Sense,
If Musick's Strains have that persuasive Art,
O lovely *V--gh'n*! How form'd to strike the Heart!
Such a Complexion foils the Pride of *May*,
Such Looks add Splendor to the brightest Day,
Such tuneful Speech affords so moving Sounds,
We fancy Crowns in Chains, and taste Delight in
Wounds.

*C--ll--r*'s a Subject dear to *British* Lays,
Her Shape, her ev'ry Feature's wrought for Praise;
What humid Pearls of Sorrow seem to rise,
As if she wept the Ravage of her Eyes?
Still, still we Bleed, and no Relief is gain'd,
Her killing Beauty's true, her saving Pity feign'd.

Thy Rhimes, oh Muse, with young *Louisa* grace,
That growing Wonder of the *Br--den--ll* Race;
Ev'n now her Charms disclose a pleasing Bloom,
But promise Riper Sweetness yet to come;
Nature, for all her vast Indulgence, fears
T' entrust Perfection to those tender Years,
But shortly will her choicest Stores display,
And give to such a Morn an answerable Day.
What mighty Glories shall this Fair adorn,
Ally'd to *Myra*, and of *R--chm--nd* born?
*Myra* so Bright to kindle *Gr--nv--le*'s Fire,
How did she shine, that could such Warmth inspire!
*R--chm--nd* so great to give that Title Fame, [came.
And more than equal her from whom our Toasting

To *R--yn--lds*, Muse, that Mass of Beauty, rise,
Her Mien how charming, and how bright her Eyes!
From op'ning East less glorious Lustre breaks;
How Nature's curious Pencil paints her Cheeks!
The Loves, mistaking her for *Venus*, throng,
And feasted thus, continue in the wrong.
Seems she not more than Numbers can express? [less?
Seems not ev'n Thought afraid to make such Wonders
Men may with Justice Nature's dealing blame,
And charge their Parent with a partial Aim;
Who too, too lavish to her Female Race,
Bestows fresh Gifts, and springs new Mines of Grace;
But ah! to them so sparing, daigns to raise
No hidden Stores of Wit to give proportion'd Praise.

*F--rm--r*'s a Pattern for the Beauteous Kind,
Compos'd to please, and ev'ry way refin'd;
Obliging with Reserve, and humbly Great,
Tho' Gay, yet Modest, tho' Sublime, yet Sweet;

Fair without Art, and graceful without Pride,
By Merit and Descent to deathless Fame ally'd.
Seek not the *Venus* Star that gilds the Skies,
Two brighter Stars are found in *W--lp--le*'s Eyes;
Desire not Nature's Wealth in Fields display'd,
Far nobler Stores enrich the blooming Maid;
Rack not your Thought to paint what's sweetly Rare,
Look but on *W--lp--le*'s Form, 'tis all Familiar there.
Thee, *Ch--tw--nd*, all that see thee, strive to praise,
And with insatiate Longings still must gaze;
Fresh springing Glories ev'ry Moment rise,
And in new Raptures hurl us to the Skies.
O! could I reach a Harmony in Sound,
Like the fam'd Sweetness in her Aspect found,
To yon bright Sphere I'd raise the glitt'ring Dame,
And with due Numbers shake the Pattern of her Frame.
Thrice glorious *N--w--ngt--n!* How justly great!
No Charms are absent, and each Charm's compleat;
All that have Eyes, thy Beauties must confess,
All that have Tongues, those Beauties would express;
They would---But oh! the Language scants the Will,
Nature's too strong for Art, and baffles utmost Skill.
Born for Command, yet mov'd from publick View,
As cloy'd with Pow'r, and weary to subdue;
To silent Shades I see the Victor run,
And rest beneath the Myrtles which she won;
Envy presumes not to disturb her there,
Envy, wherewith th' Unhandsom teize the Fair.
Her shining Look exalts the gazing Swain,
But oh! within he feels consuming Pain.
So sparkling Flames raise Water to a Smile,
Yet the pleas'd Liquor pines, and lessens all the while.
Where charming *H--le* appears, she treads on Spoils,
Our Sex are Vassals, and her own are Foils;
Such a peculiar Elegance of Face!
So many Sweetnesses! such lively Grace!
Oh that becoming Negligence of Air!
There's something Curious in her want of Care.

Here Love may with Inconſtancy agree,
For One's Variety, One ſuch as ſhe.
Captivity, ſo caus'd, we proudly bleſs,
Are zealous to be Slaves, nor wiſh our Fetters leſs.
Attractive *Sq--re* with endleſs Pleaſure's ſeen,
Oh trifling Grandeur of the *Cyprian* Queen!
Only three Graces form'd her higheſt State,
But thouſand Graces on this *Venus* wait.
Impoſſible for Eyes to take their fill!
There's ſomething eminently winning ſtill;
A Novelty of Charms ſalutes the Sight,
More ſweet than Bloſſoms, and more gay than Light;
Two pow'rful Paſſions. when we gaze, we prove,
Joy revels in our Looks, and in our Boſoms Love.
Well *L--ngt--n*'s Name becomes the Radiant Liſt,
Who can her Praiſe refuſe, her Pow'r reſiſt?
Was ever Nymph thus exquiſitely wrought?
Seems ſhe not almoſt Lovely to a Fault?
At once ſo many crowding Wonders preſs,
Ev'n more ſhe'd Charm us, if ſhe charm'd us leſs;
Have you not ſeen, on *Anna*'s pompous Day,
A thouſand Objects all profuſely Gay?
Such Numbers only not oppreſs'd the Sight,
Yet leſs Variety gives full Delight.
See! ſee! Th' alternate Glories of the Skies
Blend in her Form, and all at once ſurprize;
Her roſie Cheek the bluſh of Morning ſhows,
Her dazling Eyes the mid-day Sun diſcloſe;
Her Air reſembles well the Milky Way, [play.
There Stars unnumber'd ſhine, here Loves unnumber'd
O! why did Heav'n, which thus adorn'd the Fair,
And made the Workmanſhip ſo much its Care,
Not with ſoft Pity temper all the reſt,
And place this kind Reliever in her Breaſt?
Still poor *Camelions*, we, muſt live on *Air*, [Fare.
She thinks a Look too much---the Lover's ſmalleſt
There's no way to be ſafe from *H--tl--y*'s Darts,
Nor Light nor Darkneſs can ſecure our Hearts;

Both Eyes and Ears are Traitors to Repose,
Looking, or list'ning, ends in am'rous Woes;
Gods! when we see, we're vanquish'd by her View,
And while we hear, her melting Notes subdue.
Muse, sing the Nymph that's so compos'd for Fame,
Make Heav'n and Earth acquainted with her Name;
Thy self, oh Nymph, to teach the Muse incline,
For there's no perfect Melody but thine;
Then she might haply boast a warbling Air, [Fair.
And form her Song as Sweet, as Nature form'd thee
Reach distant *M--ndy*, Muse, with sounding Strains,
Th' excelling Maid that wastes her Time in Plains;
Bid her appear, and bless the longing Sight,
Retirement's wrong for Youth, for Age 'tis right;
Say, that her Presence to the World is due,
Aspects so Brillant are ordain'd for View.
The Sun, whose Glory's but to match her Eyes,
Flashes diffusive Beams, and brightens all the Skies.
Certain as Fate, and swift as feather'd Darts,
Oh *W--ll--ms--n*! Thy Arrows pierce our Hearts;
Once with an equal right to Glory shin'd
A signal Charmer of thy own bright Kind;
Once----But remorseless Death too quickly seiz'd
This finish'd Object, that so vastly pleas'd;
No Respite from Concern our Souls could find,
Did she not leave thee here, a Wonder still behind.
Like Banks adorn'd with Nature's flow'ry Train,
*Alst--n*'s sweet Look delights th' admiring Swain,
Pleas'd, not content, he lets his Wishes rise,
And would regale more Senses than his Eyes,
But hid in Bloom, that Serpent, Scorn, destroys
The Lover's fondest Hopes, and poisons all his Joys.
The *D--shw--ds* are a Family of Charms,
Each Nymph's appointed with resistless Arms,
So soft, so sweet, so artless, and so young,
Pride of the Sight, and Pleasure of the Tongue.
Dearly we pay for such immoderate Light,
Beauty's, like Love, severely Exquisite;

Our Souls are wound to that exceſſive Height,
We ſuffer, not enjoy, the vaſt Delight.
Nor leſs renown'd in Charms the *H--rv--y*s ſtand,
How fair they ſeem! How faſhion'd for Command!
Each of herſelf might ſingly challenge Praiſe,
One were a tempting Task for endleſs Lays,
Did not another, and another ſhine
Splendid alike, and equally Divine,
As if Imperial Beauty meant no more
To reign at large, and ſpread her mighty Pow'r,
But with unequal Favour would confine
Her num'rous Treaſures to that darling Line.
Can *Sm--th* unnoted paſs, ſo fram'd for Praiſe?
Ev'n *Britain*'s Court grows brighter with her Rays.
Oh lovely Conflict of her varying Hue!
Lilly and Roſe by grateful turns ſubdue.
Promiſcuous Charms our raviſh'd Senſes greet,
Here *April*'s Bloom, and *Auguſt*'s Ripeneſs meet;
Delights, which ſeem but to ſalute the Year,
Eternally reſide, and flouriſh here;
Who can expreſs which Seaſon chears him moſt?
How gay the Minutes fly, when ſhe's the Toaſt!
Bright as the Stone, with which the Glaſs we wound,
Inſpiring as the Juice, with which the Glaſs is crown'd.
Oh *W--lk--nſ--n!* who can of Beauty Sing,
And not an Off'ring to thy Altar bring?
Who can deſcribe the Young, the Sweet, the Fair,
And not thy Charms, thy wond'rous Charms, declare?
Unſully'd Luſtre dwells upon thy Face,
Nor Eye can find a Stain, nor Fancy mend a Grace.
One Pleaſure more, indulgent Muſe, afford,
Pleaſure ſupream, when *F--rr--ſt--r*'s the Word!
Deſert ſo vaſt commands thy utmoſt Lays,
And ſure 'tis almoſt Impious not to praiſe;
Praiſe dare I call it? When each boldeſt Line
Shows like weak Twilight to Meridian Shine.
Lo! Mien, Complexion, Features, Voice, conſpire,
Perfection's Brands, to ſet the World on Fire;

Oh she's all Wonders! Heav'n's whole Excellence
Meets in her Frame, and fills our ev'ry Sense;
That Grace, which most ennobles, who can name,
Where all's divinely great, entitled all to Fame?
As well the Man, who travels all the Day
Scorch'd with the Sun, might tell the fiercest Ray,
He knows the lucid Author of his Flames, [Beams.
But with his parching Heat alike he charges all the
Ye num'rous Charmers, who remain unsung,
Forgive th' unequal Tribute of my Tongue,
Not that your Conquests fail, my Strains expire,
I own your Pow'rs, and feel a silent Fire,
No more my present Raptures can pursue, [you.
But when my Muse takes breath, I'll soar, and sing of

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## *On the Countess of* B--wt--r's *Recovery.*

THE Gods at first, in Pity to our Race,
Grieving to view the Triumphs of her Face,
And num'rous Throngs of hapless Lovers slain
By the mix'd Darts of Beauty and Disdain,
Gave Sickness leave t' invade the brightest Throne,
To nought before, but Loves and Graces, known,
*Br--wt--r*'s Frame: Yet on maturer Thought,
Finding meer Mortals easie to be wrought,
But such a Workmanship of Nature, lost,
Too hard to be retriev'd with all their Cost,
Greatly resolv'd to baffle proud Disease,
And save *Br--wt--r*, tho' the World should cease.
She lives, she lives----Oh gloriously decreed!
We Victims either way were doom'd to Bleed,
For ev'n her Fall had brought us no Relief,
We'd chang'd our Passion, and had dy'd for Grief.

## PRISCA's *Advice to* NOVINDA.

TRuſt not falſe Man, th' experienc'd *Priſca* cries,
Think on my Fate, and oh! be timely wiſe.
Bright as you are, I ſhin'd with equal Rays,
And ev'ry Tongue ſeem'd buſie in my Praiſe.
Vaſſals in Crowds attended where I came,
Swore Chains and Darts, and talk'd me into Fame.
Too much I liſten'd, and my Sex confeſt,
Proud to be ſeen, and pleas'd to be addreſt.
The Things grew vain, and leſſen'd their Reſpect,
Frequent Appearance ends in cold Neglect.
Early, yet late, I find the dear-bought Truth,
Wither in Bloſſom, and decay in Youth.
My Preſence now at beſt but Pity draws,
And Men already point and ſay---She was.
How quickly chang'd! I ſee without a Train
The dear, dear Play-houſe where I us'd to Reign;
No more the falſe proteſting Creatures come
From my once pow'rful Look to fetch their Doom;
No more they Start at Tragick Scenes, and cry,
Ye Gods! If *Priſca* ſmiles not, oh! we dye.
None ſeek me in the Mall, nor finding, burn,
And call out to their Fellows, t'other Turn.
No Spark regards my Motions in the Ring,
Nor miſſing me, grows ſad, and pulls his String.
At *Indian* Houſes now I'm forc'd to pay,
Elſe bring, alas! no Fav'rite Toys away.
All Marts of Love to me are fruitleſs now,
I hardly get the Trifle of a Bow;
In vain I Sparkle, Dreſs, and Ogle too,
And ſcarce a Country Squire vouchſafes to Woo.
Let this Example teach you to beware,
Too well I prove, 'tis dang'rous to be Fair;
Short are the Triumphs of the Face alone,
Where Conduct fails, how tott'ring is the Throne?

Without this Virtue, Woman's weakly crown'd,
Our Minds fix Government, our Eyes but found.
Believe me, Nymph, so read in Beauty's Bane,
Observe these Precepts, and confirm your Reign.
Let strict Discretion all your Steps attend,
A seeming Tyrant, but a real Friend;
Be sure to Rule with necessary Care,
Nor trust your Empire to a faithless Air;
Shun the soft tempting Baits of publick View,
And Smile not on each Fop that flatters you;
Glow not with Rapture, when my Lord gets near,
And whispers sugar'd Speeches in your Ear,
Take not his Tickets still, lest Fame should say,
You, *Indian*-like, for Baubles, Gems repay;
All Ranks with due Reserve be sure to treat,
All mean our Ruin, and conspire Deceit;
Should one present his Heart, whom you approve,
Employ the Priest, before you seem to Love;
Those faintly burn, that see us prone to please,
Men naturally slight what comes with Ease.
Look without Art, nor labour to enslave;
In this the Beauteous differ from the Brave;
Pow'r, when *We* follow, like a Shadow, flies,
But *They* by firm pursuing gain the Prize.

## NOVINDA's *Answer to* PRISCA.

WHEN Gen'rous *Prisca*'s early Counsel came,
I frown'd to read, and scarce forbore to blame,
Construe'd it rude Impertinence at best,
And kept with Pain the Woman in my Breast;
Now conscious of my Error, pay this Mite,
And with a frank Confession greet your Sight;
No Bays by this Attempt I hope to win,
Write without Art, and without Form begin;
Know then, and Pardon, when you find the Truth,
A Fault I own, but 'twas a Fault of Youth.

Once

Once how Ambition charm'd my easie Age,
And publick Places did my Soul engage!
Oh! 'twas so Fine to have a num'rous Train
Watching my Glance, and crying up my Reign,
Swearing, She's Wond'rous, Gods! we're all undone,
Her Sex resembles Tapers by the Sun,
The Sons of *Mars* dissolv'd in am'rous Fire,
Ev'n garter'd Heroes glow'd with soft Desire;
'Squires, Knights, and Lords still justled to appear,
And wore my Chains, or seem'd at least to wear;
I deem'd my Pow'r proportion'd to my Will,
Nor knew I Pleasure, but to Look and Kill.
Then Pride, that nat'ral Frailty of our Kind,
Presented Titles to my flatter'd Mind,
Her Grace, at least my Lady, touch'd my Ear,
And Pages did my Train in Fancy bear.
How could I less expect from so much Praise?
Who could think All but an imagin'd Blaze?
Strange sort of Lovers, that pretend to Burn,
Yet proudly Sigh, and ask for no Return!
Mere Toasting can asswage such Triflers Flame,
Their Passion's almost fated with the Name.
Had one spoke Marriage, I'd not us'd him ill,
'Twas all Romance, and I'm *Novinda* still;
Amidst whole Numbers, not a Husband's found,
How many Deaths are fancy'd in that Sound!
Happy the Nymphs that chuse the honest Shade,
Where Truth resides, and Courtship's not a Trade,
Where gracious Fate bestows a faithful Swain
Who knows to Love, and knows not how to feign,
Bear me, kind Pow'rs! to some serene Retreat,
There let me live, not wishing to be Great,
Far from this dear, deceitful, damning Place,
Where all is led by Int'rest, Love's Disgrace.
Convinc'd by you, I fly from vain Renown,
And leave the false Endearments of the Town;
My Bloom, my Fame are hopeless to prevail,
Who can succeed where *Prisca*'s self did fail?

Howe'er one Thought delights me, that I go
While Glory's Seaſon laſts, and Honours flow;
Yet diſmal Pity wants Pretence to riſe,
Yet none enjoy the Pleaſure to Deſpiſe.
Oh! why ſhould Men complain of Female Charms,
And count their Sex expos'd to greateſt Harms?
Our ſelves are leaſt ſecure, when form'd ſo fair,
And Beauty's to the Owner moſt a Snare.
The Sun and Beauty gild the World with Rays,
Both find no Recompence but barren Praiſe;
Nay, both muſt oft Retire, if Mortals prize,
Ev'n Light offends, ſtill flaſhing in their Eyes.

## *Of a* DWARF *Courting a Bright* LADY.

GIants, that durſt invade the Sky,
By wrathful Pow'rs were doom'd to Die;
Shall better Fate This Pigmy ſhare,
Who dares attempt a Heav'nly Fair?
They took a leſs ſurprizing Flight,
For tow'ring Boldneſs ſuits with Height;
But, when a Dwarf would ſtrangely Riſe,
What wretched Figure mocks our Eyes?
Correct His Raſhneſs, Nymph Divine,
You want not Light'ning, that ſo ſhine;
Strike this abſurd Aſſailant Dead,
And make the Grave his Bridal Bed.
The lofty Tree to Heav'n aſpires;
And who can blame his Bold Deſires?
'Tis for that End he ſeems ſo grown,
And therefore's wonder'd at by none.
But, if ſome humble Shrub would ſoar,
Meant for the Ground, and nothing more,
All this pretending Folly chide,
And laugh at its prepoſt'rous Pride.

## *To the* QUEEN; *upon the Death of His Royal Highneſs.*

WHilſt Tears o'erflow the Royal Widow's Bed,
And gloomy Sadneſs veils her ſacred Head;
Each Breaſt doth Sympathetick Anguiſh feel,
Our conſcious Looks our inward Pains reveal.
O! cou'd our Sorrows but give yours Relief,
O! that our Troubles could aſſwage your Grief,
The pious Nation ſhould indulge her Woe,
And pub.ick Tears ſhould to a Deluge flow:
But ſince we cannot Cure our Queen's Diſtreſs,
Accept that Wiſh which ſtrives to make it leſs.
When from the Fondneſs of Your ſoft Embrace,
To the bright Regions of th' Angelick Race,
The Much-lov'd Prince was order'd to remove,
And quit your Breaſt, that Paradiſe of Love;
Death, that directed the unerring Dart,
Knew well he pierc'd you in the tend'reſt Part;
But Heav'n decreed it with a wiſe Deſign,
To make your Virtues yet more glorious ſhine.
Such are *Jove*'s ſecret and myſterious Ways,
When he to Glory will his Fav'rites raiſe.
Conqueſts o'er Paſſion; nobler Laurels yield,
Than all the Triumphs of the beſt-fought Field;
You to the Prince muſt give the Tribute due;
We beg no more, than that theſe Tears be few;
Much to his Mem'ry, we confeſs, you owe,
Yet ſome Compaſſion to your People ſhow;
Let the juſt Motive of your Subjects good,
Suppreſs the Torrent of the riſing Flood;
Our Safety, Madam, muſt depend on yours,
And the Queen's Life, the World's Repoſe ſecures.

## *To the Right Honourable the Lord* VILLIERS, *on his taking his Master of Arts Degree at* Cambridge, *in the Year* 1700.

By Mr. *William Worts* of *Cambridge.*

A Midst the Joy that flows from ev'ry Tongue,
Accept, my Lord, the Muse's humble Song:
Now you all Arts and Sciences defend;
The Sons of *Phœbus* will your Train attend,
Who on the Smiles of Greatness must depend;
It is the Portion of their glorious Fate,
To praise the Good, and eternize the Great:
Their Fame must die without the Poet's Aid:
And Poets cannot live without their Bread:
Your noble Birth and Virtues both can give,
To make the Poet, and the Poem live.
Happy that Pen! whose darling Wit can trace,
The manly Vigour of your lovely Face,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace;
That can distinguish both the Great and Good,
From the coarse Figure of the vulgar Crowd:
So look'd the feign'd *Iülus*, so he charm'd,
When ev'ry Feature was by *Cupid* form'd;
And all the God *Eliza*'s Bosom warm'd.
But O!
What Pen can write the Beauties of your Mind,
Which Heav'n, with all its nicest Care, refin'd;
'Tis from those Wonders in your dawning Bloom;
We all expect the glorious Man to come:
The sprightly Youth, and early Wit, will end
In the wise Patriot, his Country's Friend:
In the succeeding *William*'s Reign you'll stand,
The *Jersey* and *Mæcenas* of our Land.

## *To a Witty and Genteel Lady.*

*By the same Hand.*

LET gawdy *Phyllis* charm the cringing Fools,
With due Proportion turn'd by strictest Rules;
With a Complexion, like the Lillies Fair,
Whose Red may with the blushing Rose compare:
Those dying Charms were with the Body born,
And when that Moulders, they will prove our Scorn;
Old Age or Sickness will her Bloom deface,
Soil her Complexion, and disarm each Grace.
If there be One, ye Gods! whom you ordain
I must obey, and she Superior reign;
Let her, like brave *Camilla*, be design'd,
The noblest Pattern of a Godlike Mind;
Let her bright Soul subdue me from within,
Shine in her Sense, and sparkle in her Mien:
Those Heav'nly Charms they never can decay,
Age may improve 'em, and confirm their Sway,

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## *Presenting* A Father's Advice to his Daughter.

*By the same Hand.*

GO, happy Book! and let *Mirtilla* see
Her own bright Character describ'd in thee:
No Feature's wanting; for in her you'll meet
The Daughter's Beauty, with the Father's Wit:
Thy Precepts drawn thro' ev'ry Part of Life,
The modest Virgin, and the prudent Wife:
O! may her Virtues equal Fortune find!
And Goodness be with happy Greatness join'd;
May she want nothing that the Gods can give,
But still as Charming, and much Happier live.

## *Written in the Blank Leaf of a Lady's* PRIOR.

*By the same Hand.*

COu'd but my Words my real Passion show,
And, in soft Verse, like *Prior*'s Numbers, flow;
Cou'd I, so fortunately point my Sense,
To wound like *Dorset*, yet not give Offence;
Then, in this Page, shou'd *Galatea* read
My faithful Love, and how I daily bleed:
Each sawcy Rival should with Blushes see,
His fond impertinence expos'd by me:
But Rough and Heavy must my Verse appear,
When *Prior*'s noble Genius shines so near;
So droop the Nymphs, when *Galatea*'s Eyes,
In the fair Ring, with brighter Glory rise.

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## *On Her* MAJESTY'*s Grant of* Woodstock Park, *&c. to his Grace the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH, 1704.

In a Letter to Signior *Antonio Verrio* at *Hampton Court.*

REnown'd in Arms, when mighty *Heroes* rise,
Th' Immortal *Muse* in lasting Numbers tries,
To future Ages to transmit their Fame,
And give 'em after Death a living Name.
The *Fields of Bliss* below, the shady Grove,
Were the Reward of all their Toils above;
The *Mantuan Swain* has fill'd the solemn Place,
With the wreath'd Worthies of his *Roman Race.*
While greater *Marlborough* disdains to wait,
Mature for Fame, the slow approach of Fate:

But Reaps that glorious Harveſt whilſt he lives,
Which Time to all his ancient Heroes gives.
*Elyſian* Shades ſhall now no more be ſought,
The Gay Creation of the *Poets* Thought;
The *Royal Gift* diſplays a nobler View,
No feign'd *Elyſium* can exceed the true.
*Woodſtock* her lov'd *Plantagenet* no more
Laments, when *Marlb'rough* ſhall her State reſtore;
She for whom *Chaucer*'s tuneful Lyre was ſtrung,
And *Wilmot*'s Muſe in ſofter Tranſport ſung,
From lonely *Bowers* her lofty Head ſhall rear,
And chearful, like her conqu'ring *Lord*, appear.
Thro' her cool Glades on ev'ry verdant Plain,
Eternal Plenty, Peace, and Pleaſure Reign:
High on her Walls, *Imperial Eagles* tell,
By bolder Hands how fierce *Bavarians* fell;
Here we behold, by *Verrio*'s Pencil wrought,
The num'rous Spoils from *Swabian* Conqueſts brought;
How o'er th' oppoſing *Schellenberg* he run,
Which none before but Great *Guſtavus* won.
Here, Camps aſſaulted, and a City ſtorm'd;
There, on expanded Plains the Battel form'd;
Thro' Seas of Blood the fiery Courſers fly,
And rapid Streams, and thund'ring Braſs defie;
While ecchoing Cliffs and Sylvan Heights around,
With Groans and Shouts alternately reſound.
Surrend'ring Squadrons with their *Lillies* torn,
And haughty Chiefs before his Proweſs born;
In Exile *One*, and *One* beneath his Chain,
Strive for a *Crown*, and *Liberty* in vain.
Gild his Victorious Carr, bold Artiſt, draw
*Albion* Rejoicing, and the World in awe;
Paint in full Splendor, all his Acts that claim
Triumphant Laurels and immortal Fame.
Make him *Gaul*'s glitt'ring *Flowers* in Homage yield,
To fix 'em faſter in *Britannia*'s Shield;
Let *Auſtria*'s ſacred Branch in State deſcend,
To view the Victor and applaud the Friend;

Let your great Genius on the Canvaſs ſhow,
How the ſwift *Rhine*, and how the *Danube* flow,
How Eaſtward *This*, in ſtreaming Purple ſtrays,
How *That*, his Captives to our Coaſt conveys;
How *Thus* the Trophies he at once has won,
Haſte to the Riſing and the Setting Sun.

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## EPILOGUE, *ſpoken by Mrs.* Barry, *at her Playing in* Love for Love *with Mrs.* Bracegirdle, *for the Benefit of Mr.* Betterton.

By Mr. *ROWE.*

[Shield

AS ſome brave Knight, who once with Spear and
Had fought Renown in many a well fought [Field,
But now no more with ſacred Fame inſpir'd,
Was to a Peaceful Hermitage retir'd;
There, if by Chance diſaſt'rous Tales he hears,
Of Matrons Wrongs and Captive Virgins Tears,
He feels ſoft Pity urge his gen'rous Breaſt,
And Vows once more to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd.
Buckled in Mail he ſallies on the Plain,
And turns him to the Feats of Arms again.
So we, to former Leagues of Friendſhip true,
Have bid once more our peaceful Homes adieu,
To aid old *Thomas*, and to pleaſure you.
Like errant Damſels boldly we engage,
Arm'd, as you ſee, for the defenceleſs Stage.
Time was, when this good Man no help did lack,
And ſcorn'd that any She ſhould hold his Back.
But now, ſo Age and Frailty have ordain'd,
By two at once he's forc'd to be ſuſtain'd.
You ſee, what failing Nature brings Man to,
And yet let none Inſult, for ought we know
She may not wear ſo well with ſome of you:

Tho' old, you find his Strength is not clean paſt,
But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the laſt.
If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,
Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r;
What can the youngeſt of you all do more?
What he has been, tho' preſent Praiſe be dumb,
Shall haply be a Theme in times to come,
As now we talk of *Roſcius*, and of *Rome*.
Had you with-held your Favours on this Night,
Old *Shakeſpear*'s Ghoſt had ris'n to do him Right.
With Indignation had you ſeen him frown
Upon a worthleſs, witleſs, taſteleſs Town;
Griev'd and Repining you had heard him ſay,
Why are my famous Labours caſt away?
Why did I only Write what only he could Play?
But ſince, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet,
Go on and make the gen'rous Work compleat;
Be true to Merit, and ſtill own his Cauſe,
Find ſomething for him more than bare Applauſe,
In juſt Remembrance of your Pleaſures paſt,
Be kind, and give him a Diſcharge at laſt.
In Peace and Eaſe Life's Remnant let him wear,
And hang his conſecrated Buskin here.

## *On the KING of* SPAIN.

PAllas, deſtructive to the *Trojan* Line, [Divine;
Raz'd their proud Walls, tho' built by Hands
But Love's bright Goddeſs, with propitious Grace
Preſerv'd a Heroe, and reſtor'd the Race.
Thus the fam'd Empire where the *Tyber* flows,
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* roſe.

## *A* BALLAD: *On the Victory at* AUDENARDE.

YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll Sing you a Song if I can;
How *Louis le Grand*
Was put to a Stand,
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

II.

How his Army so great
Had a total Defeat,
Not far from the River of *Dender*;
Where his Grand-Children twain,
For fear of being Slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

III.

To a Steeple on High
The Battel to Spy,
Up Mounted these clever Young Men;
And when from the Spire
They saw so much Fire
They cleverly came down again.

IV.

Then a Horse-Back they got
All upon the same Spot,
By Advice of their Cousin *Vendome*;
O Lord! cry'd out He
Unto Young *Burgundy*,
Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

V.

Just so did he say,
When without more delay
Away the Young Gentry Fled;

## *Idem* CANTICUM *Latinè Redditum.*

*O Plebs & Magnates,*
*Vos aures præbeatis,*
*Cantabo Carmen haud inane;*
*Veteris ut amici*
*Milites Ludovici,*
*Turbavit exercitus Annæ.*

II.

*Dicam ejus ut fortes*
*Vastaque Cohortes,*
*Prope Teneram victæ fuerunt;*
*Ubi gallico more,*
*Cum Competitore,*
*Nepotes se fugæ dederunt.*

III.

*Pyramidem tamen*
*Ut cernant certamen,*
*Cito scandunt tres adolescentes;*
*At citius descendunt*
*Oculos sic offendunt*
*Tot flammæ per æthra fulgentes.*

IV.

*Tum Cursores repente*
*Vindicino suadente,*
*Conscendunt, miserum, ait, oh, ni*
*Burgundi, quid statur?*
*Utinam tu & frater*
*Essetis una cum avo domi.*

V.

*Hæc illo dicente,*
*Generosa juventa*
*Alis additis sunt à timore;*

Whose Heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

VI.

Not so did behave
The Young *Hannover* Brave
In this Bloody Field I assure you;
When his War-Horse was shot
Yet He matter'd it not,
But Charg'd still on foot like a Fury.

VII.

While Death flew about,
Aloud He call'd out,
Hoh! You Chevalier of St. *George*,
If you'll neither stand
By Sea nor by Land,
Pretender, that Title you Forge.

VIII.

Thus Boldly he stood
As became that High Blood,
Which runs in his Veins so Blue;
This Gallant Young Man
Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,
Fought, as were she a Man, she wou'd do.

IX.

What a Racket was here,
(I think 'twas last Year)
For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*;
When by letting 'em Win,
We have drawn the Puts in
To Lose all they are Worth this Campaign.

X.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To *Monsieur* we Lent,
With Int'rest he soon shall Re-pay 'em;

*Nam avolat pedibus*
*Sicut Cortex levibus,*
*Licet Corde plumbo graviore.*

VI.

*Sed non instar horum*
*Medio tot periclorum*
*Hannoverus audax sese gessit;*
*Transfixo bellatore*
*Omni expers timore,*
*Pulsos pedes acriter pressit.*

VII.

*Dum Mors circumvolavit*
*Altâ voce clamavit*
*Heus! tu miles Sti. Georgi,*
*Si non audes stare*
*Nec terrâ nec mari,*
*Jus fictum ne amplius urge.*

VIII.

*Instabat cum terrore*
*Sanguinis pro splendore*
*Qui in Cæruleis venis turgescit;*
*Nam Annæ agnatus*
*Ita est præliatus*
*Ut hæc foret, modo vir esset.*

IX.

*Quas hic turbas excivit*
*(Quis credere quivit)*
*Nuperum in Hispaniâ malum;*
*Ex hoc lucro suffultos*
*Induximus stultos*
*Post omnia perdere naulum.*

X.

*Quas jam Commodavimus,*
*Cum fænore rogabimus*
*Iterum Brugas & Clarinaam;*

While *Paris* may Sing
With her Sorrowful King,
*De Profundis*, inſtead of *Te Deum*.

XI.

From their Dream of Succeſs,
They'll awaken, we Gueſs,
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough*'s Drums;
They may think if they will
Of *Almanza* ſtill,
But 'tis *Blenheim* where-ever he comes.

XII.

O *Louis* Perplex'd,
What General's next?
Thou haſt hitherto chang'd 'em in Vain:
He has Beat 'em all round,
If no New ones are found,
He ſhall Beat the Old over again.

XIII.

We'll let *Tallard* out
If he'll take t'other Bout;
And much he's Improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* Ale
At ev'ry Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

XIV.

As Loſers at Play
Their Dice throw away,
While the Winner he ſtill Wins on:
Let who will Command,
Thou hadſt better Disband,
For, Old Bully, thy Doctors are gone.

*Canet & Rex, mœrente*
*Parisiâ cum gente,*
De Profundis *in loco* Te Deum.

XI.

*Ex hoc somno Victoriæ*
*Eos tandem Mariboriæ,*
*Excitaverit sonitus tubæ;*
*De Almanza licebit*
*Cogitent, si lubebit,*
*Venit is cum Blenhemii pube.*

XII.

*Quem ducem Ludovice,*
*Mittes proximâ vice?*
*Quas hactenus frustra misisti;*
*Omnes semel superavit,*
*Iterumque profligabit,*
*Si novas nusquam reperisti.*

XIII.

*Si iterum præliabitur,*
Tallardus *cito dabitur,*
*Auxit & vires Nottinghamensis*
*Zythus, Bubulaque,*
*Salubris massulaque*
*Apposita singulis mensis.*

XIV.

*Sed ut victos ludendo*
*Cubos abjiciendo*
*Parum videas promovere;*
*Quemcunque præfeceris,*
*Consultius desiteris,*
*Pseudocubi, Vafer, periere.*

## *Design'd to be Written on* BLENHEIM-CASTLE *Gate.*

FROM *Danube*'s Banks thy two *Chief Stones* were brought;
At *Brabant*'s *Lines* thy rising *Base* was wrought:
Thy lofty *Stories* fair *Ramilia* rear'd:
The tow'ring *Height* was gain'd at *Oudenard*:
Thy *Roof* Majestick was, with Master-Skill
Compleatly *Cover'd* at the Siege of *Lisle*.
The useless *Refuse* took a cleansing *Scour*,
Along the rapid *Scheld*'s intrenched Shore.
Such *Furniture*, as *Princely* Rich and Rare is,
Thy *Lord* shall challenge at the Gates of *Paris*.
But let their molten *Mome of Triumph* stand,
And Blush, tho' Brass, at *Marlbro*'s mighty Hand:
While impious *Art* sustains the *Tyrant*'s Name,
HE's not the *Statue*, but the *Soul* of *Fame*.

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## *To Mr.* W—— *on Reading his* POEMS.

*By Mr.* JOSEPH STANDEN.

HAil Heav'n-born Muse, that with celestial Flame,
And high Seraphic Numbers, durst attempt
To gain thy native Skies.-----No common Theme
Merits thy Thought, Self-conscious of a Soul
Superior; though on Earth detain'd a while,
Like some propitious Angel, that's design'd
A Resident in this inferior Orb,
To guide the wandring Souls to heav'nly Bliss,
Thou seem'st; while Thou their everlasting Songs
Hast sung to mortal Ears, and down to Earth

Transfer'd the Work of Heav'n. With Thought sublime,
And high sonorous Words, Thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal Lyre: Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring Height stupendous, while Thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar Eyes or Thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father: As of old,
When first th' Almighty from the dark Abyss
Of everlasting Night and Silence call'd
The shining Worlds with one creating Word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heav'nly Hosts,
And with eternal Glories fill'd the Void;
Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their Golden Harps,
And with their chearful Hallelujahs bless'd
The bounteous Author of their Happiness:
From Orb to Orb th' alternate Musick rang,
And from the crystal Arches of the Sky
Reach'd our *then* glorious World, the native Seat
Of the first happy Pair, who join'd their Songs
To the loud Echoes of th' Angelic Choirs,
And fill'd with blissful Hymns terrestrial Heav'n,
The Paradise of God; where all Delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial Air,
Fann'd by mild *Zephyrs* breath'd ethereal Sweets
Forbidding Death and Sorrow; and bestow'd
Fresh heav'nly Bloom, and gay immortal Youth.
Not so, alas! the vile Apostate Race,
Who in mad Joys their brutal Hours employ'd,
Assaulting with their impious Blasphemies
The Pow'r supreme that gave 'em Life and Breath;
Incarnate Fiends! Outragious they defy'd
Th' Eternal's Thunder, and Almighty Wrath
Fearless provok'd; which all the other Devils
Would dread to meet, remembring well the Day,
When, driv'n from pure immortal Seats above,
A fiery Tempest hurl'd 'em down the Skies,
And hung upon their Rear, urging their Fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable Gulph;
Where, bound on sulph'rous Lakes to glowing Rocks

With Adamantine Chains, they wail their Woes,
And know *Jehovah* Great as well as Good;
And, fix'd for ever by eternal Fate,
With Horror find his Arm Omnipotent.
Prodigious Madneſs! That the ſacred Muſe,
Firſt taught in Heav'n to mount immortal Heights,
And trace the boundleſs Glories of the Sky,
Should now to ev'ry Idol baſely bow,
And curſe the Deity ſhe once ador'd,
Erecting Trophies to each ſordid Vice,
And celebrating the infernal Praiſe
Of haughty *Lucifer*, the deſp'rate Foe
Of God and Man; and winning ev'ry Hour
New Votaries to Hell; while all the Fiends
Hear theſe accurſed Lays, and thus out-done
Raging they try to match the human Race,
Redoubling all their helliſh Blaſphemies,
And with loud Curſes rend the gloomy Vault.
Ungrateful Mortals! Ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter Heav'n and laugh at Hell,
To dreſs up Vice in falſe deluſive Charms,
And with gay Colours paint her hideous Face,
Leading beſotted Souls thro' flowry Paths,
In gawdy Dreams, and vain fantaſtic Joys,
To diſmal Scenes of everlaſting Woe;
When the great Judge ſhall rear his awful Throne,
And raging Flames ſurround the trembling Globe;
While the loud Thunders roar from Pole to Pole,
And the laſt Trump awakes the ſleepy Dead;
And guilty Souls, to ghaſtly Bodies driv'n,
Within thoſe dire eternal Priſons ſhut,
Expect their ſad inexorable Doom.
Say now, ye Men of Wit! what Turn of Thought
Will pleaſe you then? alas! how dull and poor
(Ev'n to your ſelves) will your lewd Flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy Fate
Of Ideots! And perhaps in vain you'll wiſh
You'd been as very Fools as once ye thought

Others, for the ſublimeſt Wiſdom ſcorn'd;
When pointed Lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall ſinge your impious Laurels, and the Men
Who thought they flew ſo high, ſhall fall ſo low.
No more, my Muſe, of theſe tremendous Thoughts,
Reſume thy more delightful Theme, and ſing
Th' immortal Man that with immortal Verſe
Rivals the Hymns of Angels, and like them
Deſpiſes mortal Criticks idle Rules:
While the celeſtial Flame that warms thy Soul
Inſpires us, and with holy Tranſports moves
Our lab'ring Minds, and nobler Scenes preſents
Than all the *Pagan* Poets ever ſung,
*Homer* or *Virgil*; and far ſweeter Notes
Than *Horace* ever taught his ſounding Lyre,
And purer far; tho' *Martial*'s Self might ſeem
A modeſt Poet in our Chriſtian Days.
May theſe neglected, and forgotten lye:
No more let Men be fond of fab'lous Gods,
Nor *Heathen* Wit debauch one *Chriſtian* Line;
While with the coarſe and daubing Paint we hide
The ſhining Beauties of eternal Truth,
Who in her native Dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the Eyes of Angels.----Oh! like Thee,
Let ev'ry nobler Genius tune his Voice
To Subjects worthy of their tow'ring Thoughts.
Let *Heav'n* and *Anna* then your tuneful Art
Improve; and conſecrate your deathleſs Lays
To *Him* who Reigns above, and *Her* who Rules
below.

## *On the Duke of* MARLBOROUGH'S *Victory at* Audenard, *just after the Loss of* Ghent *and* Bruges.

By *L. Eusden*, of *Trinity-College*, *Cambridge*.

AS in a starry Night, the lonely Swain
Watching his Flock on the *Sicilian* Plain,
Upwards oft casts his Eyes; the heav'nly Fires
Around he sees, and all he sees, admires:
So I amaz'd, great Man! thy Acts survey,
And still from Glories to new Glories stray:
Lost in the sweet Variety of Light,
I find none brighter in a Train so bright;
And doubt, which first the grateful Muse should tell,
For she on each could pleas'd for ever dwell.
But hear! loud *Paans* from the *Belgick* Strand
Resound thy Triumphs, and our Thanks demand!
Thou art afresh the Burthen of each Song,
The darling Subject of the tuneful Throng.
In vain, alas! they string the sprightly Lyre;
In vain great Actions can great Thoughts inspire:
*Apollo*'s Sons, when all their Wit is shown,
Reach not thy Merit, but exalt their own.
Thus num'rous Streams into the Ocean flow,
New Honours they receive, but none bestow;
Not raise the Ocean's Height, while they Immortal grow.

Say, wond'rous Man! by what mysterious Charms
Thou bind'st th' unconstant Goddess to thy Arms!
Why thus her Love she partially displays?
Obey'd by others, Fortune thee obeys.
Fly swift, yet Conquest swifter flies before;
So flash the Light'nings, e'er the Thunders roar.
Uncommon Paths thy wary March proclaim,
But ev'ry Path with thee can lead to Fame.

No Tow'r so strong, as can create Despair;
Nor Cliffs so barren, but can Laurels bear.
Dear-gain'd Experience oft has taught the Foe
The fatal Progress of thy Arms to know:
Too well the usual Marks are understood;
A Purple dye still taints the Crystal Flood [Blood.
And ev'ry Field thou fatten'st round with *Gallick*
Here I could boundless rove; thy Virtues praise,
Sweetly bewilder'd in the various Maze:
I, *Janus*-like, could now with Pleasure trace
Of Ages past a worthy, deathless Race:
View *Greece* with all its Heroes in the Bloom,
And the long Glories of Imperial *Rome*.
But thou already hast possess'd the whole;
There is no Rival in the shining Roll:
Unless their diff'rent Graces were combin'd;
Young *Ammon*'s Soul with *Cæsar*'s Prudence join'd;
But tho' from all we cull'd the Parallel,
Yet thou in something still wou'dst all excell.
Thus when *Apelles* with nice Labour strove
Justly to draw the beauteous Queen of Love;
The flow'ry Pride of all the Land he chose,
And from a thousand wou'd his one compose.
Some sweet Embellishment in each was seen,
In this the Smile, in that the pleasing Mien.
What Art could do, the Pencil had express't;
Not yet entire the Goddess shone confess't,
But barely known, and little more than guess't.
Oh! had these Times giv'n to the Heroe Birth,
Who once was call'd Lord of the conquer'd Earth:
Thy Arms his wild Ambition had defy'd,
And wisely check'd the mighty Victor's Pride,
Like *Lewis*, he had found a lowlier State;
A greater seen, not thought himself so great:
And for more Worlds had no Complaints begun,
But wept for Grief, he could not conquer One.
Strange! to what height Ingratitude can rise?
ee! the foul Monster of Gigantick Size!

What virtuous Acts can we ſecure engage
From black Oblivion by malicious Rage?
If to this Fiend all *Blenheim*'s Honours yield,
And the won Trophies of *Ramillia*'s Field:
If ev'ry Chance with Murm'rings be ſuſtain'd;
Two Towns ſurpriz'd move more, than Countries gain'd.
Laurels in vain ſafe from ſome Dangers are;
Envy can blaſt, what *Jove*'s own Fires will ſpare.
This fatal Truth the brave *Athenian* prov'd,
Whom the wiſe *Socrates* ſo dearly lov'd:
From that rich Source with Arts divinely ſtor'd,
Early the Youth aloft to Empire ſoar'd.
Too nobly Great, and ruin'd by Succeſs;
His Merit ſtill was more, his Glory leſs.
From *Cymè* loſt, Suſpicions did begin,
Not that he could not, but he would not win.
But may green Wreaths for ever thee adorn;
Thou under more propitious Stars waſt born:
Oft may we ſee revolve ſuch happy Days;
Oft be it thine to Conquer, ours to Praiſe.
Soon then the hideous Din of War ſhall ceaſe,
And the long-weary'd *Albion* reſt in Peace.
Learning and Arts ſhall crown'd with Plenty ſmile,
And Bays with Olives twin'd, grace the fair, bliſsful Iſle.
Mean time, our Thanks, a worthleſs Gift, receive;
'Tis nothing, but 'tis all, that we can give.
Let no fantaſtick Wits thy Conduct blame,
Nor Envy blemiſh e'er thy ſpotleſs Fame.
Thee *Anna* choſe; in thee let all rejoice, [Choice.
Since by new Wonders Heav'n confirms the glorious

## *To the Reverend Dr.* BENTLEY, *on the Opening of* Trinity-*College Chappel*, Cambridge.

*By the same Hand.*

LOng have we, safe, Time's envious Fury scorn'd,
By Kings first Founded, then by Kings adorn'd;
If fainting e'er we fear'd a fatal close,
Some new *Mæcenas* with new Life arose.
Fretted by Age we still the stronger grow,
And to our Ruins all our Beauties owe.
So *Casia* roughly chaf'd the sweeter smells,
And Silver more consum'd in Brightness more excels.
Rais'd on high Columns the proud Fabrick stands,
Where *Barrow* Praise from ev'ry Tongue commands:
Where the vast Treasures of the Learn'd are shown;
No Works more Rich, more Noble, than his own.
The Muses soon the stately Seat admir'd,
And in full-Transports their glad Sons inspir'd:
Their Sons inspir'd sung loud, and all around
Echo redoubl'd back the chearful Sound;
Sweet was the Song, when Lays (if such they give)
Worthy of Cedar, shall in Cedar live. [Mind,
This sumptuous Pile shew'd the brave Founder's
But equal Labours still remain behind.
God's sacred House too long neglected lyes,
And from some other *Thrash* wants Supplies;
But none was found, 'till you resolv'd to show
How far exalted Piety could go:
From little Funds, so largely to design,
Yet to make all in full Perfection shine,
Great is the Glory, and the Glory's thine.
Of old a Joy in ev'ry Face was seen,
Flush'd by the Promise of a bounteous Queen:
She vow'd a Temple, but too soon her Breath
Vanish'd, and seal'd her pious Vows in Death.

Thus *David* drew the Scheme, but not begun;
The Dome was builded by his wiser Son.
Not so we far'd. Tho' by *Eliza* lov'd,
Her Sister's Thoughts were lost, but not disprov'd.
'Till now we Mourn'd our Fate, but Mourn no more;
Chas'd are the Mists, which dull'd the Light before.
New Golden Censers on new Altars blaze,
New Musick sounds the great Creator's Praise.
Angels again from Heav'n might list'ning stray,
Did but another sweet *Cecilia* play.
Here, long conceal'd we view the living Paint;
Admire the Picture, not adore the Saint.
There, Cherubs with stretch'd Wings deceive the Sight,
And bending forwards seem prepar'd for flight;
While Flow'rs in pleasing Folds adorn each side,
Some droop their sickly Heads, some wanton in their Pride,
Much more we see, and silent with Surprize,
Recal Times past, and scarce believe our Eyes;
How gloomy once these hallow'd Mansions were,
But now, how wondrous lovely, how divinely fair!
So quickly, where the fragrant Dust was spread,
Riseth the *Phœnix* from his spicy Bed:
Or such the Change the witty Poets feign'd,
When hoary *Æson* his young Bloom regain'd.
He but regain'd what was before his own,
While here are Beauties seen, 'till now unknown.
If it so Charms, how can we ever show [owe?
Thy matchless Worth, to whom those Charms we
Our vain Essays our Weakness may proclaim,
But not enlarge the Circle of thy Fame.
Praises from some delusive may appear;
When Foes extol, we need no Flatt'ries fear.
The stubborn Atheist a fierce Shock has felt;
Steel'd tho' he was, he now begins to Melt:
Since thus he sees all Prejudice remov'd,
Thy Acts confess the God thy Learning prov'd.

## *Part of the laſt Chorus of the Fourth Act of* Medea. *Imitated from the* Greek *of* Euripides.

*By the ſame Hand.*

FROM things conſider'd, with a ſtricter View,
And deepeſt Thought, this fatal Truth I drew:
Sure of Mankind th' unmarry'd Part is bleſt,
By Joys too much diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Suppoſe there are ('tis but ſuppoſe, I fear)
Pleaſures, which could the nuptial State endear;
Think, thou may'ſt wiſh, and ev'ry Wiſh enjoy,
A beauteous Daughter, and a blooming Boy:
Still where's the mighty Comfort of a Wife,
Or what is wanting in a ſingle Life?
Pity not ours, nor thus thy Fate admire;
The Bliſs we know not, we can ne'er deſire.
Yet this Advantage on our ſide we boaſt;
The Good is little, vaſt the Ill we loſt.
All huſh'd, and calm!-----no Griefs our Eaſe impair,
Free from the Father's many a griping Care,
Firſt, how the Child may gen'rouſly be bred,
Adorn'd with Arts, and thro' each Virtue led.
Next, how to crown him with a fair Eſtate,
And ſo, to make him happy, make him great:
Parents from Labours to new Labours run,
To hoard up Treaſures for the darling Son:
Yet know not what this darling Son will prove,
A roving Spend-thrift may reward their Love.
Not ſmall the Evils which we here behold,
But far the greateſt ſtill remain untold.
Juſt when with utmoſt Pain the drudging Sire
Has rais'd a Fortune, anſw'ring his Deſire;
Already the firſt Scene of Life is done,
Whom once he call'd his Child, he calls his Son,
The Boy forgotten, and the Man begun.

Large Promiſes and Hopes the Youth incite,
His Father's Glory, and his Friends delight:
But ſullen Clouds involve the brighteſt Day,
While all look on, to ſome Diſeaſe a Prey, [way.
The lov'd, the wondrous Youth untimely pines a-
Too well, alas! too well, ye Gods, we knew
Our Troubles many, and our Pleaſures few:
Why needed this freſh Plague be added more
To the rich, boundleſs, miſerable Store?
The Old, as cloy'd with Life, to Death belong,
But muſt it rudely ſeize the Brave, the Young?
In vain we ſtrive; the cruel Doom is read,
The Bloſſom's wither'd, and our Hopes are fled.

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## HERO *and* LEANDER: *A Poem, Tranſlated from the* Greek.

*By the ſame Hand.*

SING, Muſe, the conſcious Torch, whoſe nightly [Flame,
(The ſhining Signal of a brighter Dame,)
Thro' trackleſs Waves the bold *Leander* led,
To taſte the dang'rous Joys of *Hero*'s Bed:
Sing the ſtol'n Bliſs in gloomy Shades conceal'd,
And never to the bluſhing Morn reveal'd.
I ſee the lovely Youth triumphant ride
O'er the proud Billows of th' inſulting Tide;
And lo! a Light ſhoots glimm'ring from afar,
Of nuptial Sweets the kind-preſaging Star:
A Light! which (would propitious *Jove* encline)
In brighter Glory ſhould for ever ſhine;
And mix'd among its kindred Fires above,
Be call'd the gentle Harbinger of Love.
For ſure it did on Earth this Office bear,
And *Hymen*'s Pleaſures were its nightly Care;

Till envious Winds with boist'rous Fury rose:
But Goddess! Thou the mournful Tale discloses;
At once from high the sacred Torch was tost,
Its Flame extinguish'd, and the Lover lost.

Where *Neptune* stretcheth out an Arm, to bound
Fair *Europe*'s Confines from the *Asian* Ground,
A rising Town on either Shore commands
The distant Sea, and awes the Neighb'ring Lands;
Here the *Idalian* Boy his Sport begun,
And with one Dart a double Conquest won:
To equal Breasts an equal Flame convey'd,
The lovely'st Youth ador'd the lovely'st Maid.
He sure must never have convers'd with Fame,
Who knows not *Hero* and *Leander*'s Name:
Alike both Glories of their native Place;
*Abydos* one, and one did *Sestos* grace.

Who e'er thou art, that hither bend'st thy way,
Oh! for a while the pleasing Coast survey! [guide
This, this the Tow'r, whence the kind Light did
The swimming Lover to his *Sestian* Bride:
That the fam'd *Hellespont*, he nightly crost,
Which still in Murmurs groans *Leander* lost.

But haste we Love's soft Triumphs to relate,
From the first Dawnings to its ripen'd State:
And whence the Youth so Passionate became,
And how the Nymph glow'd with as fierce a Flame.

*Hero* from noble Blood her Line did trace,
Her Looks confess'd the Glories of her Race:
Priestess of *Venus* too, but chose to Reign
In noiseless Ease, and shunn'd the Nuptial Chain.
Far from her Parents early she retir'd,
And the safe Covert of a Tow'r desir'd:
The Tow'r was high, and near the Water stood;
She seem'd a new-sprung *Venus* from the Flood.
Discreet withal, nor lov'd to Dance, and Play,
And waste in vain Impertinence the Day:
Secure in Innocence, she liv'd unknown,
And balk'd the witty Censures of the Town.

There is an inborn Pride, which taints the Race;
A fair one ne'er could brook a fairer Face.
To pleasure *Venus* was her darling Care,
Nor did thy Altars, *Cupid*, want a Share:
In vain, alas! the pious Virgin strove;
No Vows the fiery Arrows could remove,
But she must fall a Sacrifice to Love.

For now the Time was come, the solemn Day,
When annual Rites religious *Sestians* pay
To Beauty's Queen; around with Sables spread,
She mourns *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead!
Hither in Shoals from neighb'ring Islands throng,
Confus'd, the Gay, the Grave, the Old, the Young:
From *Phrygia* these, and from *Hæmonia* some,
But all from *Cyprus*, and *Abydos* come,
And not one ling'ring Sluggard droop'd at Home.
No am'rous Youth would surely miss the Day,
Where Feasts invite, they still with Joy obey:
Scarce (as I guess) on bare Devotion's score,
The silent Statues of the Gods t' adore;
For Breasts, like theirs, with youthful Raptures warm,
Not the dead Idols, but the living Charm.

But oh! to see with what a sprightly Haste
The beauteous Priestess thro' the Temple past!
Not rising *Phœbe* shows a Face so bright
To glad the World, and rule the spangl'd Night.
For on each blooming Cheek, by Nature spread,
Was seen the purest White, and freshest Red:
Such is the Hue, the springing Lilly shows,
Fleck'd with the Blushes of the op'ning Rose.
Scarce yet the Parallel would be compleat,
Not that so beautiful, nor this so sweet.

Of old the thinking Dotards did agree
To stint the Graces to the Number Three;
Had *Hero* blest those Times, they soon had found
Too dull their Notion, and too strait their bound:
When e'er she smil'd, had view'd with dumb surprize,
Ten thousand Graces sporting in her Eyes.

The bright Immortal muſt with Pleaſure hear
A Prieſteſs, far above all Mortals fair:
In Beauty's Charms (could Beauty's Cauſe be try'd)
If not a Rival, ſurely near ally'd.
No wonder then each Youth a Flame confeſt,
And with heav'd Hands the ſweet Enchantreſs bleſt;
None but inſpir'd with tender Thoughts, began
To wiſh himſelf (in vain!) the happy Man.
Deſiring Eyes on the lov'd Object hung,
Where-e'er ſhe glided thro' the wond'ring Throng,
And ſcatter'd pleaſing Ruin all along.
'Till from the Crowd
By Love one Eloquent above the reſt,
In theſe, or Words like theſe, his Soul expreſt.
Big with vain Hope to *Sparta* once I came,
Where ev'ry Nymph can ev'ry Breaſt inflame:
But never yet have in one Virgin ſeen,
With ſo much Majeſty, ſo ſweet a Mien.
Who knows, but *Venus* may ſome Cheat deſign,
And what we fancy Human, is Divine:
The Graces much are fam'd, and this muſt be
Sure the moſt Charming of the charming Three.
Weary'd with looking, fain I would be gone,
Yet could (methinks) for ever ſtill look on.
Were Death the Price, doom'd for the happy Night,
Not Death ſhould damp one Moment of Delight:
Nor could th' immortal Joys of Gods above
Engage my Wiſhes, or diſtract my Love.
But thou, O Goddeſs! liſten to my Pray'r;
If not thy *Hero*, give me ſuch a Fair.
Thus mourn'd ſome wounded Youth, whilſt others ſtrove
In wild Diſorder to conceal their Love:
But Flames too fierce to hide at once poſſeſs'd,
And roul'd, and revell'd in *Leander*'s Breaſt.
He ſaw the Nymph, and ſtruck with ſtrange Delight,
Reſolv'd on ſomething far beyond a Sight.
He bled, but would not keep his Wound unknown,
And wiſh'd to live, but could not live alone.

Ungovern'd Thoughts to Rage improv'd Deſire,
And kindled in his Eyes impetuous Fire.
Beware, ye heedleſs Youths, and fly apace;
No Dart ſo piercing, as a beauteous Face:
Nor winged Deaths with half ſuch Swiftneſs fly,
As the looſe Glances from a ſparkling Eye.
The luſcious Poiſon our fond Eyes convey [Prey.
Down to th' unguarded Heart, a trembling, helpleſs
Unruly Paſſions now the Youth aſſail,
And Fears and Hopes ſucceſſively prevail:
Sooth'd with her Charms, he ſtrives his Fears to blame,
Then bluſhing, checks the too ambitious Flame:
But wiſer Love with noble Pride diſdains
The baſhful Modeſty of ſimple Swains;
And in ſoft Whiſpers ſaid, his Laws were ſuch,
None fears too little, and none hopes too much.
Rais'd with theſe Thoughts, he did his Steps advance,
To try the Magick of a ſide-long Glance;
With all the artful Blandiſhments, that move
The Soul, to liſten to the *Lure* of Love.
She took the Hint; (what Lovers now can find
That nat'ral Tendency in Woman-kind?)
Firſt ſeem'd to frown, but eaſily grew mild,
And, conſcious of her own Perfections, ſmil'd.
Then turns her Head with graceful Scorn away,
But quick returning, doth her ſelf betray;
And in Love's greateſt Eloquence replies,
The ſilent Language of conſenting Eyes.
With Joy amaz'd, the Youth his Paſſion knew
At once diſcover'd, and ſucceſsful too;
Impatient grown, he chid the tedious Light,
And wiſh'd the ſwift approaches of the Night:
Nor wiſh'd in vain; ſoon the bright *Heſper* ſhone,
And love-obliging Shades came ruſhing on.
Darkneſs can Fears expel, and Hopes renew,
Th' emboldened Lover to his *Quarry* flew,
And there ſtood Face to Face, a glorious Interview.
Then all on Fire her Hand he gently preſs'd,
And Sighs and dying Murmurs told the reſt.

Starting she did a short Resentment feign,
And with a Frown drew back her Head again.
But he, with Love inspir'd, new Joys descries
Thro'-the thin Umbrage of a forc'd Disguise;
And seiz'd her Robe, and full of pleasing Thought
The last Receſſes of the Temple sought.
With Steps unequal she advanc'd behind,
And with a willing, half unwilling Mind,
Threaten'd the Youth; at once Severe and Kind.

Stranger, what Madness doth thy Breast invade?
Whither, ah! whither would you force a Maid?
Let loose my Garments quick, and home retire;
Flee the Displeasure of my wealthy Sire:
If that you slight, and mortal Pow'r disown,
Vex not the Priestess, lest the Goddess frown.
Go, be not with presumptuous Thoughts mis-led?
'Tis bold aspiring to a Virgin's Bed.

True to her Sex, thus chid the charming Fair,
But glad *Leander* could such Chidings bear:
This seeming Storm a future Calm betrays;
Th' auspicious Omen of his *Halcyon* Days.
For Women soon are kind, if peevish grown;
Faintly they struggle, when their Rage is gone.
That known, the Youth her fragrant Bosom press'd,
And warm'd with melting Lips each swelling Breast.

Then thus begun;----Oh! how shall I proclaim
Thy ev'ry Charm? Shall I thy wond'rous Frame
A second *Venus*, or *Minerva* name?
For sure those Looks no earthly Stamp display;
None ever boasted so refin'd a Clay:
Bless'd be thy Sire, and bless'd be doubly more
The fertile Womb, which the fair Burden bore.
With Pity hear a Youth his Flame reveal;
Whom you could only Wound, 'tis you can only Heal.
If *Venus* be your Guide, let *Venus* move;
And by her great Example learn to Love.
Ah! come, this silly Name of Maid despise;
Indulge thy Soul, and give a loose to Joys.

No Virgin can a worthy Prieſteſs be
To her, who laughs at dull Virginity.
Wouldſt thou the Goddeſs faithfully adore?
Regard nice Conduct leſs, and Nature more.
Oh! can'ſt thou ever her ſweet Laws admire,
Yet be a Stranger to a Lover's Fire?
The little, wanton God did me ordain,
If not to conquer, ſtill to hug thy Chain.
A Slave ſo humble was *Alcides* ſeen,
When led by *Hermes* to the *Lydian* Queen:
My Paſſion ſtill a nobler Spring did move;
The God of Wit yields to the God of Love.
Why need I *Atalanta*'s Fate declare,
Who wiſely (as ſhe thought) declin'd the Snare?
While from *Melanion*'s Arms all Ice ſhe fled,
And ſhunn'd the Pleaſures of a Nuptial Bed:
'Till ſhe by *Venus* Rage her Follies mourn'd,
And Love for Love, and Flame for Flame return'd.
Let this *Arcadian* Nymph inſtruct thy Mind;
Thou art more Beauteous, wouldſt thou be more Kind!

Accents ſo ſoft her Paſſions did controul,
And ſooth'd the angry Fair, and tun'd her Soul.
She fix'd her Eyes upon the ſilent Ground,
And all with Crimſon Bluſhes glow'd around.
Unwonted Motions own'd ſome new Deſire,
And oft ſhe gather'd up her looſe Attire.
A yielding Maid by ev'ry Sign was meant;
For dumb Denying is a ſure Conſent.
Pleaſingly pain'd, ſhe firſt begins to fear
Something, ſhe knows not what, ſhe knows not where.
Deep in her Breaſt *Leander*'s Charms remain;
She thinks, and ſighs, then looks, and ſighs again.
Nor the fond Lover, with a leſs Surprize,
Fed on her ſnowy Neck his famiſh'd Eyes.
Thus long a Virgin-Modeſty ſhe try'd,
Not to diſcover, what ſhe could not hide:
By ſlow degrees from Earth ſhe rais'd her look,
Diſtilling humid Bluſhes e'er ſhe ſpoke, [broke.
Then in harmonious Sounds the painful Silence

Stranger, thy Words might Rocks to Pity move;
Where didſt thou learn the wond'rous Art of Love?
Ah! by whoſe Conduct didſt thou hither come?
Who firſt ſeduc'd thee from thy native Home?
Pleaſing thy Tale, but pleaſing ſtill in vain;
No faithleſs Rover muſt his Wiſh obtain:
Or if I ſhould ſo Mad and Senſeleſs prove,
My pow'rful Parents would upbraid my Love.
What, tho' ſome ſecret Pleaſures you deſign'd?
To Silence long they could not be confin'd:
The Tongues of Men ſo ſcandalous are grown;
You hear from thouſands, what you act with one.
Whoe'er thou art, thy Name and Country tell,
For mine (alas!) by thee are known too well.
That Tow'r, which mates the Skies, is my Retreat;
'Tis there I fix my ſolitary Seat:
The Miſtreſs of one Damſel, I deſpiſe
What all th' unthinking many chiefly prize,
Greatneſs, and Pomp, and Shew, and publick Noiſe.
This, this th' *Elyſium*, which I early choſe;
In vain my Father did my Choice oppoſe:
From giddy Crowds, and youthful Gambols free,
Calm I enjoy a golden Liberty:
And ſafe on Shore, with pleaſure hear from far
The grumbling Murmurs of the watry War.

Here paus'd the ſweet-tongu'd *Siren*; and afraid,
Began to wonder, where her Thoughts had ſtray'd,
Her Looks the Trouble of her Mind diſcloſe,
While with new Bluſhes new-born Glories roſe;
Which ſtill ſhe ſtrove to hide: But he employs
His Thoughts on means to meet his coming Joys.
The God of Love, who ſtrikes the fatal Blow,
Can beſt (if any can) the Med'cine ſhow:
He to the Youth the Secret did reveal,
Pleas'd as he was to Wound, and then to Heal.
The Lover ſoon a zealous Fury ſhow'd
T' obey the wiſe Inſtructions of the leading God;

On her soft Bosom he reclin'd his Head,
And sighing, thus the fond *Leander* said.
For thee, my Fair One, Dangers I'll despise,
And dare th' Inclemencies of Winter Skies:
Swift on the Wings of Love, I'll force my Way, [Stay.
Tho' Winds, and Flames, and Floods command my
These Arms the foaming Surges shall withstand,
Insult their Rage, and Oar me safe to Land.
Thus ev'ry Night to thy Embrace I'll fly,
Shiv'ring with Cold, all pale and breathless lye,
And when full warm'd, with Bliss dissolve, and die.
Justly you ask the Country, whence I come;
Know then, *Abydos* is my neighb'ring Home.
Ah! from thy Turret let some friendly Light
Chase the thick Darkness, and direct my Sight:
Thou the delicious Land of Love shalt be,
And I the Ship, steer'd by that Star to thee.
All other Lights above I shall disdain,
Whether they kindly, or unkindly reign:
Nor see *Orion* blazing from afar,
The slow *Boötes*, and the Northern Carr.
But oh! beware, too charming Maid, beware!
(If e'er my Safety can deserve thy Care)
With Caution let the shining Guide be plac'd,
For when its Flame expires, I breathe my last.
What more?----*Leander* is the Name I bear,
And only to be thy *Leander*'s swear.

Thus did the youthful Pair resolve to know
From mutual Love what mighty Pleasures flow:
Secret they fix'd the Place, the Time to meet;
(For sweetest Joys, if stoll'n, are doubly Sweet)
When ebbing Darkness seem'd to bid adieu,
And both unwilling by Constraint withdrew.
She to her Tow'r fled swifter than the Wind,
The careful Lover wisely stay'd behind;
And mark'd the Place, where all his Treasure lay,
Then nimbly leap'd from Shore, and cut the liquid Way.

The force of Love by Abſence Lovers try;
On tardy Wings the drowſie Minutes fly:
The Day looks dull, with all its Beauties bright,
'Tis Morn, 'tis Noon, but ſtill they wiſh for Night.
At laſt the Shades did with ſuch Silence creep,
That univerſal Nature ſeem'd to ſleep.
But the unpitying Tyrant, Love, denies
Refreſhing Slumbers to *Leander*'s Eyes:
Reſtleſs he roves along the dreary Shore,
While with tumultuous Rage the Surges roar.
But watchful *Hero* rais'd the Torch on high,
The kind Fore-runner of approaching Joy:
He ſaw the promis'd Star, how bright it ſhone!
And by its Flame learn'd to improve his own.
But when the Billows louder roar'd, he ſtood,
And, trembling, view'd the melancholy Flood:
Then with theſe Words his drooping Spirits cheers,
Reſumes his Courage, and expels his Fears.

Love, like the Sea, a boundleſs Fury claims;
There rowling Waters, here are rowling Flames;
What means my throbbing Breaſt? Securely move
Thro' coldeſt Waters, when all-fir'd with Love.
*Venus* is kind; fond Heart thy ſelf compoſe:
From the green Ocean firſt the Goddeſs roſe.
Her ſtill the Tumults of our Souls obey,
And with a Nod ſhe ſmooths the ruffled Sea.

This ſaid; the Youth with eager Haſte undreſt,
And circl'd round his Head his flowing Veſt:
Then thro' the Floods purſu'd his hot Deſires,
(For Floods could never quench a Lover's Fires.)
Still as he ſwam, he kept the Light in view,
And was himſelf the Ship, and Pilot too.
Mean time, the Nymph no eaſie Labour finds
To ſkreen the Torch from rude tempeſtuous Winds:
In ev'ry Noiſe *Leander*'s Voice ſhe hears,
And all his Dangers doubles by her Fears.
'Till, much fatigu'd, he landed on the Shore,
And with a Lover's Fury ſought the Tow'r,

The Fair One met him with extended Arms,
And to his Pleaſure yielded all her Charms:
In ſilent Joy ſhe haſtens to her Room,
And ſcents his Body o'er with rich Perfume.
The Youth his nat'ral Sweetneſs thus regain'd,
But panted ſtill for what he had ſuſtain'd.
Then both laid gently down; the loving Bride
Clung to the Bridegroom, and thus ſoftly cry'd:
Canſt thou, my Dear, all this endure for me?
What faithful Lover ever lov'd like thee?
For me thy Limbs in briny Waves to ſteep,
And bear th' unwholſome Stenches of the Deep!
Oh! 'tis too much----Come to thy *Hero*'s Breaſt,
Forget thy Labours, and ſecurely reſt.
The Lover heard the ſoft-inviting Maid,
And ſwift like Light'ning, what he heard, obey'd:
Both bleſs'd alike, exalted Raptures feel,
What few can fancy, and what none can tell.
This am'rous Pair ſcorn'd vulgarly to wait
For a dull, formal, ceremonious State.
The Father no *Epithalamium* ſung,
No Mask was ſeen, no ſprightly Lyre was ſtrung.
No tuneful Bard ſome ſacred Numbers ſaid,
Nor Nuptial Torch adorn'd the Nuptial Bed.
Silence and Darkneſs, kindred Gods, were there;
One pleas'd the Youth, and one oblig'd the Fair:
That all around his downy Wings diſplay'd,
This ſhelter'd riſing Bluſhes with a Shade.
Thus in luxuriant Joys they paſs'd the Night,
Joys! which *Aurora* never blab'd by Light.
He with a timely Care did home retire,
Unſated ſtill, and breathing ſtill Deſire:
While ſhe her Change did from her Parents hide,
And was by Day a Maid, by Night a Bride.
And oh! how oft their Wiſhes join'd in one,
To hail the Setting, not the Riſing Sun.
See here the Sweets of Love, but quickly paſt;
Such Pleaſures are too exquiſite to laſt.

The gawdy Scene of Summer-glories gone,
Winter with sour and furrow'd Looks stalks on.
The full-fledg'd Whirlwinds their hoarse Voices try,
And drive the Clouds, and bluster thro' the Sky.
The mounting Waves, that peaceful crept before,
Boil into Rage, and tumble to the Shore.
The trembling Mariner dares not withstand
The angry Frith, and wisely keeps the Land.
But Winds and troubled Seas can ne'er dismay
*Leander*'s Soul, or interrupt his way;
The fatal Light once seen, the Lover must obey.
Yet sure the Fair, now Winter's Rage was strong,
A while should miss thee, to enjoy thee long:
Did Reason guide, not Folly warp her Mind;
To prove less Cruel, she must prove less Kind.
But Heat of Passion hurry'd both too far,
And stubborn Fate's Decrees resistless are:
Unhappy *Hero* brandish'd from above
The Torch of Furies now, no more the Torch of Love.

'Twas a bleak Night; the Winds began to play,
And with eternal Lungs dispute their Sway:
When the too constant, punctual Youth again,
Flush'd with past Triumphs, tempts the faithless Main,
Waves rowl on Waves; aloft the Waters rise,
Swell'd by the Tempest, and insult the Skies,
Fierce *Boreas* issues with collected Might,
And sullen *Auster* loud provokes to Fight.
The milder *Zephyr*, with inferior force,
Meets the mad *Eurus* in his headstrong Course:
At once they rush, at once the Ocean roars,
And curling Billows dash the rocky Shores.

Much did *Leander* toil, and much sustain;
Long strove to brave their Rage, but strove in vain:
Oft *Neptune*'s Aid with pious Vows implor'd,
And oft the Sea-born Goddess he ador'd.
Thee, *Boreas*, too he minded of thy Flame,
And what thou suffer'dst for th' *Athenian* Dame:
But thee to pity nothing can encline,
Deaf to his Pray'rs, as she was once to thine,

Fruitless are all Essays; for Love's Decree,
That rules us here, is rul'd by Destiny.
Tost and retost, no friendly Succour near,
His Courage faints, and sinks into Despair.
His slacken'd Nerves their wonted Strength refuse,
His Feet their Motion, Arms their Vigour lose.
Nor can he now repair his stifled Breath,
But drinks the briny Waves, and sucks in Death:
At once the Torch down by the Winds was tost,
And with its Flame, his Life and Love were lost.

While the poor Nymph his Absence did bemoan,
With many a pensive Thought, and many a Groan:
The ling'ring Hours at length the Day restore;
But Night could never seem too long before.
The barren Beach and Seas she round survey'd,
And hop'd her Lover in the Dark had stray'd:
But ah! too soon she spy'd him, where he lay
A Lump of beautiful, tho' breathless Clay.
All o'er confus'd she stood, and would lament,
But wanted Words to give such Sorrows vent.
She stamp'd, she rowl'd her Eyes, she tore her Hair,
And rav'd with all the Symptoms of Despair.
Then darting Headlong with a furious Leap,
From the high Tow'r she plung'd into the Deep.
Thus for *Leander* dy'd his fair Belov'd,
And equal Fates their equal Passion prov'd.

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## VERSES *on the Death of the Duke of* GLOUCESTER.

AS when some Merchant, on the Stormy Main,
In flatt'ring Dreams enjoys his precious Gain;
But wakes with weeping Eyes to see it cast
To raging Waves, and fears himself to sink at last:
Such empty Hopes of golden Days to come,
*Britannia* entertain'd from *Glo'ster*'s Bloom,

With like Amazement does her Darling moan,
And at his Fall disheartenʼd, dread her own.
Scarce were her grateful Shouts and Transports oʼer,
Due to the Day that her *Ascanius* bore;
When straight the Tidings of thʼ expiring Boy,
Like Lightʼning blasted her imperfect Joy.
Thus *Ilium* ruinʼd eʼer the Day returnʼd,
In Ashes her nocturnal Revels mournʼd:
The Deluge thus thʼ astonishʼd Nations found
Secure of Danger, and in Pleasures drownʼd.
Evʼn in his Birth-day Ornaments he dies,
Like some choice Victim dressʼd for Sacrifice;
So *Hammon*ʼs Son arrested by his Death, [Breath:
Amidst the chearful Bowles resignʼd his glorious
Nor more than we the *Macedonians* grievʼd,
When dying he thʼ adoring World deceivʼd.
Our Hopes in *Gloʼster*, had the Fates been kind,
Another *Alexander* once designʼd:
And Prophesyʼd from his Victorious Sword
To us a sure Defence, and to the World a Lord:
But the large Product shewʼd too quick a Prime;
ʼTis fatal to be ripe before the time.
So shoots some generous Plant, his youthful Head,
With kindly Showʼrs, and Heavʼnʼs Indulgence fed;
He seems by Nature's lavish Bounty made
With prosperous growth the Clouds above tʼin- } [Shade. }
vade.
And skreen the Flocks below with his extended }
But throʼ abounding early Vigour weak,
The Body bends, the loaded Tendrils break;
He sheds his blooming Honours all around,
And sinks with fatal Plenty to the Ground.
In vain each artful Son of *Paan* tries
With emulous Skill the noblest Remedies, [Eyes; }
In vain more precious Tears bedew each Parentʼs }
Quick as the Flowʼrs are mown, he yields his Breath,
But shews like them awhile, evʼn Beautiful in Death;
So look'd the charming *Hyacinthus* slain,
By heavʼnly Powʼrs beloved, and mournʼd in vain;

No longer Life would hasty Fate allow,
Tho' then *Apollo* strove, as *Ratcliff* now.
The youthful Squadron, that e'erwhile he led,
In weeping Crowds surrounds the lovely Dead;
So throng'd the *Cupids* where *Adonis* lay,
And mourn'd, and threw their useless Darts away.
Yet a few Years, and they in fighting Fields [yields;
With him had reap'd the Bays, which real Warfare
Had seen their beauteous *Mars*, with dext'rous Force,
On adverse Javelins urge his foaming Horse,
Or thro' wide Plains with slaughter'd Foes o'erspread,
Pursue the noble Chase by daring *William* lead.
Ev'n *William*'s Courage by this Stroke is try'd,
Dejected only more when *Mary* dy'd;
In his swoln Eyes his tender Grief appears,
Tho' still his Blood flows sooner than his Tears.
How high, Great Sir, was our Expectance rais'd,
In *Glo'ster* hoping, what in you we Prais'd!
Secure like *Eden*, tho' defil'd with Sin,
You was the Sword, and He the Cherubin.
Who can enough the fatal Hour detest,
When that fair Body lost its fairer Guest,
The World a Wonder, and our Annals more
Than ever grac'd their shining Leaves before;
The noblest Family its sole Increase,
The Land its present Joy, and Pledge of future Peace?
The Tyrant whom wild Rage did once provoke,
To wish his Nation's Fall by one compendious Stroke,
Here had he Reign'd, and *Glo'ster*'s Death beheld,
Had seen his Hate without his Crime fulfill'd.
Whence was this lovely Morn so soon o'er-cast?
Was the choice Substance too refin'd to last?
Or have the Pow'rs some other Blow prepar'd,
And therefore first disarm'd us of our Guard?
Or grudg'd they *Albion* her too wealthy Store?
Or snatch'd the Son, t' endear the Mother more?
How does the Mother her lost Darling mourn,
So near his Day of Birth from her Embraces torn!

Sadly she thinks on her vain Childbed Throes,
With Pangs more lasting and more sharp than those;
She wishes oft to fill his happier Place,
And Death shews lovely in her *Glo'ster*'s Face;
Thro' ev'ry Scene of Grief her Fancy flies,
His living Hopes, and then his dying Cries:
Cries dismal as were those (when Judgment swept
From *Egypt* her First-born) by ev'ry Parent wept;
As those which to the *Jews* by Foes distress'd,
Their Guardian Angels last Farewel express'd.
O more by Sorrow now than Greatness known!
O thou who wer't the Mother of a Son!
Precious like him Heav'n to the Patriarch gave,
Tho' no kind Angel interpos'd to save
Your only *Isaac* from his sudden Grave;
For his dear Loss behold the Nation griev'd,
If Sorrow be by Partnership reliev'd;
The Nation that your Sorrow too endures,
Or might endure her own, but cannot yours.
Then spare your Tears, and spare the Kingdom's too,
Your Sex in Virtue foil'd, excel in Courage now,
In Courage which the World may worthy own
Of *Glo'ster*'s Mother, and your future Throne.
So may our Guardian Angel, that a while
Vouchsaf'd in *Glo'ster*'s Shape to bless our Isle,
(Tho' now to angry Heav'n return'd again,
But Heav'n will still be kind whilst you remain:)
So may that Genius with a better doom, [Womb,
Once more be Cloath'd in Flesh from your auspicious
And by resembling this first heav'nly Boy,
Beguile your Melancholy into Joy:
Such be his forward Wit, his beauteous Frame,
In all, but his untimely End, the same:
And when (but late will be that fatal Hour; [store,)
The Years your *Glo'ster* lost, Heav'n will to you re-
When long by publick Vows detain'd below,
To wishing Angels you at length shall go;
Let him the Throne, adorn'd by you, ascend,
And with just Power the willing Isle defend;

Compose his Realm's Divisions, heal its Wounds,
Revive its Valour, and enlarge its Bounds;
Brave as his Father, make the World obey,
And gently rule it, with his Mother's Sway:
A Prince like this to *Britain*'s Hopes is due,
For *Britain* hopes fresh Miracles to view,
Remembring *Glo'ster*, and beholding you.

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## *To Mrs.* E. C. *on her Birth-Day*, Decemb. 11. *To be Sung to Musick.*

HAIL! happy, happy Day!
When first *Aminta* saw the Light:
May'st thou be still Serene and Gay;
Let *Phœbus* brighten ev'ry Ray,
And drive to Regions far away
Each sullen Shade of Night.
In mildest Glory let him rise,
Fair as her lovely sparkling Eyes,
To view his wide Command,
Large as her vast capacious Soul,
Where Spheres of awful Graces roll
Steddy, as those in her own native Skies.
Let no stormy Winds arise,
Nor this happy Day molest;
But all be calm, and peaceful as her Breast.
Borrow from the Spring one smiling Ray,
And chase the rugged Winter quite away:
Let each harmonious Sound salute her Ear,
And vernal *Zephyrs* whisper thro' the Air,
Soft as her Voice, or tuneful Hand,
And sweet as her own balmy Breath.

II.

Tell me----one Day must this inchanting Fair
Sink into the Arms of Death?
This lovely Form like common Earth decay,
And be at last cold lifeless Clay?

Ah! must we lose so fair a Light
In the dire Shades of everlasting Night?
Banish the dismal Thought, and be
From these tormenting Horrors free.
Tread in bright Virtue's Paths, like her;
And shortly, when the joyful Trump shall sound,
To raise the Nations under Ground,
And wake the sleeping pious Fair,
Then brighter yet you'll see her rise,
With gazing Angels mounting up the Skies,
And shine a long Eternity.

---

## *To Mrs.* M. M. *with a Bough of an* Orange-*Tree.*

*By Mr.* Harrison, *of* New-College, Oxon.

FROM a warm Clime and gen'rous Soil
This Plant remov'd deludes our Toil,
Disdains what baffled Art has done,
And drooping, mourns the distant Sun.
Yet, *Mira*, near thy Bosom plac'd,
It shall new Life, new Pleasure taste,
Sweets more than Nature gave, dispense,
Nor lend thee Charms, but borrow thence.
See the young Fruit thy Power confess,
And love their own *Bermudes* less;
Tho' all that we think bright and fair,
Tho' Paradise it self be there.
Ripen'd by thy auspicious Eyes,
And eager to bestow the Prize,
For which thy matchless Beauties call,
Each kindles to a golden Ball;
Love's smiling Queen, whose tender Aid
Protects the *Myrtles* fragrant Shade,
Fore-knowing what thy Charms would be,
Left to thy Choice this fairer Tree.

## *To the* SPRING: *An Invocation.*

### *Written in the Person of* Anacreon.

*By* J. L.

CHearing *Phœbus*! Come away!
Why d'ye make this long Delay?
Haſte, and cloath our naked Fields;
Trip up youthful *Flora*'s Heels;
(But lay the Goddeſs gently down,
You only know to give Green-Gown,)
Ruffle her, kiſs her, make her glow
With roſie Bluſhes,-----melt her Snow,
And make her fairer Lillies grow.
Oh! how I Languiſh, how I Pine,
To view the Tendrels of the Vine,
The faithful Pledge of ſprightly Wine!
Methinks I hear the Women cry,
That *Sol* grows Old as well as I:
And almoſt at ſix thouſand Years,
One might expect a few Grey Heirs.
Aſſume the luſty Bridegroom's Flame!
Mount like a God! maintain your Fame!
And ſhow us you have Power yet,
To put all Nature in a Sweat.
Give me raging Drought! for why?
I long, I long! to be adry!
With flowing Wine to quench my Thirſt,
With greater Draught! and greater Guſt!
Give me Roſie-Garlands too!
Regale my Smell! adorn my Brow!
To furniſh out *Anacreon*'s Feaſt,
Love, and Wine will do the reſt.
Indulgent *Venus* all the Year
Supplies her Poet with good Cheer.
And *Bacchus* too is, under Ground
In Grots and Caverns, to be found.

Then, *Phœbus*, let not Atheists say,
You're less a Deity than they;
Assume the God! and come away.

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## *The* PHILOSOPHER's *Disquisition directed to the Dying* CHRISTIAN.

*By Sir* W. DAVENANT, *Knight.*

I.

BEfore by Death, you never Knowledge gain,
(For to increase your Knowledge you must dye)
Tell me if all that Learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this Life rely.

II.

Is not the Learning which we Knowledge call,
Our own but by Opinion and in part?
Not made intirely certain, nor to all;
And is not Knowledge but disputed Art?

III.

And tho' a bad, yet 'tis a forward Guide;
Who, vexing at the shortness of the Day,
Doth to o'ertake swift Time, still onward ride:
Whilst still we follow, and still doubt our Way.

IV.

A Guide, who ev'ry Step proceeds with Doubt;
Who guessingly her Progress doth begin;
And brings us back where first she led us out
To meet dark Midnight at our restless Inn.

V.

It is a Plummet to so short a Line,
As sounds no deeper then the Sounder's Eyes,
The People's Meteor which not long can shine,
Nor far above the middle Region rise.

VI.

This Spy from Schools gets ill Intelligence;
Where Art impoſing Rules, gravely errs,
She ſteals to Nature's Cloſet, and from thence
Brings nought but undecypher'd Characters.

VII.

She doth, like *India*'s laſt Diſcov'rers, boaſt
Of adding to old Maps, tho' ſhe has been,
But ſailing by ſome clear and open Coaſt,
Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

VIII.

Falſe Learning wanders upward more and more,
Knowledge (for ſuch there is in ſome degree)
Still vainly, like the Eagle, loves to ſoar,
Tho' it can never to the higheſt ſee.

IX.

For Errors Miſt doth bound the Spirits ſight [low)
As Clouds (which make Earths arched Roof ſeem
Reſtrain the Bodies Eyes; and ſtill when Light
Grows clearer upward, Heaven muſt higher ſhow.

X.

And as good Men, whoſe Minds towards Godhead riſe,
Take Heavens height higher than they can expreſs;
So from that height they lower things deſpiſe,
And oft contract Earth's littleneſs to leſs.

XI.

Of this forbidden Fruit, ſince we but gain,
A taſte, by which we only hungry grow;
We meerly toil to find our Studies vain;
And truſt to Schools for what they cannot know.

XII.

If Knowledge be the Coin of Souls, 'tis ſet
Above the Standard of each common Reign;
And, like a Medal of God's Cabinet,
Is ſeldom ſhewn, and ſoon put up again.

XIII.

For tho' in one bleſt Age much ſway it bears,
Yet to the next it oft becomes unknown;
Unleſs like long hid Medals it appears
In Counterfeits, and for Deceit be ſhown.

XIV.

If Heav'n with Knowledge did ſome one indue
With more than the Experience of the Dead;
To teach the Living more than Life e'er knew
In Schools, where all Succeſſion may be bred.

XV.

Then (as in Courts, meer Strangers baſhfully
At firſt their walk towards private Doors begin;
But bolder grow when thoſe they open ſpy,
And being enter'd beckon others in.)

XVI.

So to her ſtudious Cell (which would appear
Like Nature's privy-Lodgings) my Addreſs
I firſt by ſtealth would make, but entring there
I ſhould grow bold, and give to all Acceſs.

XVII.

Then to her ſecret Nurſery would proceed;
And thither bring the World, to judge how ſhe
Firſt-Cauſes, and Times Infancy did breed;
For Knowledge ſhould, ſince good, to all be free.

XVIII.

If Knowledge muſt, as Evil, hidden lie,
Then we, its Object, Nature, ſeem to blame;
And whilſt we baniſh Knowledge, as a Spy,
We but hide Nature as we cover Shame,

XIX.

For if our Object, Nature, be correct,
Bold Knowledge then a free Spectator is,
And not a Spy, ſince Spies we ſcarce ſuſpect
Or fear, but where their Objects are amiſs.

XX.

In gathering Knowledge from the Sacred Tree,
I would not ſnatch in haſte the Fruit below;
But rather climb, like thoſe who curious be,
And boldly taſte, that which does higheſt grow.

XXI.

For Knowledge would her Proſpect take in height;
'Tis God's lov'd *Eagle*, bred by him to fly,
Tho' with weak Eyes, ſtill upward at the Light,
And may ſoar ſhort, but cannot ſoar too high.

XXII.

Tho' Life, ſince finite, has no ill Excuſe
For being but in finite Objects learn'd,
Yet ſure the Soul was made for little uſe,
Unleſs it be in infinites concern'd.

XXIII.

[Minds
Speak then ſuch things of Heaven (ſince ſtudious
Seem travail'd Souls, and yours prepares to go)
As mine may wiſh the Journey, when it finds
That yours doth Heaven, her Native Country, know.

XXIV.

Tell, if you found your Faith, e'er you it ſought?
Or could it ſpring e'er Reaſon was full blown?
Or could it learn, 'till by your Reaſon taught,
To know it ſelf, or be by others known?

XXV.

Where Men have ſeveral Faiths, to find the true
We only can the aid of Reaſon uſe;
'Tis Reaſon ſhews us which we ſhould eſchew
When by Compariſon we learn to chuſe.

XXVI.

But tho' we there on Reaſon muſt rely
Where Men to ſeveral Faiths their Minds diſpoſe,
Yet, after Reaſons choice, the Schools are ſhy
To let it judge the very Faith it choſe.

How

XXVII.

Howe'er, 'tis call'd to construe the Records
Of Faith's dark Charter, wrapt in Sacred Writ;
And is the only Judge even of those Words
By which Faith claims that Reason should submit.

XXVIII.

Since Holy Text bids Faith to comprehend
Such Mysteries as Nature may suspect,
And Faith must Reason, as her Guide, attend,
Least she mistake what Scripture doth direct.

XXIX.

Since from the Soul's far Country, Heaven, God sent
His Law (an Embassy to few reveal'd)
Which did those good Conditions represent
Of our Eternal Peace, e'er it was seal'd.

XXX.

Since to remote Ambassadors are given
Interpreters, when they with Kings confer:
Since to that Law, God's Embassy from Heaven,
Our Reason serves as an Interpreter;

XXXI.

Since justly Clients pay that Judge an awe,
Who Law's lost Sense interprets and restores;
(Yet Judges are no more above the Law
Then Truchmen are above Ambassadors.)

XXXII.

Since Reason, as a Judge, the Tryal hath
Of diff'ring Faiths, by adverse Pens perplext;
Why is not Reason reckon'd above Faith,
Tho' not above her Law, the Sacred Text?

XXXIII.

If Reason have such worth, why should she still
Attend below, whilst Faith doth upward climb!
Yet common Faith seems but unstudy'd Will;
And Reason calls unstudy'd Will a Crime.

XXXIV.

Slave Reason, even at home in Prison lies;
And by Religion is so watch'd, and aw'd,
That tho' the Prison Windows, both her Eyes,
Stand open, yet she scarce dares look abroad.

XXXV.

Faith thinks, that Reason is her adverse Spy;
Yet Reason is, thro' doubtful ways, her Guide;
But like a Scout, brought in from th' Enemy,
Must, when she guides her, bound, and guarded ride.

XXXVI.

Or if by Faith, not as her Judge disdain'd,
Nor, as her Guide, suspected, but is found
In every Sentence just to the arraign'd,
And guides her right, unguarded and unbound:

XXXVII.

Why then should such a Judge be still deny'd
T' examine (since Faith's Claims still publick are)
Her secret Pleas? Or, why should such a Guide
Be hinder'd, where Faith goes, to go as far?

XXXVIII.

And yet as one, bred humbly, who would show
His Monarch's Palace to a Stranger, goes
But to the Gates; as if to let him know
Where so much Greatness dwells, not what it does;

XXXIX.

Whilst strait the Stranger enters undeny'd,
As one whose Breeding has much bolder been;
So Reason, tho' she were at first Faith's Guide
To Heav'n, yet waits without, when Faith goes in.

XL.

But tho', at Court, bold Strangers enter, where
The way is to their bashful Guide forbid;
Yet he, when they come back, is apt to hear
And ask them, what the King then said, and did?

XLI.

And so, tho' Reason (which is Faith's first Guide
To God) is stopt where Faith has entrance free,
As Nature's Stranger; tho' 'tis then deny'd
To Reason, as of Nature's Family;

XLII.

Yet strait, when from her Vision and her Trance
Faith does return, then Reason quits that awe,
Enjoin'd when Priests impos'd our Ignorance;
And asks, how much she of the Godhead saw?

XLIII.

But as a prudent Monarch seems alone,
Retir'd, as if conceal'd even to his Court;
To Subjects more in Pow'r than Person known;
At distance sought, and found but by Report;

XLIV.

So God hath vail'd his Pow'r with Mysteries
Even to his Court in Heaven; and Faith comes
Not prying with a Stranger's curious Eyes, [there,
But like a plain implicit Worshipper.

XLV.

Yet as Court-Strangers, getting some Access,
Are apt to tell at home, more than they saw;
Tho' then their Pencil draws Court-greatness less,
Than that which Truth at nearer view could draw:

XLVI.

So Faith (who is even taught an Ignorance;
For she by Knowledge quits her Dignity)
Does lessen God-head, which she would advance,
By telling more of God than she can see.

XLVII.

Our Souls but like unhappy Strangers come [Coast;
From Heav'n, their Country, to this World's bad
They Land, then strait are backward bound for home;
And many are in Storms of Passion lost!

XLVIII.

They long with Danger ſail thro' Life's vext Seas,
In Bodies, as in Veſſels full of Leaks;
Walking in Veins, their narrow Galleries;
Shorter than walks of Seamen on their Decks.

XLIX.

Art's Card is by their Pilot, Faith, refus'd;
Her Courſe by gueſs ſhe ever forward bears;
Reaſon her Rudder is, but never us'd;
Becauſe towards Heaven ſhe ne'er with Reaſon ſteers.

L.

For as a Pilot, ſure of fair Trade-Winds,
The Helm in all the Voyage never hands,
But ties it up, ſo Reaſon's Helm ſhe binds,
And boldly cloſe for Heaven's ſafe Harbour ſtands.

LI.

In Reaſon's place, Tradition doth her lead;
And that preſumptuous Antiquary makes
Strong Laws of weak Opinions of the Dead,
And what was common Coin, for Medals takes.

LII.

Tradition! Times ſuſpected Regiſter!
Too oft Religion at her Tryal fails!
Inſtead of Knowledge, teacheth her to err;
And wears out Truth's beſt Stories into Tales.

LIII.

O why hath ſuch a Guide Faith's Progreſs laid?
Or can our Faith, ill guided, guide us well?
Or had ſhe not Tradition's Mapps ſurvey'd,
How could ſhe aim to ſhew us Heav'n and Hell?

LIV.

If Faith with Reaſon never doth adviſe;
Nor yet Tradition leads her, ſhe is then
From Heaven inſpir'd, and ſecretly grows wiſe
Above the Schools, we know not how, nor when.

LV.

For could we know how Faith's bold Truſt is wrought,
What are thoſe Viſions we in ſleep diſcern;
And when by Heavens ſhort Whiſpers we are taught
More than the watchful Schools could ever learn;

LVI.

Then ſoon Faith's Ignorance, which now doth ſeem
A ſerious Wonder to Philoſophy,
Would fall from Value to a low Eſteem,
And not a Wonder nor a Virtue be.

LVII.

But tho' we cannot gueſs the manner how
Grace firſt is ſecretly in ſmall Seeds ſown;
Yet Fruit, tho' Seed lies hid, in view doth grow;
And Faith, the Fruit of Grace, muſt needs be known.

LVIII.

Faith lights us thro' the dark to Deity;
Whilſt, without ſight, we witneſs that ſhe ſhows
More God than in his Works our Eyes can ſee;
Tho' none but by thoſe Works the Godhead knows.

LIX.

If you have Faith, then you we muſt adore;
Since Faith does rather ſeem inſpir'd than taught;
And Men inſpir'd have of the Godhead more
Than Nature ever found, or Reaſon ſought.

LX.

To you whom Inſpiration Sanctifies,
I come with Doubts, the Mind's defect of Light,
As to Apoſtles ſome, with darkned Eyes,
Came to receive by Miracle their Sight.

LXI.

And when I thus preſume, you are with more
Than Nature's publick Wealth by Faith indu'd,
Or think you ſhould reveal your ſecret Store;
You cannot judge my bold Opinion rude.

LXII.

Even Faith (not proving what it would assure)
But bold Opinion seems to Reasons view;
And since the Blind brought Faith to help their Cure,
I bring Opinion, Reason's Faith, to you.

LXIII.

We, for their Knowledge, Men inspir'd adore;
Not for those Truths they hide, but those they show;
And vulgar Reason finds, that none knows more
Than that which he can make another know.

LXIV.

Then tell me first, if Nature must forbear
To ask, why still she must remain in Doubt?
A Darkness which does much like Hell appear,
Where all may enter in, but none get out.

LXV.

Thus we at once are bidden and forbid;
Charg'd to make God the Object of the Mind;
Then hinder'd from it, since he is so hid,
As we but seek that which we cannot find.

LXVI.

Our glim'ring Knowledge, like the wandring Light
In Fenns, doth to Incertainties direct
The weary Progress of our useless sight;
And only makes us able to suspect.

LXVII.

Or if inquiring Minds are not kept in,
But by some few, whom Schools to Power advance,
Who, since themselves see short, would make it Sin,
When others look beyond their Ignorance;

LXVIII.

If, as God's Students, we have leave to learn
His Truths, why doth his Text oft need debate?
Why, as thro' Mists, must we his Laws discern?
Since Laws seem Snares, when they are intricate.

LXIX.

They who believe Man's Reason is too scant,
And that it doth the War of Writers cause;
Infer that God's great Works proportion want,
Who taught our Reason, and did write those Laws.

LXX.

His Text, the Soul's Record, appears to some
(Tho' thence our Souls hold their Inheritance)
Obscure by growing old, and seems to come,
Not by Consignment to us, but by Chance.

LXXI.

Law (which is Reason made Authority)
Allows Consignment to be good and clear,
Not when, like this, it does in Copies lie,
But in the known Original appear.

LXXII.

Could this Record be too authentick made?
Or why, when God was fashion'd to our Eyes,
And very Forms of human Laws obey'd,
Did he not sign it but by Deputies?

LXXIII.

Or why, when he was Man, did he not deign
Wholly to write this Text with his own Hand?
Or why (as if all written Rolls were vain)
Did he ne'er write but once, and but in Sand?

LXXIV.

Tell me, why Heav'n at first did suffer Sin?
Letting Seed grow which it had never sown?
Why, when the Soul's first Fever did begin,
Was it not cur'd, which now a Plague is grown?

LXXV.

Why did not Heav'ns prevention Sin restrain?
Or is not Pow'rs Permission a Consent?
Which is in Kings as much as to ordain;
And Ills ordain'd are free from Punishment.

LXXVI.

And since no Crime could be e'er Laws were fram'd;
Laws dearly taught us how to know Offence;
Had Laws not been, we never had been blam'd;
For not to know we Sin, is Innocence.

LXXVII.

Sin's Childhood was not starv'd, but rather more
Than finely fed; so sweet were Pleasures made
That nourisht it: For sweet is Lust of Pow'r,
And sweeter, Beauty, which hath Power betray'd.

LXXVIII.

Sin, which at fullest growth is childish still,
Would, but for Pleasure's company, decay;
As sickly Children thrive that have their Will;
But quickly languish being kept from Play.

LXXIX.

Since only Pleasure breeds Sins appetite;
Which still by pleasant Objects is infus'd;
Since 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit;
And Ills provok'd may plead to be excus'd;

LXXX.

Why should our Sins, which not a Moment last,
(For, to Eternity compar'd, extent
Of Life, is, e'er we name it, stopt and past)
Receive a Doom of endless Punishment?

LXXXI.

If Souls to Hell's vast Prison never come
Committed for their Crimes, but destin'd be,
Like Bondmen born, whose Prison is their Home,
And long e'er they were bound, could not be free;

LXXXII.

Then hard is Destiny's dark Law; whose Text
We are forbid to read, yet must obey;
And Reason with her useless Eyes is vext,
Which strive to guide her where they see no way.

LXXXIII.

Doth it our Reasons Mutinies appease,
To say, the Potter may his own Clay mould
To ev'ry use, or in what shape he please,
At first not counsel'd, nor at last controul'd?

LXXXIV.

Pow'rs Hand can neither easie be nor strict
To lifeless Clay, which Ease nor Torment knows;
And where it cannot Favour nor Afflict,
It neither Justice nor Injustice shows.

LXXXV.

But Souls have Life, and Life eternal too;
Therefore if doom'd before they can offend,
It seems to shew what heav'nly Power can do,
But does not in that Deed that Pow'r commend.

LXXXVI.

That we are destin'd after Death to more
Than Reason thinks due Punishment for Sins;
Seems possible, because in Life, before
We know to Sin, our Punishment begins.

LXXXVII.

Why else do Infants with incessant Cries
Complain of secret Harm as soon as born?
Or why are they, in Cities Destinies,
So oft by War from ravisht Mothers torn?

LXXXVIII.

Doth not Belief of being destin'd draw
Our Reason to Presumption or Despair?
If Destiny be not, like human Law,
To be repeal'd, what is the use of Prayer?

LXXXIX.

Why even to all was Pray'r enjoin'd? Since those
Whom God (whose Will ne'er alters) did elect,
Are sure of Heaven; and when we Pray, it shows
That we his Certainty of Will suspect.

XC.

Thoſe who to laſting Darkneſs deſtin'd were,
Tho' ſoon as born they pray, yet pray too late:
Avoidleſs Ills we to no purpoſe fear;
And none, when Fear is paſt, will Supplicate.

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## *The* CHRISTIAN's *Reply to the* PHILOSOPHER.

*By the ſame Hand.*

I.

THE Good in Graves as heavenly Seed are ſown;
And at the Saints firſt Spring, the General Doom,
Will riſe, not by Degrees, but fully blown;
When all the Angels to their Harveſt come.

II.

Cannot Almighty Heaven (ſince Flowers which paſs
Thaw'd thro' a Still, and there melt mingled too,
Are rais'd diſtinct in a poor Chymiſt's Glaſs)
Do more in Graves than Men in Lymbecks do?

III.

God bred the Arts, to make us more believe
(By ſeeking Nature's cover'd Myſteries)
His darker Works, that Faith may thence conceive
He can do more than what our Reaſon ſees.

IV.

O Coward Faith! Religion's trembling Guide!
Whom even the dim-ey'd Arts muſt lead to ſee
What Nature only from our Sloth does hide,
Cauſes remote, which Faith's dark Dangers be.

V.

Religion, e'er impos'd, ſhould firſt be taught;
Not ſeem to dull Obedience ready lay'd,
Then ſwallow'd ſtrait for Eaſe, but long be ſought;
And be by Reaſon counſell'd, tho' not ſway'd.

VI.

God has enough to Human Kind disclos'd;
Our fleshly Garments he a while receiv'd,
And walk'd as if the Godhead were depos'd,
Yet could be then but by a few believ'd.

VII.

The Faithless *Jews* will this at Doom confess,
Who did suspect him for his low Disguise:
But, if he could have made his Virtue less,
He had been more familiar to their Eyes.

VIII.

Frail Life! in which thro' Mists of human Breath,
We grope for Truth, and make our Progress slow;
Because, by Passion blinded, 'till by Death,
Our Passions ending, we begin to know.

IX.

O rev'rend Death! whose Looks can soon advise
Even scornful Youth; whilst Priests their Doctrine waste,
Yet mocks us too; for he does make us wise,
When by his coming our Affairs are past.

X.

O harmless Death! whom still the valiant Brave,
The Wise expect, the Sorrowful invite,
And all the good Embrace, who know the Grave,
A short dark Passage to eternal Light.

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## *An Imitation of* Uxor vade foras. *In* Mart. *L.* ii. *Ep.* 105.

*By Captain* H———

SWeet Spouse, you must presently troop and be gone,
Or fairly submit to your betters;
Unless for the Faults that are past, you atone,
I must knock off my Conjugal-Fetters.

II.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of Love,
You know well enough what's my meaning,
You ſcorn to aſſiſt my Devotion, or move,
As if all the while you were dreaming.

III.

At Cribbage and Put, and All Fours I have ſeen
A Porter more Paſſion expreſſing,
Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous Scene,
And the heighth of the amorous Bleſſing.

IV.

Then ſay I to my ſelf, is my Wife made of Stone,
Or does the old Serpent poſſeſs her;
Better Motion and Vigour by far might be ſhown
By dull Spouſe of a *German* Profeſſor.

V.

So *Kate* take Advice, and reform in good time,
And while I'm performing my Duty,
Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime
Of paying all Scores with your Beauty.

VI.

All Day thou may'ſt Cant, and look grave as a Nun,
And run after *Burgeſs* the ſurly;
Or ſee that the Family Buſineſs be done,
And chide all thy Servants demurely.

VII.

But when you're in Bed with your Maſter and King,
That Tales out of School ne'er does trumpet,
Move, wriggle, heave, pant, clip round like a Ring,
In ſhort, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

THE

# *CAMPAIGN,*

A

# POEM,

To His GRACE the

# DUKE of *Marlborough.*

---

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

---

------*Rheni pacator & Istri.*
*Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit*
*Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,*
*Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.*

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

*Esse aliquam in terris Gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro Libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, & ubique jus, fas, lex potentissima sint.*

Liv. Hist. Lib. 33.

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Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

# THE
# *CAMPAIGN*,
## A
# POEM.

WHILE Crowds of Princes Your Deserts proclaim,
Proud in their Number to enroll Your Name;
While Emperors to You commit their Cause,
And *Anna*'s Praises crown the vast Applause;
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious Verse attempts your Fights,
Fir'd and transported with a Theme so new:
Ten Thousand Wonders op'ning to my View
Shine forth at once; Sieges and Storms appear,
And Wars and Conquests fill th' Important Year,
Rivers of Blood I see, and Hills of Slain,
An Iliad rising out of One Campaign.
The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride,
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,
*Pirene*'s lofty Barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide Empire stood.
*Ausonia*'s States, the Victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their *Alpes* and *Appennines* in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of Rocks immur'd,
Behind their Everlasting Hills secur'd;
The rising *Danube* its long Race began,
And half its Course thro' the new Conquests ran;

Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,
*Germania* trembled thro' a hundred States;
Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with Fear,
He gaz'd around, but saw no Succour near,
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Despair,
His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their Eyes,
On Her Resolves the Western World relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire Alarms,
In *Anna*'s Councils, and in *Churchill*'s Arms:
Thrice Happy *Britain*, from the Kingdoms rent,
To sit the Guardian of the Continent!
That sees her Bravest Son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her Prince's Eye;
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court;
On the firm Basis of Desert they rise,
From long try'd Faith, and Friendship's Holy Ties:
Their Sov'raign's well-distinguish'd Smiles they share,
Her Ornaments in Peace, her Strength in War:
The Nation thanks them with a Publick Voice,
By Show'rs of Blessings Heav'n approves their Choice;
Envy it self is dumb, in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,
*Britannia*'s Colours in the Zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his March begun,
Crossing the Provinces Himself had won,
'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the Progress of the Moving War:
Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her Fall
In distant Climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a Purchase to the Sword she lyes,
Her Harvests for uncertain Owners rise,
Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows,
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:
The discontented Shades of slaughter'd Hosts,
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghosts

Hop'd, when they saw *Britannia*'s Arms appear,
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.
Our God-like Leader, ere the Stream he past,
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast,
Forming the Wond'rous Year within his Thought;
His Bosom glow'd with Battels yet unfought:
The long laborious March he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
Between whose Floods such pathless Forests grow,
Such Mountains rise, so many Rivers flow,
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroe's Eyes,
And Danger serves but to enhance the Prize.
Big with the Fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful Course, and the proud Foe pursues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat,
The sultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,
'Till on the Borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defensive Shadows, and refreshing Winds:
Our *British* Youth, with in-born Freedom bold,
Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their Toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their Native Soil.
Still to the rising Sun they take their Way
Through Clouds of Dust, and gain upon the Day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coast
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Host,
That chearfully its Labours past forgets,
The Midnight Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.
O'er prostrate Towns and Palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Grass)
Breathing Revenge; whilst Anger and Disdain
Fire ev'ry Breast, and boil in ev'ry Vein:
Here shatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,
Whilst here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England*'s Heroe drew
*Eugenio* to the glorious Interview;
Great Souls by Inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendſhip burn;
A ſudden Friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd out Rays
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze.
Poliſh'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,
Renown'd for Conqueſt, and in Council skill'd,
Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cool'd,
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battel ſhown:
To Souls like theſe, in mutual Friendſhip join'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the Cauſe of Human kind.
*Britannia*'s graceful Sons appear in Arms,
Her Harras'd Troops the Heroe's Preſence warms,
Whilſt the high Hills and Rivers all around
With thund'ring Peals of *Britiſh* Shouts reſound:
Doubling their Speed they March with freſh Delight,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.
So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer purſues,
And ſmells his Footſteps in the tainted Dews,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he ſhoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.
The March concludes, the various Realms are paſt,
Th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at laſt:
Like Hills th' aſpiring Ramparts riſe on high,
Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye;
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Paſs,
Threat'ning Deſtruction; Rows of hollow Braſs,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilſt in their Wombs Ten Thouſand Thunders ſleep:
Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight,
His March o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd Fight.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,
And faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what Hosts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The close compacted *Britons* win their Way;
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracts of Death, and laid the Battel waste;
Still pressing forward to the Fight, they broke
Thro' Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,
'Till slaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hosts engage;
The Battel kindled into Tenfold Rage
With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous Carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,
New to the Field, and Heroes in the Bloom!
Th' Illustrious Youths, that left their Native Shore
To March where *Britons* never march'd before
(O Fatal Love of Fame! O Glorious Heat
Only Destructive to the Brave and Great!)
After such Toils o'ercome, such Dangers past,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no Complaints appear,
Nor blot the Day with an ungrateful Tear:
While *Marlbro'* lives, *Britannia*'s Stars dispense
A friendly Light, and shine in Innocence.
Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed
Where-e'er his Friends retire, or Foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden Flight,
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms, forbear
To brave the thickest Terrors of the War,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crowds of Foes,
*Britannia*'s Safety, and the World's Repose;

Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate
This Scorn of Danger, and Contempt of Fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thy ſelf; thy Queen demands
Conqueſt and Peace from thy Victorious Hands;
Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And *Europe*'s Deſtiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-diſputed Paſs they gain,
By crouded Armies fortify'd in vain;
The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their Camp with *Britiſh* Legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their ſhatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with ſwelling Tides,
But if the ruſhing Wave a Paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempeſts, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few ſurviving Foes diſperſt in Flight,
(Refuſe of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)
In ev'ry ruſſling Wind the Victor hear,
And *Marlbro*'s Form in ev'ry Shadow fear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Diſgrace.

To *Donnawert*, with unreſiſted Force,
The gay Victorious Army bends its Courſe;
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields,
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria*'s Summer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great Increaſe) *Britannia* ſhares,
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars:
With Magazines of Death, deſtructive Balls,
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s Walls,
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd Throne,
And made imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,

Nor find it there: Surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' Aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* Arms;
The *Gallic* Arms in Safety ſhall advance,
And croud thy Standards with the Pow'r of *France*,
While to exalt thy Doom, th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy Deſtruction, and adorns thy Fall.
Unbounded Courage and Compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,
Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,
And make the Heroe and the Man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate Foe to gain
By proffer'd Grace, but long he ſtrove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing Wrath, and gives a Looſe to War.
In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand
With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land,
A Thouſand Villages to Aſhes turns,
In crackling Flames a Thouſand Harveſts burns;
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling Lords the common Shade partake,
And Cries of Infants ſound in every Brake:
The liſt'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow ſtands,
Loth to Obey his Leader's juſt Commands;
The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt Commands ſo well obey'd.
But now the Trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller Clangors animates the War,
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Conſort Beat,
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
*Gallia*'s proud Standards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind;
The daring Prince his blaſted Hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled Hoſt he views
Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.
The fatal Day its mighty Courſe began,
That the griev'd World had long deſir'd in vain:

States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,
And Pray'rs in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd,
*Europe*'s loud Cries, that Providence assail'd,
And *Anna*'s Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;
The Day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array
The long Extended Squadrons shape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horror to the Bravest Hearts,
Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,
And thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life;
No vulgar Fears can *British* Minds controul,
Heat of Revenge, and Noble Pride of Soul
O'er-look the Foe, advantag'd by his Post,
Lessen his Numbers, and Contract his Host:
Tho' Fens and Floods possest the middle Space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass,
Nor Fens nor Floods can stop *Britannia*'s Bands,
When her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find,
To sing the furious Troops in Battel join'd!
Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound
The Victor's Shouts and dying Groans confound,
The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battel rise.
'Twas then great *Marlbro*'s mighty Soul was prov'd,
That, in the Shock of Charging Hosts unmov'd,
Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,
To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battel where to rage.
So when an Angel by Divine Command
With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land,

Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.
But ſee the haughty Houſhold-Troops advance!
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conqueſt glows;
Proudly he Marches on, and void of Fear
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* Spear;
Vain Inſolence! with Native Freedom brave
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt Slave,
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:
A Thouſand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,
And Troops of Heroes undiſtinguiſh'd dye.
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate!
How can I ſee the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Croud of War, and lye unſung!
In Joys of Conqueſt he reſigns his Breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s Glory, ſmiles in Death.
The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,
Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they ſhun,
Thouſands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd
Floating in Gore, with their dead Maſters mixt,
Midſt Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,
Lye in the *Danube*'s bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold Youths, born on the diſtant *Soan*,
Or ſounding Borders of the Rapid *Rhône*,
Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry-Fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyards glides;
In Heaps the Rolling Billows ſweep away,
And into *Scythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey.

From *Bleinheim*'s Tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild Affright,
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight;
His waving Banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And rise Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foe's remotest Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.
Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mixt Tumult in thy Bosom swell'd!
When first thou saw'st thy Bravest Troops repell'd,
Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground,
Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
Greatly Distrest! thy loud Complaints forbear,
Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War;
Give thy Brave Foes their Due, nor blush to own,
The fatal Field by such great Leaders won,
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the Second Honours of the Day.
With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquisht fell
The Marshes stagnate, and the Rivers swell.
Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,
Or 'midst the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole Captive Hosts the Conqueror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the Fetters and the Sword,
Nor seek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
*Marlbro*'s Great Work, and finish the Defeat.
From *Memminghen*'s high Domes, and *Ausburg*'s
The distant Battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*, [Walls,
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name
The rescu'd States his great Protection claim;

Whilst

Whilst *Ulme* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious Gates.
The Hero's Breast still swells with great Designs,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines:
If to the Foe his dreadful Course he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an Army storm'd;
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.
What distant Land, what Region can afford
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword:
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?
Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its Force
Divides the Hostile Nations in its Course,
While each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the River flows,
On *Gallia*'s Side a mighty Bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended Plain commands:
Twice, since the War was kindled, has it try'd
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side;
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects;
And, tho' the Dog-star had its Course begun,
Carries his Arms still nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious Action, He forgets
The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats:
No Toils are painful that can Danger show,
No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe.
The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds restrain'd,
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land,
But soon as the Victorious Host he spies,
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies:
Such dire Impressions in his Heart remain
Of *Marlbro*'s Sword, and *Hochstet*'s fatal Plain:

In vain *Britannia*'s mighty Chief beſets
Their ſhady Coverts, and obſcure Retreats;
They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,
That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.
*Auſtria*'s Young Monarch, whoſe Imperial Sway
Sceptres and Thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted Anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,
Comes from a-far, in Gratitude to own
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:
What Tides of Glory to his Boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his Eyes with pleaſing Wonder fixt
To ſee ſuch Fire with ſo much Sweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſie Greatneſs, ſuch a graceful Port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the Camp or Court!
*Achilles* thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And *Nireus* ſhone but in the ſecond Place;
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*
(Divinely fluſht with an Immortal Bloom
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant Breath beſtow'd)
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.
The Royal Youth by *Marlbro*'s Preſence charm'd,
Taught by his Counſels, by his Actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubled Fury falls,
Diſcharges all his Thunder on its Walls,
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,
And learns to Conquer in the Hero's ſight.
The *Britiſh* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conqueſts crown'd,
To *Belgian* Coaſts his tedious March renews,
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* purſues,
Clearing its Borders from Uſurping Foes,
And bleſt by reſcu'd Nations as he goes.
*Treves* fears no more, freed from its dire Alarms,
And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms,
Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations ſhake,
While *Marlbro* preſſes to the bold Attack,

Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon Roar,
And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining Years,
Forgets his Thirst of Universal Sway,
And scarce can teach his Subjects to Obey;
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd.
Th' Ambitious Projects for his Race destroy'd,
The Work of Ages sunk in One Campaign,
And Lives of Millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *Anna*'s Royal Cares:
By Her, *Britannia*, great in Foreign Wars,
Ranges through Nations, whereso'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.
By Her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s States are free,
And taste the Sweets of *English* Liberty.
But who can tell the Joys of those that lye
Beneath the constant Influence of Her Eye!
Whilst in diffusive Show'rs Her Bounties fall
Like Heav'n's Indulgence, and descend on All,
Secure the Happy, succour the Distrest,
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Blest.

Thus would I fain *Britannia*'s Wars rehearse,
In the smooth Records of a Faithful Verse;
That, if such Numbers can o'er Time prevail,
May tell Posterity the wond'rous Tale.
When Actions, Unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in Factions from the Skies,
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds arise;
Fiction may deck the Truth with spurious Rays,
And round the Hero cast a borrow'd Blaze.
*Marlbro*'s Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own Native Light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuin Charms they boast,
And those who Paint 'em truest, Praise 'em most.

## *The Dedication of* OVID's *Art of Love, to the Right Honourable* RICHARD, *Earl of* BURLINGTON.

My LORD,

OUR Poet's Rules, in easie Numbers, tell
He felt the Passion, he describes so well.
In that soft Art successfully refin'd,
Tho' angry *Cæsar* frown'd, the Fair were kind.
More Ills from Love, than Tyrant's Malice flow;
*Jove*'s Thunder strikes less sure than *Cupid*'s Bow.
*Ovid* both felt the Pain, and found the Ease:
Physicians study most their own Disease.
The Practice of that Age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd listen then, and Lovers lie.
Who flatter'd most the Fair were most polite,
Each thought her own Admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal,
But to be boldly so, atton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair One's sake,
The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours shou'd take.
Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming Spring.
Tho' you possess all Nature's Gifts, take care;
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her Snare.
On all that Goddess her false Smiles bestows,
As on the Seas she Reigns, from whence she rose.
Young *Zephyrs* sigh with fragrant Breath, soft Gales
Guide her gay Barge, and swell the silken Sails:
Each silver Wave in beauteous Order moves,
Fair as her Bosom, gentle as her Doves;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds,
Cares, Fears, and Anguish, hov'ring on the Coast,
And Wracks of Wretches by their Folly lost.

When coming Time shall bless you with a Bride,
Let Passion not persuade, but Reason guide:
Instead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear;
She has most Charms that is the most sincere.
Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Disease;
Weak Appetites are ever hard to please.
The Nymph must fear to be inquisitive;
'Tis for the Sex's Quiet to believe.
Her Air an easie Confidence must show,
And shun to find what she wou'd dread to know;
Still charming with all Arts that can engage,
And be the *Juliana* of the Age.

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## *To the* QUEEN, *entertain'd at Night by the Countess of* ANGLESEY.

*By Sir* William Davenant, *Knight.*

FAIR as unshaded Light; or as the Day
In its first Birth, when all the Year was *May*;
Sweet, as the Altar's Smoak, or as the new
Unfolded Bud, swell'd by the early Dew;
Smooth, as the Face of Waters first appear'd,
E'er Tides began to strive, or Winds were heard:
Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer far,
Than in their Sleeps forgiven Hermits are:
You that are more, than our discreeter Fear
Dares praise, with such full Art, what make you here
Here, where the Summer is so little seen,
That Leaves (her cheapest Wealth) scarce reach at green.
You come, as if the silver Planet were
Mis-led a-while from her much injur'd Sphere,
And t'ease the Travails of her Beams to Night,
In this small Lanthorn would contract her Light.

## *In Remembrance of Master* WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

*By the same Hand.*

### ODE. I.

BEware (delighted Poets!) when you sing
To welcome Nature in the early Spring:
Your num'rous Feet not tread
The Banks of *Avon*; for each Flower
(As it ne'er knew a Sun or Shower)
Hangs there the pensive Head.

II.

Each Tree, whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, than Shade,
(Unwilling now to grow)
Looks like the Plume a Captain wears,
Whose rifled *Falls* are steept i'th' Tears
Which from his last Rage flow.

III.

The piteous River wept it self away
Long since (Alas!) to such a swift Decay;
That reach the Map, and look
If you a River there can spy:
And for a River your mock'd Eye,
Will find a shallow Brook.

# CLAREMONT.

Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable the

## EARL of *CLARE*,

NOW

## Duke of *Newcaſtle*.

---

——*Dryadum ſilvas, ſaltuſque ſequamur*
*Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia juſſa.* Virg.

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Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVI.

# THE PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent Poems of Cooper's *Hill* and Windsor-Forrest; *the one by Sir* J. Denham, *the other by Mr.* Pope; *will shew a great deal of Candour if they approve of this. It was writ upon giving the Name of* Claremont *to a* Villa, *now belonging to the Earl of* Clare. *The Situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it enclines one to think, some place of this Nature put* Ovid *at first upon the Story of* Narcissus *and* Eccho. *'Tis probable he had observ'd some Spring arising amongst Woods and Rocks, where Ecchos were heard; and some Flower bending over the Stream, and by Consequence reflected from it. After reading the Story in the Third Book of the* Metamorphosis, *'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious Friend has already done) that the renewing the Charms of a Nymph, of which* Ovid *had dispossess'd her,*

------vox tantum atque ossa supersunt

*is too great a Violation of Poetical Authority. I dare say the Gentleman who is meant, wou'd have been well pleas'd to have found no Faults. There are not many Authors one can say the same of: Experience shows us every Day that there are Writers who cannot bear a Brother shou'd succeed, and the only Refuge from their Indignation is by being inconsiderable; upon which Reflection, this Thing ought to have a Pretence to their Favour.*

*They who wou'd be more inform'd of what relates to the Antient* Britons, *and the* Druids *their Priests, may be directed by the Quotations to the Authors that have mention'd them.*

# CLAREMONT.

WHAT Frenzy has of late poſſeſs'd the Brain?
Tho' Few can write, yet Fewer can refrain.
So rank our Soyl, our Bards riſe in ſuch Store,
Their rich Retaining Patrons ſcarce are more.
The Laſt indulge the Fault, the Firſt commit;
And take off ſtill the Offal of their Wit.
So ſhameleſs, ſo abandon'd are their Ways;
They poche *Parnaſſus*, and lay Snares for Praiſe.
None ever can without Admirers live,
Who have a Penſion or a Place to give.
Great Miniſters ne'er fail of great Deſerts;
The Herald gives Them Blood; the Poet, Parts.
Senſe is of Courſe annex'd to Wealth and Pow'r;
No Muſe is proof againſt a golden Show'r.
Let but his Lordſhip write ſome poor Lampoon,
He's *Horace'd* up in Doggrel like his own.
Or if to rant in Tragick Rage he yields,
Falſe Fame crys---*Athens*; honeſt Truth---*Moorfields*.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on thro' Floods of Ink;
Flaggs with full Sail; and riſes but to ſink.
Some venal Pens ſo proſtitute the Bays,
Their Panegyricks laſh; their Satyrs praiſe.
So nauſeouſly, and ſo unlike they paint,
*N*-----'s an *Adonis*; *M*-----r a Saint.
*Metius* with thoſe fam'd Heroes is compar'd,
That led in Triumph *Porus* and *Tallard*.
But ſuch a ſhameleſs Muſe muſt Laughter move,
That aims to make *Salmoneus* vye with *Jove*.

To form great Works puts Fate it ſelf to Pain,
Ev'n Nature labours for a mighty Man.
And to perpetuate her Hero's Fame,
She ſtrains no leſs a Poet next to frame.
Rare as the Hero's, is the Poet's Rage;
*Churchills* and *Drydens* riſe but once an Age.
With Earthquakes tow'ring *Pindar*'s Birth begun;
And an Eclipſe produc'd * *Alcmena*'s Son:
The Sire of Gods o'er *Phœbus* caſt a Shade;
But, with a Hero, well the World repaid.
No Bard for Bribes ſhou'd proſtitute his Vein;
Nor dare to Flatter where he ſhou'd Arraign.
To grant big *Thraſo* Valour, *Phormio*, Senſe,
Shou'd Indignation give, at leaſt Offence.
I hate ſuch Mercenaries, and wou'd try
From this Reproach to reſcue Poetry.
*Apollo*'s Sons ſhou'd ſcorn the ſervile Art,
And to Court Preachers leave the fulſome Part.
What then--You'll ſay, Muſt no true Sterling paſs,
Becauſe impure Allays ſome Coin debaſe?
Yes, Praiſe, if juſtly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with Merit, ſcribble too.
The Man who's honeſt, open, and a Friend,
Glad to oblige, uneaſie to offend:
Forgiving others, to himſelf ſevere;
Tho' earneſt, eaſie; civil, yet ſincere;
Who ſeldom but through great Good-nature errs;
Deteſting Fraud as much as Flatterers.
'Tis he my Muſe's Homage ſhou'd receive;
If I cou'd write, or *Holles* cou'd forgive.
But pardon, learned Youth, that I decline
A Name ſo lov'd by me, ſo lately Thine.
When *Pelham* you reſign'd, what cou'd repair
A Loſs ſo great, unleſs *Newcaſtle*'s Heir?
*Hydaſpes* that the *Aſian* Plains divides,
From his bright Urn in pureſt Cryſtal glides.

* Hercules.

But when new gath'ring Streams enlarge his Course;
He's *Indus* nam'd, and rolls with mightier Force.
In fabl'd Floods of Gold his Current flows,
And Wealth on Nations, as he runs, bestows.
Direct me, *Clare*, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her Theme thy late *Recess* may chuse.
Such bright Descriptions shall the Subject dress;
Such vary'd Scenes, such pleasing Images;
That Swains shall leave their Lawns, and Nymphs their [Bow'rs,
And quit *Arcadia* for a Seat like yours.
But say, who shall attempt th' advent'rous Part
Where Nature borrows Dress from *Vanbrook*'s Art.
If, by *Apollo* taught, he touch the Lyre,
Stones mount in Columns, Palaces aspire,
And Rocks are animated with his Fire.
'Tis he can Paint in Verse those rising Hills,
Their gentle Vallies, and their silver Rills:
Close Groves, and op'ning Glades with Verdure spread,
Flow'rs sighing Sweets, and Shrubs that Balsam bleed.
With gay Variety the Prospect crown'd,
And all the bright *Horizon* smiling round.
Whilst I attempt to tell how antient Fame
Records from whence the *Villa* took its Name.
In Times of old, when *British* Nymphs were known
To love no foreign Fashions like their own;
When Dress was monstrous, and Fig-leaves the Mode
And Quality put on no Paint but * Woade.
Of *Spanish* Red unheard was then the Name;
For Cheeks were only taught to blush by Shame.
No Beauty, to encrease her Crowd of Slaves,
Rose out of Wash, as *Venus* out of Waves.
Not yet Lead Comb was on the Toilett plac'd;
Not yet broad Eye-brows were reduc'd by Paste:
No Shape-smith set up Shop, and drove a Trade
To mend the Work wise Providence had made.

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* *Glastum*, See *Pliny*, Ἴσατις. See *Dioscorides*.

Tyres were unheard of, and unknown the Loom,
And thrifty Silkworms ſpun for Times to come.
Bare Limbs were then the Marks of Modeſty;
All like *Diana* were below the Knee.

The Men appear'd a rough undaunted Race,
Surly in Show, unfaſhion'd in Addreſs.
* Upright in Actions, and in Thought ſincere;
And ſtrictly were the ſame they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in Probity alone;
For Villains had no Titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely Mad;
But ſtill what Fancy wanted, Reaſon had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their Hands cou'd give;
Unlearn'd in Feaſts, they only eat to live.
No Cook with Art encreas'd Phyſician's Fees;
Nor ſerv'd up Death in Soups and Fricacees.
Their Taſte was, like their Temper, unrefin'd;
For Looks were then the Language of the Mind.

E'er Right and Wrong, by turns, ſet Prices bore;
And Conſcience had its Rate like common Whore:
Or Tools to great Employments had Pretence;
Or Merit was made out by Impudence;
Or Coxcombs look'd aſſuming in Affairs;
And humble Friends grew haughty Miniſters.

In thoſe good Days of Innocence, here ſtood
Of Oaks, with Heads unſhorn, a ſolemn Wood,
Frequented by the † *Druids*, to beſtow
Religious Honours on the ‡ Miſſelto.

The Naturaliſts are puzzel'd to explain
How Trees did firſt this Stranger entertain:

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* *Mores eis ſimplices, à verſutiâ & improbitate noſtræ tempeſtatis hominum longe remoti.* See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hiſt. L. IV. Verſ. Lat. † *Jam per ſe roborum eligunt lucos.* Plin. L. XVI. ‡ *Et nihil habent Druidæ viſco, & arbore in quâ gignatur, ſi modò ſit robur, ſacratius.* Plin. ibid. *Et Viſcum Druida.* Ovid.

Whether the buſie Birds engraft it there:
Or elſe ſome Deity's myſterious Care,
As *Druids* thought; for when the blaſted Oak
By Lightning falls, this Plant eſcapes the Stroak.
So when the *Gauls* the Tow'rs of *Rome* defac'd,
And Flames drove forward with outragious Waſte;
*Jove*'s favour'd Capitol uninjur'd ſtood:
So Sacred was the Manſion of a God.

Shades honour'd by this Plant the *Druids* choſe,
Here, for the bleeding Victims, Altars roſe.
To * *Hermes* oft they paid their Sacrifice;
Parent of Arts, and Patron of the Wiſe.
Good Rules in mild Perſwaſions they convey'd;
Their Lives confirming what their Lectures ſaid.
None violated Truth, invaded Right;
Yet had few Laws, but Will and Appetite.
The People's Peace they ſtudy'd, and profeſt
No † Politicks but Publick Intereſt.
Hard was their Lodging, homely was their Food;
For all their Luxury was doing Good.

No Miter'd *Prieſt* did then with *Princes* vie,
Nor, o'er his Maſter, claim Supremacy;
Nor were the Rules of Faith allow'd more pure,
For being ſev'ral Centuries obſcure.
None loſt their Fortunes, forfeited their Blood,
For not believing what None underſtood.
Nor Symony, nor *Sine-Cure* were known;
Nor wou'd the Bee work Honey for the Drone.
Nor was the Way invented, to diſmiſs
Frail *Abigals* with fat *Pluralities*.

But then in Fillets bound, a hallow'd *Band*
Taught how to tend the Flocks, and till the Land:

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* *Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: Hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: Poſt hunc, Jovem, Apollinem &c.* Cæſ. † *De republicâ, niſi per concilium, loqui non conceditur.* Cæſ. Lib. VI.

Cou'd tell what Murrains in what Months begun,
And how the † Seasons travell'd with the Sun:
When his dim Orb seem'd wading through the Air,
They told that Rain on dropping Wings drew near;
And that the Winds their bellowing Throats wou'd try,
When redd'ning Clouds reflect his Blood-shot Eye.
All their Remarks on Nature's Laws, require
More Lines than wou'd ev'n *Alpin*'s Readers tire.
This Sect in sacred Veneration held
Opinions, by the *Samian Sage* reveal'd;
That Matter no Annihilation knows,
But wanders from these Tenements to those.
For when the *Plastick* Particles are gone,
They rally in some Species like their own.
The self-same Atoms, if new jumbl'd, will
In Seas be restless, and in Earth be still;
Can, in the Truffle, furnish out a Feast;
And nauseate, in the scaly Squill, the Taste.
Those falling Leaves that wither with the Year,
Will, in the next, on other Stems appear.
The Sap that now forsakes the bursting Bud,
In some new Shoot will circulate green Blood.
The Breath to Day that from the Jasmin blows,
Will, when the Season offers, scent the Rose;
And those bright Flames that in Carnations glow,
E'er long will blanch the Lilly with a Snow.
They hold that Matter must be still the same;
And varies but in Figure and in Name.
And that the * Soul not dies, but shifts her Seat;
New Rounds of Life to run; or past, repeat.
Thus when the Brave and Virtuous cease to live;
In Beings brave and virtuous they ‡ revive.

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† *Multa præterea de sideribus, & eorum motu, de rerum naturâ &c.* Cæs. * *Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios.* Cæs. ‡ *Et vos Barbaricos ritus-----Sacrorum Druidæ-----redituræ parcere vitæ, -----regit idem spiritus artus;* Lucan. Lib. I.

Again shall *Romulus* in *Nassau* reign;
Great *Numa*, in a *Brunswick* Prince, ordain [again.
Good Laws; and *Halcyon* Years shall hush the World

The Truths of old Traditions were their Theme;
Or Gods descending in a Morning Dream.
Pass'd Acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And cou'd Events, not ripe for Fate, unfold.
Beneath the shady Covert of an Oak,
In † Rhymes uncooth, prophetick Truths they spoke;
Attend then *Clare*; nor is the Legend long;
The Story of thy *Villa* is their * Song.

The fair *Montano*, of the *Sylvan* Race,
Was with each Beauty bless'd, and ev'ry Grace.
His Sire, green *Faunus*, Guardian of the Wood;
His Mother, a swift *Naiad* of the Flood.
Her Silver Urn supply'd the neighb'ring Streams,
A darling Daughter of the bounteous *Thames*.

Not lovelier seem'd *Narcissus* to the Eye;
Nor, when a Flower, cou'd boast more Fragrancy.
His Skin might with the Down of Swans compare,
More smooth than Pearl; than Mountain Snow more
In Shape so Poplars or the Cedars please: [fair.
But those are not so streight; nor graceful these.
His flowing Hair in unforc'd Ringlets hung;
Tuneful his Voice, persuasive was his Tongue.
The haughtiest Fair scarce heard without a Wound,
But sunk to Softness at the melting Sound.

The fourth bright *Lustre* had but just begun
To shade his blushing Cheeks with doubtful Down.
All Day he rang'd the Woods, and spread the Toils,
And knew no Pleasures but in *Sylvan* Spoils.
In vain the Nymphs put on each pleasing Grace;
Too cheap the Quarry seem'd, too short the Chace.

---

† *Et magnum numerum versuum edisce dicuntur.* Cæs. * *Superstitione vanâ Druidæ canebant, &c.* Tacit. L. IV.

For tho' Poſſeſſion be th' undoubted View;
To ſeize, is far leſs Pleaſure than purſue. [pair,
Thoſe Nymphs that yield too ſoon, their Charms im-
And prove at laſt but deſpicably Fair.
His own Undoing Glutton *Love* decrees;
And palls the Appetite, he meant to pleaſe.
His ſlender Wants too largely he ſupplies:
Thrives on ſhort Meals, but by Indulgence dies.

A Grott there was with hoary Moſs o'ergrown,
Rough with rude Shells, and arch'd with mouldring Stone;
Sad Silence reigns within the loneſom Wall;
And weeping Rills but whiſper as they fall.
The claſping Ivys up the Ruin creep;
And there the Bat, and drowſie Beetle ſleep.

This Cell ſad *Echo* choſe, by Love betray'd,
A fit Retirement for a mourning Maid.
Hither fatigu'd with Toil, the *Sylvain* flies
To ſhun the Calenture of ſultry Skies:
But feels a fiercer Flame, Love's keeneſt Dart
Finds through his Eyes a Paſſage to his Heart.
Penſive the *Virgin* ſate with folded Arms,
Her Tears but lending Luſter to her Charms;
With Pity he beholds her wounding Woes;
But wants himſelf the Pity he beſtows.

Oh whether of a Mortal born! he cries;
Or ſome fair Daughter of the diſtant Skies;
That, in Compaſſion leave your Cryſtal Sphere,
To guard ſome favour'd Charge, and wander here,
Slight not my Suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity One, a Novice yet in Love.
If Words avail not; ſee my ſuppliant Tears;
Nor diſregard thoſe dumb Petitioners.

From his Complaint the Tyrant Virgin flies,
Aſſerting all the Empire of her Eyes.

Full thrice three Days he lingers out in Grief,
Nor ſeeks from Sleep, or Suſtenance, Relief.
The Lamp of Life now caſts a glimm'ring Light;
The meeting Lids his ſetting Eyes benight.

What

What Force remains, the hapleſs Lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred Deities.
Haſte, Parents of the Flood, your Race to mourn;
With Tears repleniſh each exhauſted Urn.
Retake the Life you gave, but let the Maid
Fall a juſt Victim to an injur'd Shade.
More he endeavour'd; but the Accents hung
Half form'd, and ſtopp'd unfiniſh'd on his Tongue.
For him the *Graces* their ſad Vigils keep;
*Love* broke his Bow, and wiſh'd for Eyes to weep.
What Gods can do, the mournful *Faunus* tries;
A Mount erecting where the *Sylvan* lyes.
The Rural Pow'rs the wond'rous Pile ſurvey,
And piouſly their diff'rent Honours pay.
Th' Aſcent, with verdant Herbage *Pales* ſpread;
And Nymphs transform'd to Laurels, lent their Shade.
Her Stream a *Naiad* from the Baſis pours;
And *Flora* ſtrows the Summit with her Flowers.
Alone Mount *Latmos* claims Pre-eminence,
When Silver *Cynthia* lights the World from thence.
Sad *Echo* now laments her Rigour, more
Than for *Narciſſus* her looſe Flame before.
Her Fleſh to Sinew ſhrinks, her Charms are fled;
All Day in rifted Rocks ſhe hides her Head.
Soon as the Ev'ning ſhows a Sky ſerene,
Abroad ſhe ſtrays, but never to be ſeen.
And ever as the weeping *Naiads* name
Her Cruelty, the Nymph repeats the ſame.
With them ſhe joins, her Lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely Dales, he rang'd before.
Her Sex's Privilege ſhe yet retains;
And tho' to Nothing waſted, *Voice* remains.
So ſung the *Druids*----then with Rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the * *Delphick* God inſpir'd.

---

* *Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ eſſent futura, &c.* Cic. de Divinatione.

E'er twice ten Centuries shall fleet away,
A *Brunswick* Prince shall *Britain*'s Scepter sway.
No more fair *Liberty* shall mourn her Chains;
The *Maid* is resçu'd, her lov'd *Perseus* reigns.
From * *Jove* he comes, the Captive to restore;
Nor can the Thunder of his *Sire* do more.
Religion shall dread nothing but Disguise;
And Justice need no Bandage for her Eyes.
*Britannia* smiles, nor fears a foreign Lord;
Her Safety to secure, two Powers accord,
Her *Neptune*'s Trident, and her *Monarch*'s Sword.
Like him, shall his *Augustus* shine in Arms,
Tho' Captive to his *Carolina*'s Charms.
Ages with future Heroes She shall bless;
And *Venus* once more found an *Alban* Race.

Then shall a *Clare* in Honour's Cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless Age.
Where Guides themselves for Guilty Views mis-lead;
And Laws ev'n by the Legislators bleed,
His brave Contempt of State shall teach the Proud,
None but the Virtuous are of noble Blood.
For *Tyrants* are but *Princes* in Disguise,
Tho' sprung by long Descents from *Ptolemies*.
Right he shall Vindicate, good Laws defend;
The firmest Patriot, and the warmest Friend.
Great *Edward*'s † Order early he shall wear;
New Light restoring to the sully'd *Star*.
Oft will his Leisure this *Retirement* chuse,
Still finding future Subjects for the Muse,
And to record the *Sylvan*'s fatal Flame, [Name.
The *Place* shall live in Song; and *Claremont* be the

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* *Son of* Jupiter *and* Danae. † *Theologi & Vates erant apud eos, Druidas ipsi vocant, qui à victimarum extis de futuris divinant.* Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.

## *The lamentable Song of the Lord* WIGMORE *Governour of* Warwick *Caſtle, and the fair Maid of* DUNSMORE.

IN *Warwickſhire* there ſtands a Down,
And *Dunſmore-Heath* it hath to Name,
Adjoining to a Country Town,
Made famous by a Maiden's Name:

Fair *Iſabel* ſhe named was,
A Shepherd's Daughter, as ſome ſay;
To *Wigmore*'s Ears her Fame did paſs,
As he in *Warwick* Caſtle lay.

Poor Love-ſick Lord immediately
Upon her Fame ſet his Delight;
And thought much Pleaſure ſure did lye
Poſſeſſing of ſo fair a Wight.

Therefore to *Dunſmore* did repair,
To recreate his ſickly Mind;
Where in a Summer's Evening fair,
His Chance was *Iſabel* to find.

She ſat amidſt a Meadow Green,
Moſt richly ſpread with ſmelling Flowers,
And by a River ſhe was ſeen
To ſpend away ſome Evening Hours.

There laid this Maiden all alone,
Waſhing her Feet in ſecret wiſe,
Which Virgin fair to look upon
Did much delight his loving Eyes.

She thinking not to be eſpy'd,
Had laid from her her Country Tire;
The Treſſes of her Hair unty'd,
Hung gliſtering like the golden Wire.

And as the Flakes of Winter Snow,
That lye unmelted on the Plains,
So white her Body was in ſhow;
Like ſilver Springs did run her Veins.

He, raviſht with this pleaſant ſight,
Stood as a Man amazed ſtill;
Suffering his Eyes to take delight,
That never thought they had their fill.

She blinded their Affections ſo,
That Reaſon's Rules were led away;
And Love the Coals of Luſt did blow,
Which to a Fire flamed high.

And though he knew the Sin was great,
It burned ſo within his Breaſt,
With ſuch a vehement ſcorching Heat,
That none but ſhe could lend him Reſt.

Lord *Wigmore* being thus drown'd in Luſt,
By liking of this dainty Dame;
He call'd a Servant of great Truſt,
Inquiring ſtraight what was her Name.

She is, quoth he, no married Wife,
But a Shepherd's Daughter as you ſee,
And with her Father leads her Life,
Whoſe Dwellings by theſe Paſtures be;

Her Name is *Iſabel* the fair.
Then ſtay, quoth he, and ſpeak no more,
But to my Caſtle ſtraight her bear,
Her Sight hath wounded me full ſore.

Thus to Lord *Wigmore* she was brought,
Who with delight his Fancies fed,
And through his Suit such means he wrought,
That he entic'd her to his Bed.

This being done, incontinent
She did return from whence she came,
And every Day she did invent
To cover her received Shame.

But e'er three Months were fully past,
Her Crime committed plain appears;
Unto Lord *Wigmore* then in haste
She long complain'd with weeping Tears.

## *The Complaint of Fair* ISABEL, *for the Loss of her Honour.*

LORD *Wigmore*, thus I have defil'd
And spotted my pure Virgin's Bed;
Behold I am conceiv'd with Child,
To which vile Folly you me led.

For now this Deed that I have wrought
Throughout the Country well is known,
And to my woful Parents brought,
Who now for me do make great Moan.

How shall I look them in the Face,
When they my Shameless self shall see?
O cursed *Eve*, I feel thy case,
When thou hadst tasted on the Tree.

Thou hidst thy self, and so must I,
But God thy trespass quickly found;
No dark may hide me from God's Eye,
But leave my Shame still to abound.

Wide open are mine Eyes to look
Upon my ſad and heavy Sin:
And quite unclaſped is the Book,
Where my Accounts are written in.

This Sin of mine deſerveth Death,
But judge Lord *Wigmore* I am ſhe,
For I have trod a Strumpet's Path,
And for the ſame I needs muſt die.

Beſpotted with reproachful Shame
To Ages following ſhall I be,
And in Records be writ my Blame;
Lord *Wigmore* this is long of thee.

Lord *Wigmore*, proſtrate at thy Feet,
I crave my juſt deſerved Doom,
That Death may cut off from the Root
This Body, Bloſſom, Branch and Bloom.

Let Modeſty accurſe this Crime,
Let Love and Law, and Nature ſpeak,
Was ever any Wretch yet ſeen
That in one inſtant all did break?

Then *Wigmore* Juſtice on me ſhew,
For thus conſenting to the Act,
Give me my Death, for that is due
To ſuch as Sin in ſuch a Fact.

O that the Womb had been my Grave,
Or I had periſh'd in my Birth,
O that ſame Day may Darkneſs have,
Wherein I firſt drew vital Breath.

Let God regard it not at all,
Let not the Sun upon it ſhine,
Let miſty Darkneſs on it fall,
For to make known this Sin of mine.

The Night wherein I was conceiv'd,
Let be accurſt with mournful Cries,
Let twinkling Stars from Sky bereav'd,
And Clouds of Darkneſs thereon riſe.

Becauſe they ſhut not up their Powers,
That gave the Paſſage to my Life.
Come Sorrow, finiſh up my Hours,
And let my Time here end with Grief.

And having made this woful Moan,
A Knife ſhe ſnatched from her Side;
*Lucretia*'s Part was rightly ſhown,
For with the ſame fair *Iſabel* dy'd.

Whereat Lord *Wigmore* grieved ſore,
A Heart repenting his amiſs,
And after would attempt no more
To crop the Flower of Maidens bliſs;

But lived long in woful Wiſe,
Till Death did finiſh up his Days,
And now in *Iſabel*'s Grave he lyes,
Till Judgement comes them both to raiſe.

---

## *The* SHEPHERD's *Reſolution.*

SHALL I waſting in Deſpair
Die, becauſe a Woman's Fair?
Shall my Cheeks look pale with care,
'Cauſe another's roſie are?
Be ſhe fairer than the Day,
Or the flowry Meads in *May*,
*Yet if ſhe think not well of me,*
*What care I how fair ſhe be.*

Shall a Woman's Goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her Love?
Or her worthy Merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that Goodneſs bleſt,
As may Merit name of Beſt,
*Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,*
*What care I how good ſhe be.*

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair:
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die e'er ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I wooe,
I will ſcorn, and let her go:
*Yet if ſhe be not fit for me,*
*What care I for whom ſhe be.*

---

## *A Pleaſant SONG.*

YOU pretty Birds that ſit and ſing
Amidſt the ſhady Valleys,
And ſee how ſweetly *Phyllis* walks,
Within her guarded Alleys:
Go pretty Birds unto her Bower,
Sing pretty Birds, ſhe may not lower:
*For fear my faireſt* Phyllis *frown,*
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

Go tell her through your chirping Bills
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my Love,
Which from the World is hidden:
Go pretty Birds and tell her ſo,
See that your Notes fall not too low:
*For fear my faireſt* Phyllis *frown,*
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

Go tune your Voices Harmony,
And ſing I am her Lover;
Strain low and high, that every Note
With ſweet Concent may move her:
Tell her it is her Lover true,
That ſendeth Love by you and you;
*Ay me! methinks I ſee her frown,*
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

Fly pretty Birds, and in your Bills
Bear me a loving Letter
Unto my faireſt *Phyllis*, and
With your ſweet Muſick greet her,
Go pretty Birds unto her hie,
Haſte pretty Birds, unto her fly:
*Ay me! methinks I ſee her frown,*
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

And if you find her ſadly ſet,
About her ſweetly chant it,
Until ſhe ſmiling raiſe her Head,
Ne'er ceaſe until ſhe grant it:
Go pretty Birds, and tell her I
As you have done, will to her fly.
*Ay me! methinks I ſee her frown,*
*You pretty Wantons warble.*

---

## *The* SHEPHERDS *Dialogue.*

*WILLY.*

HOW now, Shepherd? what means that?
Why wear'ſt thou Willow in thy Hat?
Why are the Scarfs of red and yellow
Turn'd to Branches of green Willow?

*CUDDY.*

They are chang'd, and so am I;
Sorrows live, but Pleasures die:
She hath now forsaken me,
*Which makes me wear the Willow Tree.*

*WILLY.*

What, that *Phyllis* lov'd thee long,
Is that the Lass hath done thee wrong?
She that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her Love turn'd to a Jest?

*CUDDY.*

She that lov'd me long and best,
Bid me set my Heart at rest,
For she a new Love loves (not me)
*Which makes me wear the Willow Tree.*

*WILLY.*

Come then Shepherd, let us join,
Since thy hap is like to mine,
For the Wight I thought most true,
Now hath chang'd me for a new.

*CUDDY.*

Well then since thy hap is so,
Take no care but let her go,
Thy hard hap doth mine appease,
Company doth Sorrows ease.

*WILLY.*

I will then forget her Love,
Since wantonly she false doth prove;
And for her sake bid all adieu,
For Women seldom do prove true;
Yet for her sake I'll sit and pine,
For she was once a Love of mine,
Which shall ne'er forgotten be,
*Though I wear the Willow Tree.*

*CUDDY.*

Herdsman, be advis'd by me,
Cast off Grief and Willow Tree:
For thy Grief brings her Content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament,

*WILLY.*

Then I will be rul'd by thee;
There lyes Grief and Willow Tree.
Henceforth I will do as they
That love a new Love every Day.

---

## *An Ancient* SONG.

DEAR *Dorinda* weep no more,
No more, my charming Creature, grieve,
My wandrings I will now give o'er,
And in the peaceful Shades will live.
With thee, my Joy, will live and love,
Constant as Nature to its course;
As constant as the *Turtle Dove*,
Whose Death can only Love divorce.

Thy Sighs no more can *Sylvio* hear,
Thy pretty Innocence has won
Me all my Passion to declare,
Which can be due to you alone.
Joy of my Mind, then let us haste
And join our Hands as Hearts are join'd,
No flying Moments let us waste
In which we greater Joys may find.

---

## *An Ancient* SONG.

LET *Jug* in Smiles be ever seen,
And kind as when our Loves begun,
And be my Pastures ever green,
And new Crops spring when Harvest's done,
My Cattle thrive and still be fat,
And I my Wish shall find in that.

II.

O let my Table furniſh'd be
With good fat Beef and Bacon too,
And nappy Ale be ever free
To Strangers that do come and go.
My Yards with Poultrey and with Swine
Well ſtor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fiſh,
My Barns well cram'd with Hay and Grain,
And I ſhall have my Wiſh in this.

III.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,
Free from all Diſcontent and Strife;
And know from whom I all receive,
And lead a homely harmleſs Life.
Be neat in home-ſpun cloathing clad;
And ſtill to add to all my Bliſs,
My Children train i'th' fear of God:
And this is all on Earth I wiſh.

---

## *An Ancient* SONG.

IF Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive
I'd ſtudy only how to thrive:
That having got a mighty Maſs,
I might bribe the Fates to let me paſs.
But ſince we can't prolong our Years,
Why ſpend we Time in needleſs Sighs and Tears?
For ſince Deſtiny
Has decreed us to die,
And all muſt paſs o'er the old Ferry;
Hang Riches and Cares,
Since we han't many Years,
We'll have a ſhort Life and a merry.

Time keeps its Round, and Deſtiny
Regards not whether we laugh or cry;

And Fortune never does bestow
A Look on what we do below.
But Men with equal swiftness run
To play on others, or be play'd upon.
Since we can take no Course
For the better or the worse;
Let none be a melancholly Thinker;
Let the Times the round go,
So the Cups do so too,
Ne'er blush at the Name of a Drinker.

---

## *An Ancient* SONG.

A Silly Shepherd woo'd, but wist not
How he might his Mistress Favour gain.
On a time they met, but kist not,
Ever after that he sued in vain:
Blame her not, alas, though she said nay
To him that might, but fled away.

II.

Time perpetually is changing,
Every Moment Alteration brings,
Love and Beauty still estranging,
Women are, alas! but wanton things.
He that will his Mistress Favour gain,
Must take her in a merry Vein.

III.

A Woman's Fancy's like a Fever,
Or an Ague that doth come by Fits,
Hot and cold, but constant never;
Even as the pleasant Humour hits:
Sick, and well again, and well and sick,
In Love it is a Woman's Trick.

IV.

Now she will, and then she will not,
Put her to the Tryal if once she smile;

Silly Youth, thy Fortunes ſpill not,
Lingring Labours oft themſelves beguile.
He that knocks, and can't get in,
His Pick-lock is not worth a Pin.

V.

A Woman's Nay is no denial,
Silly Youths of Love are ſerved ſo
Put her to a further Tryal,
Haply ſhe'll take it, and ſay no;
For it is a Trick which Women uſe,
What they love they will refuſe.

VI.

Silly Youth, why doſt thou dally?
Having got Time and Seaſon fit,
Then never ſtand, Sweet, ſhall I? ſhall I?
Nor too much commend an After-wit;
For he that will not when he may,
When he will, he ſhall have nay.

---

## *An Ancient* SONG.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revil'd each other:
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And thou wait'ſt on my Mother:
Thou hadſt no Power on Man at all,
But what I gave to thee;
Nor are you longer Sweet or Fair,
Than Men acknowledge me.

II.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,
We know that thou art blind:
And Men of nobler Parts they can
Our Graces better find:
'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,
And kindled Mens Deſires,
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,
And Wings to fan thy Fires.

III.

*Cupid* in Anger flung away,
And thus to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his Shafts with Scorn,
To punish this proud Maid;
So ever since Beauty has been
But courted for an Hour,
To love a Day is held a Sin
'Gainst *Cupid* and his Power.

---

## *An Ancient* SONG.

FArewel my Mistress, I'll be gone,
I have Friends to wait upon;
Think you I'll my self confine
To your Humours, Lady mine?
No: your louring Looks do say,
'Twill be a rainy drinking Day,
To the Tavern let's away.

II.

There have I a Mistress got,
Cloyster'd in a Pottle-pot;
Plump and bounding, soft and fair,
Buxsom, sweet, and debonair,
And they call her *Sack my dear.*

III.

*Sack* with no scornful Dread will blast me,
Though upon the Bed she cast me,
Yet ne'er blush her self to red,
Nor fear the loss of Maiden-head:
And though mute and still she be,
Quicker Wits she brings to me
Than I e'er could find in thee.

IV.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain
To be kind yet once again,

And with thy Smiles but call me back,
Thou shalt be the Lady *Sack*.
Oh then try, and you shall see
What a loving Soul I'll be,
When I'm drunk with none but thee.

---

## *An Ancient* SONG.

NO Man Love's fiery Passion can approve,
As either yielding Pleasure or Promotion,
I like a mild and lukewarm Zeal in Love,
Although I do not like it in Devotion.

II.

Besides, Man need not love unless he please,
No Destiny can force Man's Disposition;
How then can any die of that Disease,
When as himself may be his own Physician?

III.

Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,
And after falling into Love, may dye:
But I dare lay my Life he ne'er had dy'd,
Had he been healthy at the Heart, as I.

IV.

Some others rather than incur the Slander
Of false Apostates, may true Martyrs prove:
But I am neither *Iphis* nor *Leander*,
I'll neither hang nor drown my self for Love.

V.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for Love, as others do,
But prais'd be *Jove*, it was in such a sort,
That I reviv'd within one Hour or two.

VI.

Thus have I lov'd, thus have I liv'd 'till now,
And know no Reason to repent me yet,
And he that any otherwise shall do,
His Courage is no better than his Wit.

## *The* ANSWER.

NO Man Love's fiery Paſſion can reſiſt,
That either values Pleaſure or Promotion!
I hate Luke-warmneſs in an Amoriſt,
It is as bad in Love, as in Devotion.

II.

You that pretend to have a Love-proof Heart,
And dare deſpiſe the ſacred Pow'r of Love,
May know that more have faln by *Cupid*'s Dart,
Than by the dreadful Thunder-bolts of *Jove*.

III.

Nor can you Love, or not Love, as you pleaſe,
For *Cupid*'s Law commands the Diſpoſition:
And I have known one die of that Diſeaſe,
Whereof himſelf to others was Phyſician.

IV.

For when the little God doth ſhoot his Darts
From the bright Eyes of Women that are fair,
The Strokes are fatal, and will wound the Hearts
Of Men as healthful as you think you are.

V.

Thoſe that thus die for Love, incur no Slander,
But with Love's holy Martyrdom are crown'd;
Perhaps you cannot imitate *Leander*,
For every Man was not born to be drown'd.

VI.

You ſay you've been a Lover by report,
But never yet deſerv'd ſo good a Name,
He never lov'd indeed, Love's but a Sport,
It is ill jeſting with a ſacred Flame.

VII.

Long may you live unlov'd, and when you die
Women upon your loathed Grave ſhall ſpit,
Till then all Gentlemen ſhall ſwear you Lye,
To try your Courage, as you did your Wit.

## *A Paſtoral* SONG.

2. DID you not once, *Lucinda*, Vow
You would love none but me?
*A.* Ay, but my Mother tells me now,
I muſt love Wealth, not thee.
*Shep.* Cruel, thy Love lies in thy Power,
Though Fate to me's unkind:
*Maid.* Conſider but how ſmall thy Dower
Is in reſpect of mine.
*Shep.* Is it becauſe my Sheep are poor,
Or that my Flocks are few?
*Maid.* No, but I cannot Love at all
So mean a Thing as you.
*Shep.* Ah me, Ah me, mock you my Grief?
*Maid.* I pity thy hard Fate.
*Shep.* Pity for Love's but poor Relief,
I'll rather chuſe your Hate.
*Maid.* Content thy ſelf, Shepherd, a while,
I'll love thee by this Kiſs,
Thou ſhalt have no more Cauſe to mourn
Than thou canſt take in this.
*Shep.* Bear Record then you Powers above,
And all thoſe Holy Bands:
For it appears the trueſt Love,
Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

---

## *An old Ballad of Bold* ROBIN HOOD; *ſhewing his Parentage, Birth, Breeding, Valour; and Marriage at* Titbury *Bull running. Calculated for the Meridian of* Staffordſhire, *but may ſerve alſo for* Derbyſhire, Kent, *&c.* To a Pleaſant Tune.

KIND Gentlemen, will you be patient a while?
Ay, and then you ſhall hear anon,

A very good Ballad of bold *Robin Hood*,
And of his brave Man *Little John* :
In *Loxy*-town, in merry *Nottinghamshire*,
In merry sweet *Loxy*-town,
There bold *Robin Hood* he was born, and was bred,
Bold *Robin* of famous Renown.
The Father of *Robin* a Forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty long Bow,
Two North-country Miles and an Inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of *Wakefield* does know;
For he brought *Adam Bell* and *Clim* of the *Clough*,
With *William* of *Cloudestee*,
To shoot with our Forester for forty Mark,
And the Forester beat 'em all three :
His Mother was Neice to the *Coventry* Knight,
Which *Warwickshire* Men call Sir *Guy*;
And he slew the great Boar that hangs up at the Gate,
Or mine Host of the Bull tells a Lie;
Her Brother was *Gamwell*, of great *Gamwell-hall*,
And a noble House-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet *Nottinghamshire*,
And a Squire of famous Degree :
This Mother of *Robin*, said to her Husband,
My Honey, my Love, and my Dear,
Let *Robin* and I ride this Morning to *Gamwell*,
To taste of my Brother's good Cheer:
And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle *Joan*,
Take one of my Horses, I pray;
The Sun is a Rising, and therefore make haste,
For to morrow is *Christmas-day*.
Then *Robin Hood*'s Father's grey Gelding was brought,
And Sadled and Bridled was he;
God-wot, his blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
And a Cloak that reach'd to his Knee:
She got her on a Holiday-kirtle and Gown,
They were of a light *Lincoln*-green,
The Cloath was home spun, but for colour and make
It might have beseemed a Queen,

And then *Robin* got on his Basket-hilt-sword,
And his Dagger on his other Side:
And said, My dear Mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have twenty long Miles to ride.
When *Robin* had mounted his Gelding so grey,
His Father without any trouble
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
For his Gelding had oft carried double.
When she was settl'd, they rode to their Neighbours,
And drunk and shook Hands with them all:
And then *Robin* gallop'd, and never gave o'er
Till they lighted at great *Gamwell-hall*;
And now you may think the Right Worshipful 'Squire
Was joyful his Sister to see:
For he kiss'd her, and swore a great Oath,
Thou art welcome, dear Sister, to me.
Next morrow, when Mass had been said in the Chappel,
Six Tables were cover'd i'th' Hall,
And in comes the 'Squire and makes a short Speech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all;
But not a Man shall taste my *Mareh* Beer,
Till a *Christmas* Carrol be sung.
Then all clapt their Hands, and they shouted and sung,
Till the Hall and the Parlour it rung.
Now Mustard and Brawn, roast Beef and plumb Pies,
Were set upon every Table:
And noble *George Gamwell* said, Eat, and be merry,
And drink too as long as y'are able.
When Dinner was ended, the Chaplain said Grace;
And, Be merry, my Friends, said the 'Squire;
It Rains and it Blows, but call for more Ale,
And lay some more Wood on the Fire:
And now call you *Little John* hither to me,
For *Little John* is a fine Lad;
At Gambols and Jugling, and twenty such Tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.
When *Little John* came, to Gambols they went,
Both Gentlemen, Yeomen and Clown,

And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold *Robin Hood* put them all down.
And now you may think the right worſhipful 'Squire,
Was joyful this Sight for to ſee;
For he ſaid, Couſin *Robin*, thou'ſt go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me:
Thou ſhalt have my Land, when I die, and till then
Thou ſhalt be the Staff of my Age.
Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, ſaid *Robin*;
That *Little John* may be my Page.
And he ſaid, Kind Couſin, I grant thee thy boon,
With all my Heart ſo let it be.
Then come hither *Little John*, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
Come hither my Page unto me:
Go fetch me a Bow, my longeſt long Bow,
And broad Arrows one, two and three,
For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into *Sherwood*,
Some merry Paſtime to ſee.
When *Robin Hood* came into merry *Sherwood*,
He winded his Bugle ſo clear;
And twice five and twenty good Yeomen bold
Before *Robin Hood* did appear;
Where are you Champions all, ſaid *Robin Hood*,
For ſtill I want forty and three?
Then ſaid a bold Yeoman, Lo yonder they ſtand,
All under the green Wood Tree.
As that Word was ſpoken, *Clorinda* came by,
The Queen of the Shepherds was ſhe;
And her Gown was of Velvet, as green as the Graſs,
And her Buskin did reach to her Knee:
Her Gate it was graceful, her Body was ſtraight,
And her Countenance free from Pride:
A Bow in her Hand, and Quiver of Arrows
Hung dangling down by her Side;
Her Eye-brows were black, ay, and ſo was her Hair,
And her Skin was ſmooth as Glaſs;
Her Viſage ſpoke Wiſdom and Modeſty too,
Sets with *Robin Hood* ſuch a Laſs;

Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, whither away,
Oh! whither, fair Lady, away?
And she made him answer, To kill a Fat Buck;
For to morrow is *Titbury* Day.
Said *Robin Hood*, Lady fair, wander with me,
A little to yonder green Bower;
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a Brace or a Lease in an Hour.
And as they were going towards the green Bower,
Two hundred good Bucks they espy'd;
She chose out the fattest that was in the Herd,
And she shot him thro' Side and Side.
By the Faith of my Body, said bold *Robin Hood*,
I never saw Woman like thee, [West,
And com'st thou from East, ay, or com'st thou from
Thou need'st not beg Venison of me.
However, along to my Bower you shall go,
And taste of a Forester's Meat;
And when we came thither, we found as good Cheer
As any Man needs for to eat;
For there was hot Venison, and Warden-pies cold,
Cream clouted, with Honey-combs plenty:
And the Servitors they were, besides *Little John*,
Good Yeomen at least four and twenty.
*Clorinda* said, Tell me your Name, gentle Sir?
And he said, 'Tis bold *Robin Hood*;
'Squire *Gamwell*'s my Uncle, but all my Delight
Is to dwell in merry *Sherwood*;
For 'tis a fine Life, 'tis void of all strife.
So 'tis, Sir, *Clorinda* reply'd.
But oh! said bold *Robin*, how sweet wou'd it be,
If *Clorinda* wou'd be my Bride?
She blush'd at the Motion, yet after a Pause,
Said, Yes, Sir, and with all my Heart.
Then let us send for a Priest, said *Robin Hood*,
And be merry before we do part.
But she said, It may not be so, gentle Sir,
For I must be at *Titbury* Feast:

And if *Robin Hood* will go thither with me,
I'll make him the moſt welcome Gueſt.
Said *Robin Hood*, reach me that Buck, *Little John*,
For I'll go along with my Dear;
Go bid my good Yeomen kill ſix Brace of Bucks,
And meet to morrow juſt here.
Before they had ridden five *Staffordſhire* Miles,
Eight Yeomen that were too bold
Bid *Robin Hood* ſtand, and deliver his Buck,
A truer Tale never was told;
I ſhall not, Faith, ſaid bold *Robin Hood*; Come *John*,
Stand to me, and we'll beat 'em all; ['em,
Then both drew their Swords, and ſo cut 'em and ſlaſh'd
That five of the eight did fall:
The three that remain'd call'd to *Robin* for quarter,
And pitiful *John* begg'd their Lives; [Counſel,
When *John*'s Boon was granted, he gave them good
And ſo they went home to their Wives.
This Battel was fought near to *Titbury* Town,
When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull:
I am King of the Fidlers, and ſwear 'tis a Truth,
And I call him that doubts it a Gull:
For I ſaw them fighting, and fiddl'd the while,
And *Clorinda* ſung, Hey derry down;
The Bumpkins are beaten, put up thy Sword *Bob*,
And now let's dance into the Town.
Before we came to it, we heard a ſtrange Shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For ſome were a Bull-back, ſome dancing a Morrice,
And ſome ſinging *Arthur a Bradly*.
And there we ſee *Thomas* our Juſtice's Clark,
And *Mary* to whom he was kind,
For *Tom* rod before her, and call'd *Mary*, Madam,
And kiſs'd her full ſweetly behind;
And ſo may your Worſhips: But we went to Dinner,
With *Thomas*, and *Mary*, and *Nan*;
They all drank a Health to *Clorinda*, and told her,
Bold *Robin Hood* was a fine Man.

When Dinner was ended, Sir *Roger*, the Parſon
Of *Dubbridge*, was ſent for in haſte; [Hand,
He brought his Maſs-book, and he bade them take
And he join'd them in Marriage full faſt.
And then, as bold *Robin Hood* and his ſweet Bride
Went Hand in Hand to the green Bower,
The Birds ſung with Pleaſure in merry *Sherwood*,
And 'twas a moſt joyful Hour.
And when *Robin* came in ſight of his Bower,
Where are my Yeomen? ſaid he.
And *Little John* anſwer'd, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
All under a green Wood Tree.
Then Garlands they brought her, by two and by two,
And plac'd them on the Bride's Head;
The Muſick ſtruck up, and they all fell to Dancing,
Till the Bride and the Groom were a-Bed;
And what they did there, muſt be Counſel to me,
Becauſe they lay long the next Day,
And I made haſte home; but I got a good Piece
Of the Bride-cake, and ſo came away.
Now out, alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,
That marry'd they were with a Ring;
And ſo will *Nan Knight*, or be buried a Maiden;
And now let us pray for the King,
That he may have Children, and they may get more,
To Govern, and do us ſome good;
And then I'll make Ballads in *Robin Hood*'s Bower,
And ſing them to merry *Sherwood*.

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## *The* CAVALIER's *Complaint.*

COME, *Jack*, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
And I ſhall tell thee ſuch a Tale
Will make thine Ears to ring:
My Coin is ſpent, my Time is loſt,
And I this only Fruit can boaſt,
That once I ſaw my King.

But this doth moſt afflict my Mind,
I went to Court, in hope to find
Some of my Friends in Place;
And walking there, I had a ſight
Of all the Crew: But, by this Light,
I hardly knew one Face!

S'life, of ſo many noble Sparks,
Who on their Bodies bear the Marks
Of their Integrity,
And ſuffer'd Ruin of Eſtate;
It was my damn'd unhappy Fate,
That I not one could ſee!

Not one, upon my Life, among
My old Acquaintance, all along
At *Truro*, and before;
And, I ſuppoſe, the Place can ſhow
As few of thoſe, whom thou didſt know
At *York*, or *Marſton-moor*.

But, truly, there are Swarms of thoſe,
Whoſe Chins are beardleſs, yet their Hoſe
And Buttocks ſtill wear Muffs;
Whilſt the old ruſty Cavalier
Retires, or dares not once appear
For want of Coin, and Cuffs.

When none of theſe I could deſcry,
Who better far deſerv'd than I;
I Calmly did reflect:
Old Services, (by rule of State)
Like *Almanacks*, grow out of Date,
What then can I expect?

Troth, in contempt of Fortune's Frown,
I'll get me fairly out of Town,
And in a Cloyſter pray,

That, since the Stars are yet unkind
To Royalists, the King may find
More faithful Friends than they.

## *An Eccho to the* CAVALIER'S *Complaint.*

I Marvel, *Dick*, that having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The World, as thou hast done,
Thou should'st acquaint me with a Tale
As old as *Nestor*, and as stale
As that of Priest and Nun!

Are we to learn what is a Court?
A Pageant made for Fortune's Sport,
Where Merits scarce appear:
For bashful Merit only dwells
In Camps, in Villages and Cells;
Alas! it dwells not there.

Desert is nice in its Address,
And Merit oft-times doth oppress
Beyond what Guilt would do:
But they are sure of their Demands,
That come to Court with Golden-hands,
And Brazen-faces too.

The King, they say, doth still profess
To give his Party some redress,
And cherish Honesty:
But his good Wishes prove in vain,
Whose Service with his Servant's Gain
Not always doth agree.

All Princes (be they ne'er so wise)
Are fain to see with others Eyes,
But seldom hear at all:

And Courtiers find't their Intereſt,
In Time to feather well their Neſt,
Providing for their Fall.

Our Comfort doth on Time depend;
Things, when they are at worſt, will mend:
And let us but reflect
On our Condition t'other Day,
When none but Tyrants bore the Sway,
What did we then expect?

Mean while a calm Retreat is beſt:
But Diſcontent (if not ſuppreſt)
Will breed Diſloyalty.
This is the conſtant Note I ſing,
I have been faithful to the King,
And ſo ſhall ever be.

---

## *On the Preface to* GONDIBERT.

ROOM for the beſt of Poets Heroick,
If you'll believe two Wits and a Stoick;
Down go the *Iliads*, down go the *Æneidos*,
All muſt give place to the *Gondibertiados*.
For to *Homer* and *Virgil* he has a juſt Pique,
Becauſe one writ in *Latin*, the other in *Greek*;
Beſides an old Grudge (our Criticks they ſay ſo)
With *Ovid*, becauſe his Sirname was *Naſo*:
If Fiction the Fame of a Poet thus raiſes,
What Poets are you that have writ his Praiſes?
But we juſtly Quarrel at this our Defeat,
You give us a Stomach, he gives us no Meat.
A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no Houſe:
Here is the Mountain, but where is the Mouſe?
But, Oh, *America* muſt breed up the Brat,
From whence 'twill return a *Weſt-India* Rat.
For *Will* to *Virginia* is gone from among us
With thirty two Slaves, to plant *Mundungus*.

## *On* GONDIBERT.

AFTER so many sad Mishaps,
Of Drinking, Rhiming, and of Claps,
I pity most thy last Relapse.

II.

That having past the Soldiers Pains,
The States-mens Arts, the Seamens Gains,
With *Gondibert* to break thy Brains.

III.

And so incessantly to ply it,
To sacrifice thy Sleep, thy Diet,
Thy Business; and, what's more, our Quiet.

IV.

And all this stir to make a Story,
Not much superiour to *John Dory*,
Which thus in brief I lay before ye.

V.

All in the Land of *Lombardy*,
A Wight there was of Knights degree,
Sir *Gondibert* ycleap'd was he.

VI.

This *Gondibert* (as says our Author)
Got the Good-will of the King's Daughter,
A Shame, it seems, the Devil ought her.

VII.

So thus succeeded his Disaster,
Being sure of the Daughter of his Master,
He chang'd his Princess for a Plaister.

VIII.

Of Person he was not ungracious,
Grave in Debate, in Fight audacious;
But in his Ale most pervicacious.

IX.

And this was Cause of his sad Fate,
For in a Drunken-street Debate
One Night he got a broken Pate.

X.

Then being cur'd, he would not tarry,
But needs this simpling Girl would marry
Of *Astragon* the Apothecary.

XI.

To make the thing yet more Romancy,
Both Wise and Rich you may him fancy;
Yet he in both came short of *Plancy*.

XII.

And for the Damsel, he did wooe so,
To say the Truth, she was but so-so,
Not much unlike her of *Toboso*.

XIII.

Her Beauty, though 'twas not exceeding,
Yet what in Face and Shape was needing,
She made it up in Parts and Breeding.

XIV.

Though all the Science she was rich in
Both of the Dairy and the Kitchin:
Yet she had Knowledge more bewitching.

XV.

For she had learn'd her Father's Skill,
Both of the Alimbeck and the Still,
The Purge, the Potion, and the Pill.

XVI.

But her chief Talent was a Glister,
And such a hand to administer,
As on the Breech hath made no Blister.

XVII.

So well she handled *Gondibert*,
That though she did not hurt that part,
She made a Blister on his Heart.

XVIII.

Into the Garden of her Father:
Garden, said I? or Back-side rather,
One Night she went a Rose to gather.

XIX.

The Knight he was not far behind,
Full soon he had her in the Wind;
(For Love can smell, though he be blind.)

XX.

Her Business she had finish'd scarcely,
When on a gentle Bed of Parsly
Full fair and soft he made her Arse-lye. } *Desunt Cætera.*

---

## *In Praise of* A LE.

WHEN the chill Charokoe blows,
And Winter tells a heavy Tale,
And Pies and Daws, and Rooks and Crows
Do sit and curse the Frost and Snows,
Then give me Ale.

Ale in a *Saxon Rumkin* then,
Such as will make grim *Malkin* prate,
Bids Valour bargain in tall Men,
Quickens the Poets Wits and Pen,
Despises Fate.

Ale, that the absent Battel fights,
And forms the March of *Swedish* Drums,
Disputes the Princes Laws and Rights,
What's past and done tells mortal Wights,
And what's to come.

Ale, that the Plough-man's Heart up keeps,
And equals it to Tyrants Thrones:
That wipes the Eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in sweet and dainty Sleeps
Their very Bones.

Grandchild of *Ceres*, *Bacchus* Daughter,
Wines emulous Neighbour, if but stale:
Ennobling all the Nymphs of Water,
And filling each Man's Heart with Laughter,
Oh give me Ale.

## *A familiar Epistle to Mr.* JULIAN, *Secretary of the Muses.*

*By Mr.* DRYDEN.

THOU common Shoar of this Poetick Town,
Where all the excrements of Wit are thrown,
For Sonnet, Satyr, Baudry, Blasphemy
Are emptied, and disburden'd all in thee:
The Cholerick Wight untrussing all in Rage
Finds thee, and lays his Load upon thy Page:
Thou *Julian*, or thou wise *Vespasian* rather,
Dost from this Dung thy well pickt Guineas gather,
All Mischief's thine, transcribing thou wilt stoop,
From lofty *Middlesex* to lowly *Scroop*.
What times are these, when in the Hero's Room,
Bow-bending *Cupid* doth with Ballads come,
And little *Aston* offers to the Bum!
Can two such Pigmies such a weight support,
Two such *Tom-Thumbs* of Satyr in a Court?
Poor *George* grows old, his Muse worn out of Fashion,
Hoarsly he sung *Ephelia*'s Lamentation.
Less art thou help'd by *Dryden*'s Bed-rid Age,
That Drone has lost his Sting upon the Stage:
Resolve me, poor Apostate, this my doubt,
What hope hast thou to rub this Winter out?
Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
By me hath sent thee this Intelligence.
A Knight there is, if thou can'st gain his Grace,
Known by the Name of the hard-favour'd Face,
For Prowess of the Pen renown'd is he,
From *Don Quixot* descended Lineally,
And though like him Unfortunate he prove,
Undaunted in attempts of Wit and Love.
Of his unfinish'd Face, what shall I say?
But that 'twas made of *Adam*'s own red Clay,

That much much Oaker was on it beſtow'd,
God's Image 'tis not, but ſome *Indian* God:
Our Chriſtian Earth can no Reſemblance bring
But Ware of *Portugal* for ſuch a thing;
Such Carbuncles his fiery Face confeſs,
As no *Hungarian* Water can redreſs.
A Face which ſhould he ſee, (but Heav'n was kind,
And to indulge his ſelf, Love made him blind.)
He durſt not ſtir abroad for fear to meet
Curſes of teeming Women in the Street:
The beſt could happen from this hideous Sight,
Is that they ſhould Miſcarry with the Fright----
Heav'n guard them from the Likeneſs of the Knight.
Such is our charming *Strephon*'s outward Man,
His inward Parts let thoſe diſcloſe who can:
One while he honoureth *Birtha* with his Flame,
And now he chants no leſs *Loviſa*'s Name;
For when his Paſſion hath been bubbling long,
The Scum at laſt boils up into a Song:
And ſure no mortal Creature at one time,
Was e'er ſo far o'ergone with Love and Rhime.
To his dear ſelf of Poetry he talks,
His Hands and Feet are ſcanning as he walks,
His writhing Looks his Pangs of Wit accuſe,
The airy Symptoms of a breeding Muſe,
And all to gain the great *Loviſa*'s Grace,
But never Pen did Pimp for ſuch a Face;
There's not a Nymph in City, Town, or Court,
But *Strephon*'s *Billet-doux* has been their Sport.
Still he loves on, yet ſtill he's ſure to miſs,
As they who waſh an *Ethiop*'s Face, or his.
What Fate unhappy *Strephon* does attend?
Never to get a Miſtreſs, nor a Friend.
*Strephon* alike both Wits and Fools deteſt,
'Cauſe he's like *Eſop*'s Batt, half Bird half Beaſt;
For Fools to Poetry have no Pretence,
And common Wit ſuppoſes common Senſe.

Not

Not quite so low as Fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a Fop.
His Morals like his Wit are mottley too,
He keeps from arrant Knave with much ado.
But Vanity and Lying so prevail,
That one Grain more of each would turn the Scale:
He would be more a Villain had he time,
But he's so wholly taken up with Rhyme,
That he mistakes his Talent; all his Care
Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair.
Small-Beer, and Gruel, are his Meat and Drink,
The Diet he prescribes himself to Think;
Rhyme next his Heart he takes at the Morn peep,
Some Love-Epistles at the Hour of Sleep;
So betwixt Elegy and Ode we see
*Strephon* is in a Course of Poetry:
This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good,
The Pelican to feed thee with his Blood;
Thy Wit, thy Poet, nay thy Friend, for he
Is fit to be a Friend to none but thee.
Make sure of him, and of his Muse betimes,
For all his Study is hung round with Rhimes;
Laugh at him, justle him, yet still he writes,
In Rhime he challenges, in Rhime he fights;
Charg'd with the last, and basest Infamy,
His Business is to think what Rhimes to Lye,
Which found in Fury he retorts again,
*Strephon*'s a very Dragon at his Pen;
His Brother murder'd, and his Mothers whor'd,
His Mistress lost, and yet his Pen's his Sword.

---

## *A Journey into* FRANCE.

*By Bishop* CORBET.

I Went from *England* into *France*,
Nor yet to learn to Cringe nor Dance,
Nor yet to Ride or Fence;

Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a Nose
They carried from hence.
But I to *Paris* rode along,
Much like *John Dory* in the Song,
Upon a holy Tide,
I on an ambling Nag did get,
I trust he is not paid for yet;
And spurr'd him on each Side.
And to Saint *Dennis* fast we came,
To see the Sights of *Nostre Dame*;
The Man that shews them Snaffles:
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Lady's Right-arm Sleeve,
And eke her old Pantofles;
Her Breast, her Milk, her very Gown
That she did wear in *Bethlehem* Town,
When in the Inn she lay.
Yet all the World knows that's a Fable,
For so good Cloaths ne'er lay in Stable
Upon a Lock of Hay.
No Carpenter could by his Trade
Gain so much Coin as to have made
A Gown of so rich Stuff.
Yet they poor Fools, think for their Credit,
They may believe old *Joseph* did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.
There is one of the Crosses Nails,
Which who so sees, his Bonnet vails,
And if he will, may kneel.
Some say 'twas False, 'twas never so,
Yet feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as Steel.
There is a Lanthorn which the *Jews*,
When *Judas* led them forth, did use,
It weighs my Weight down-right:
But to believe it, you must think,
The *Jews* did put a Candle in't,
And then twas very Light.

There's one Saint there hath loſt his Noſe;
Another's Head, but not his Toes,
His Elbow and his Thumb.
But when that we had ſeen the Rags,
We went to th' Inn and took our Nags,
And ſo away did come.
We came to *Paris* on the Green,
'Tis wondrous Fair, 'tis nothing Clean,
'Tis *Europe*'s greateſt Town.
How Strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the World may eaſily ſmell it,
That walk it up and down.
There many ſtrange Things are to ſee,
The Palace and great Gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The New Bridge and the Statues there,
At *Noſtre Dame*, *Saint Q. Pater*,
The Steeple bears the Bell.
For Learning, th' Univerſity;
And for old Cloaths, the Frippery;
The Houſe the Queen did build.
Saint *Innocents*, whoſe Earth devours
Dead Corps in four and twenty Hours,
And there the King was kill'd:
The *Boſs-hill* and Saint *Dennis*-ſtreet,
The *Shaffleniſt* like *London*-Fleet,
The *Arſenal*, no Toy.
But if you'll ſee the prettieſt Thing,
Go to the Court and ſee the King,
O 'tis a hopeful Boy.
He is of all his Dukes and Peers
Reverenc'd for much Wit at his Years,
Nor muſt you think it much;
For he with little Switch doth play,
And make fine dirty Pyes of Clay,
O never King made ſuch.
A Bird that can but kill a Fly,
Or prate, doth pleaſe his Majeſty,
'Tis known to every one.

The Duke of *Guiſe* gave him a Parrot,
And he had twenty Cannons for it
For his new Galeon.
O that I ere might have the hap
To get the Bird which in the Map
Is called the *Indian* Ruk;
I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as *Guire* or *Liviné*,
Or elſe I had ill Luck.
Birds about his Chamber ſtand,
And he them feeds with his own Hand,
'Tis his Humility:
And if they do want any thing,
They need but Whiſtle for their King,
And he comes preſently.
But now then, for theſe Parts he muſt
Be enſtiled *Lewis the Juſt*,
*Great* Henry's *Lawful Heir*;
When to his Stile to add more Words,
They'd better call him *King of Birds*,
Than of the great *Navarre*.
He hath beſides a pretty Quirk,
Taught him by Nature, how to Work
In Iron with much Eaſe.
Sometimes to the Forge he goes,
There he Knocks, and there he Blows,
And makes both Locks and Keys:
Which puts a Doubt in every one,
Whether he be *Mars* and *Vulcan*'s Son,
Some few believe his Mother.
But let them all ſay what they will,
I came reſolv'd, and ſo think ſtill,
As much the one, as th' other.
The People too diſlike the Youth,
Alledging Reaſons, for in truth
Mothers ſhould honour'd be;
Yet others ſay he loves her rather,
As well as e'er ſhe lov'd his Father,
And that's notoriouſly.

His Queen, a little pretty Wench,
Was born in *Spain*, ſpeaks little *French*,
Ne'er like to be a Mother:
For her inceſtuous Houſe could not
Have Children, unleſs they were begot
By Uncle or by Brother.
Now why ſhould *Lewis*, being ſo juſt,
Content himſelf to take his Luſt,
With his *Licina*'s Mate:
And ſuffer his little pretty Queen,
From all her Race that e'er has been
So to degenerate.
'Twere Charity for to be known
To love ſtrange Children as his own;
And why it is no ſhame:
Unleſs he yet would greater be,
Than was his Father *Henry*,
Who ſome thought did the ſame.

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## *To Parſon* WEEKS. *An Invitation to* London.

*By Sir* JOHN MENNIS.

HOW now, my *John*, what, is't the Care
Of thy ſmall Flock, that keeps thee there?
Or hath the Biſhop, in a Rage,
Forbid thy coming on our Stage?
Or want'ſt thou Coin? or want'ſt thou Steed?
Theſe are Impediments indeed:
But for thy Flock, thy Sexton may
In due time *Ring*, and let them *Pray*.
A B-----, with an Offering,
May be brought unto any thing.
For want of Steed, I oft ſee *Vic*
Trudge up to Town with hazel Stick;

For Coin, two Sermons by the way,
Will Hoſt, Hoſteſs, and Tapſter pay.
A willing Mind pawns Wedding Ring,
Wife, Gown, Books, Children, any thing.
No way neglected, nought too dear
To ſee ſuch Friends, as thou haſt here.
I met a Parſon on the way,
Came in a Waggon t'other Day,
Who told me, that he ventur'd forth
With one Tithe Pig of little worth;
With which, and ſaying Grace at Food,
And praying for Lord Carryers good,
He had arriv'd at's Journeys end,
Without a Penny, or a Friend.
And what great Buſineſs do you think?
Only to ſee a Friend, and drink.
One Friend? why thou haſt thouſands here
Will ſtrive to make thee better chear.
Ships lately from the Iſlands came
With Wines, thou never heardſt their Name.
*Monteſiaſco*, *Frontiniac*,
*Vernaccio*, and that old Sack
Young *Herric* took to entertain
The Muſes in a ſprightly Vein:
Come then, and from thy muddy Ale,
(Which ſerves but for an old Wife's Tale:
Or, now and then, to break a Jeſt,
At ſome poor ſilly Neighbour's Feaſt)
Rouze up, and uſe the Means, to ſee
Thoſe Friends expect thy Wit, and thee.
And though you cannot come in State,
On Camels back, like *Coryat*:
Imagine that a Pack-Horſe be
The Camel in his Book you ſee.
I know you have a Fancy, can
Conceive your Guide a *Caravan*.
Rather than fail, ſpeak Treaſon there,
And come on Charges of the Shire;

A *London* Goal, with Friends and Drink,
Is worth your Vicaridge, I think.
But if befotted with that one
Thou haſt, of ten, ſtay there alone;
And all too late lament and cry,
Th' haſt loſt thy Friends, among them, I.

---

## *ITER BOREALE.*

*By Biſhop* CORBET.

FOUR Clerks of *Oxford*, Doctors two and two,
That would be Doctors, having leſs to do
With *Auſtin*, than with *Galen*, in Vacation
Chang'd Studies, and turn'd Books to Recreation:
And on the Tenth of *Auguſt*, Northward bent,
A Journey not ſo ſoon conceiv'd as ſpent.
The firſt half Day they rode, they light upon
A noble Clergy Hoſt, * *Kitt Middleton*;
Who numbring out good Diſhes with good Tales,
The major part o'th' Chear weigh'd down the Scales;
And tho' the Count'nance make the Feaſt, ſay Books,
We ne'er found better welcome with worſe Looks:
Here we paid Thanks, and parted, and at Night
Had Entertainment all in one Man's Right,
At *Flowre*, † a Village, where our Tenant ſhe
Sharp as a Winter-morning, fierce, yet free,
With a lean Viſage, like a carved Face
On a Court-cupboard, offer'd up the Place;
She pleas'd us well, but yet her Husband better,
A ‡ hearty Fellow, and a good Bone-ſetter:

---

* Aſhton *on the Wall*, *Mr.* Middleton's *Benefice.*
† Flower *in* Northamptonſhire, *Dr.* Hutton's *Benefice.*
‡ Ned Hale.

Now whether it were Providence or Luck,
Whether the Keepers or the Stealers Buck;
There we had Ven'ſon, ſuch as *Virgil* flew,
When he would feaſt *Æneas* and his Crew:
Here we conſum'd a Day, and the next Morn,
To *Daintry* with a Land-wind we were born;
It was the Market, and the Lecture-day,
For Lecturers ſell Sermons, as the Lay
Do Sheep and Oxen, have their Seaſon juſt,
For both their Markets; there we drank down Duſt.
I'th' interim comes a moſt officious * Drudge,
His Face and Gown draw'd out with the ſame Budge,
His pendant Pouch, which was both large and wide,
Look'd like a Letters-Patents by his Side:
He was as awful, as he had been ſent
From *Moſes* with the eleventh Commandment;
And one of us he ſought, a Man of *Flower*
He muſt bid ſtand, and challenge for an Hour;
The Doctors both were quitted of their Fear,
The one was hoarſe, the other was not there;
Therefore him of the two he ſeized, beſt
Able to anſwer him of all the reſt,
Becauſe he needs but ruminate that o'er,
Which he had chew'd the Sabbath Day before:
For though we were reſolv'd to do him right,
For Maſter *Bayley*'s † ſake, and Maſter *Wright*;
Yet he diſſembl'd that the Mace did err,
For he nor Deacon was, nor Miniſter.
No (quoth the Serjeant) ſure then by Relation,
You have a Licence, Sir, or Toleration;
And if you have no Orders, 'tis the better,
So you have ‡ *Dod*'s Precepts, or *Cleaver*'s Letter:
Thus looking on his Mace, and urging ſtill,
'Twas Maſter *Wright*'s, and Maſter *Bayley*'s Will,
That he ſhould mount; at laſt he condeſcended
To ſtop the gap, and ſo the Treaty ended:

* *A Sergeant.* † *The Miniſter of* Daintry.
‡ *Miniſter of* Banbury.

The Sermon pleas'd, and when we were to Dine,
We all had Preachers Wages, Thanks and Wine.
Our next Day's Stage was * *Lutterworth*, a Town
Not willing to be noted, or set down
By any Traveller; for when we had been
Thro' at both Ends, we could not find an Inn;
Yet for the Church sake turn and light we must,
Hoping to find one Dram of ‡ *Wickliff*'s Dust;
But we found none, for underneath the Pole,
No more rests of his Body, than his Soul:
Abused Martyr, how hast thou been torn
By two wild Factions! first the *Papists* burn
Thy Bones for Hate, the *Puritans* in Zeal
Do sell thy Marble, and thy Brass they steal.
A || Parson met us there, who had great store
Of Livings, some say, but of Manners more:
In whose streight cheerful Age a Man might see
Well-govern'd Fortune, Bounty, Wise and Free;
He was our Guide to *Leic'ster*, save one Mile,
There was his Dwelling, where we stay'd a while
And drank stale Beer, I think was never new,
Which the dun Wench that brought it us did brew.
And now we are at *Leic'ster*, where we shall
Leap o'er six Steeples and an Hospital
Twice told; those Land-marks wholly I refer
To *Camden*'s Eye, *England*'s Chorographer;
Let me observe the Alms-mens Heraldry,
Who being ask'd what *Henry* that should be
That was their Founder Duke of *Lancaster?*
Answer'd, 'Twas *John* of *Gaunt*, I assure you, Sir:
And so confuted all their Walls, that said
*Henry* of *Richmond* this Foundation laid.
The next thing to be noted was our Cheer,
Enlarg'd with Seven and six-pence Bread and Beer.

* Lutterworth, *a Town in* Leicestershire.
‡ *Who lyes buried in the Parish-Church.*
|| *Parson of* Heathcot.

But O you wretched Tapsters as you are,
Who reckon by your Number, not your Fare;
And set false Figures for all Companies,
Abusing innocent Meals, with Oaths and Lyes:
Forbear your Coz'nage to Divines that come,
Least they be thought to drink all that you Sum.
Spare not the Laicty in your Reckoning thus,
But sure your Theft to us is scandalous.
Away my Muse from this base Subject, know
Thy *Pegasus* ne'er struck his Foot so low.
Is not th' usurping *Richard* buried here,
That King of Hate, and therefore Slave of Fear;
Drag'd from the fatal Field, *Bosworth*, where he
Lost Life, and what he liv'd for, Cruelty?
Search, find his Name, but there is none; O Kings,
Remember whence your Power and Vastness springs;
If not as *Richard* now, so may you be,
Who hath no Tomb, but Scorn and Memory.
And tho' from his own Store * *Woolsey* might have
A Palace, † or a College for his Grave;
Yet here he lyes interr'd, as if that all
Of him to be remembred were his Fall:
Nothing but Earth to Earth, nor pompous weight
Upon him, but a Pebble or a Quoit.
If thou art thus neglected, what shall ‡ we
Hope after Death, that are but Shreds of thee?
Hold! *William* calls to Horse, *William* is he,
Who though he never saw threescore and three,
O'er-reckon'd us in Age, as he before
In Drink, and will bate nothing of fourscore;
And he Commands, as if the Warrant came
From the great Earl himself, to *Nottingham:*
There we cross *Trent*, and on the other side
Pray'd for Saint *Andrew*, as Up-hill we ride.

---

* *Cardinal* Woolsey *buried there.* † Whitehall *and* Christ-Church. ‡ *Students in* Christ-Church.

Where we obſerv'd the cunning Men like Moles,
Dwelt not in || Houſes, but were Earth'd in Holes.
So did they not Build upwards, but dig thorough,
As *Hermits* Caves, or *Conies* do their Borough.
Great Underminers ſure as any where,
'Tis thought the Powder-Traitors practis'd there.
Would you not think that Men ſtood on their Heads,
When Gardens cover Houſes there, like Leads;
And on the Chimnies-top, the Maid may know
Whether her Pottage boil, or not, below;
There caſt in Herbs, or Salt, or Bread; her Meat
Contented rather with the Smoak than Heat.
This was the Rocky Pariſh, higher ſtood
Churches and Houſes, Buildings, Stone and Wood;
Croſſes not yet demoliſh'd, and our * Lady,
With her Arms on, embracing her whole Baby:
Where let us Note, though theſe be Northern Parts,
The† Croſs finds in them more than Southern Hearts.
The Caſtle's next, but what ſhall we report
Of that which now is Ruin, was a Fort?
The Gates, two Statues keep, which ‡ Giants are,
To whom, it ſeems, committed is the Care
Of the whole Downfal; if it be your Fault,
If you are guilty, may King ** *David*'s Vault,
Or § *Mortimer*'s dark Cell, contain you both;
A juſt Reward for ſo prophane a Sloth:
And if hereafter Tydings ſhall be brought
Of any Place or Office to be bought;
And your left Lead, or unwedg'd Timber yet,
Shall paſs by your Conſent to Purchaſe it:
May your deformed Bulks endure the Edge
Of Axes, feel the Beetle and the Wedge;

---

|| *Houſes in the Rocks.* * *Croſſes in* Nottingham.
† *The ruin'd Caſtle.* ‡ Guy *and* Colebrand.
** *Where* David *King of* Scots *was kept a Priſoner.*
§ *Which is within the Caſtle.*

May all the Ballads be call'd in and die,
That ſing the Wars of *Colebrand* and Sir *Guy*.
O ye that do *Guild-hall* and *Holmeby* keep
So carefully, when both the Founders ſleep;
You are good Giants, and partake no ſhame
With theſe two worthleſs Trunks of *Nottingham*:
Look to your ſev'ral Charges, we muſt go,
Though griev'd at Heart to leave a Caſtle ſo.
The * *Bull-head* is the Word, and we muſt eat,
No Sorrow can deſcend ſo low as Meat:
So to the Inn we came, where our beſt Cheer,
Was, that his Grace of *York* had lodged there.
He was objected to us when we call,
Or diſlike ought, my Lord's Grace anſwers all;
He was contented with this Bed, this Diet,
This keeps our diſcontented Stomachs quiet.
The Inn-keeper was old, fourſcore almoſt,
Indeed an Emblem, rather than an Hoſt;
In whom we read how God and Time decree
To honour thrifty Hoſtlers, ſuch as he;
For in the Stable firſt he did begin,
Now ſee he is ſole Lord of the whole Inn.
Mark the increaſe of Straw and Hay, and how
By thrift, a Bottle may become a Mow;
Mark him all ye that have the golden Itch,
All whom God hath condemned to be rich:
Farewel glad Father of thy Daughter Mayreſs,
Thou Hoſtler *Phœnix*, thy Example rare is.
We are for *Newark* after this ſad Talk,
And thither 'tis no Journey, but a Walk:
Nature is wanton there, and the High-way
Seem'd to be private, though it open lay;
As if ſome ſwelling Lawyer for his Health,
Or frantick Uſurer to tame his Wealth,
Had choſen out two Miles by *Trent*, to try
Two great Effects of Art and Induſtry:

* *In* Nottingham.

The Ground we tread is Meadow, fertile Land,
New trimm'd, and levell'd by the Mowers Hand;
Above it grew a Rock, rude, steep, and high,
Which claims a kind of rev'rence from the Eye:
Betwixt them both there slides a lively Stream,
Not loud, but swift: *Meander* was a Theam
Crooked and rough; but had those Poets seen
Streight even *Trent*, it had immortal been:
This side the open Plain admits the Sun,
To half the River which did open run;
The other half ran Clouds, where the curl'd Wood,
With his exalted Head, threatned the Flood:
Here I could wish us ever passing by,
And never past: Now *Newark* is too nigh;
And as a *Christmas* seems a Day but short,
Deluding times with Revels, and good Sport;
So did this beauteous Mixture us beguile,
And the whole twelve being travel'd, seem'd one Mile.
Now as the Way was sweet, so was the End;
Our Passage easie, and our Prize a § Friend:
Whom there we did enjoy, and for whose sake,
As for a kind of purer Coin, Men make
Us lib'ral Welcome with such Harmony,
As the whole Town had been his Family.
Mine Host of the next Inn did not repine
That we preferr'd the Hart, and past his Sign:
And where we lay, the Host and Hostess fain
Would shew our Loves were aim'd at, not their Gain.
The very Beggars were so ingenuous,
They rather Pray for him, than Beg of us;
And so the Doctor's Friends be pleas'd to stay,
The *Puritans* will let the || Organs play.
Would they pull down the Gallery builded new,
With the Churchwardens Seat, and *Burleigh* Pew?
*Newark* for Light, and Beauty, might compare
With any Church, but what Cathedrals are:

§ *Dr.* Jucks. || New Church.

To this belongs a * Vicar, who ſucceeded
The Friend I mention'd, ſuch a one there needed,
A Man whoſe Life and Tongue is Eloquent,
Able to Charm thoſe Mutinous Heads of *Trent*,
And urge the Canon home, when they conſpire
Againſt the Croſs and Bells with Sword and Fire.
There ſtood a Caſtle too; they ſhew us here
The place where the King ſlept, the Window where
He talk'd with ſuch a Lord, how long he ſtay'd
In his Diſcourſe, and all but what he ſaid.
From whence, without a Proſpective, we ſee
*Bever* and *Lincoln*, where we fain would be,
But that our Purſe, and Horſes too were bound
Within the Compaſs of a narrower Ground.
Our purpoſe is all Homeward, and 'twas time
At parting, to have Wit, as well as Wine.
Full three a Clock, and twenty Miles to ride,
Will ask a ſpeedy Horſe, and a ſure Guide;
We wanted both, and *Loughborrough* may glory,
Error hath made it famous in our Story.
'Twas Night, and the ſwift Horſes of the Sun,
Two Hours before our Jades their Race had run;
Nor Pilot, Moon, nor any ſuch kind Star,
As guided thoſe wiſe Men that came from far
To holy *Bethlem*; ſuch Lights had they been,
They would ſoon have convey'd us to an Inn:
But all were wandring Stars, and we as they
Were taught no Courſe, but to ride on and ſtray:
When Oh the fate of Darkneſs, who hath try'd it,
Here our whole Fleet is ſcatter'd, and divided!
And now we labour more to meet, than erſt
We did to lodge, the laſt cries down the firſt;
Our Voices are all ſpent, and they that follow,
Can now no longer track us by the hollow:
They Curſe the foremoſt, we the hindmoſt, both
Accuſing with like Patience, haſte, and ſloth.

* *Mr.* Maſon.

At last upon a little Town we fall,
Where some for Drink, some for a Candle call:
Unhappy we! such Straglers as we are,
Admire a Candle oftner than a Star;
We care not for those glorious Lights aloof,
Give us a Tallow Candle, a dry Roof,
And now we have a Guide, we'll cease to chafe,
Now we have time to pray the rest be safe;
Our Guide before cries Come, and we the whiles
Ride blindfold, and take Bridges to be Stiles,
Till at the last we overcome the dark,
And spight of Night and Error hit the Mark:
Some half Hour after enters the whole Tail,
As if they were committed to the Jail:
The § Constable that took 'em thus divided,
Made 'em seem apprehended, and not guided;
Where when we had our Fortunes both detested,
Compassion made us Friends, and so we rested:
'Twas quickly Morning, though by our short stay,
We could not find that we had less to pay;
All ‡ Travellers these heavy Judgments hear,
A handsome Hostess makes a Reckoning dear:
Her Smiles, her Words, your Purses must requite 'em,
And every welcome from her adds an Item.
Glad to be gone from hence, at any rate,
For *Bosworth* we are hors'd: Behold the Fate
Of mortal Men! Foul Error is a Mother,
And pregnant once, doth soon beget another:
We who last Night did learn to lose our Way,
Are perfect since, and further out next Day;
And in a † Forest having travell'd sore,
Like wandring *Bevis* e'er he found the Boar;
Or as some Love-sick Lady oft hath done,
Before she was rescu'd by the Knight o'th'Sun;

---

§ *Whom they had hired to direct them*, ‡ Loughborrow, † Leicester *Forest*.

So are we loſt, and meet no Comfort then,
But Carts, and Horſes wiſer than the Men:
Which is the way? They neither ſpeak, nor point,
Their Tongues and Fingers both are out of Joint;
Such Monſters by *Cole-Herton* Banks there ſit,
After their Reſurrection from the Pit.
Whiles in this Mill we labour and turn round,
As in a Conjurer's Circle, *William* found
A means for our Delivery. Turn your Cloaks,
Quoth he, for *Puck* is buſie in theſe Oaks.
If ever ye at *Boſworth* will be found,
Then turn your Cloaks, for this is Fairy Ground.
But e'er this Witchcraft was perform'd, we meet
A very Man, who had not Cloven Feet;
Though *William* ſtill of little Faith, doth doubt
'Tis *Robin*, or ſome Spirit walks about:
Strike him, quoth he, and it will turn to Air;
Croſs your ſelves thrice, and ſtrike him: Strike that [dare,
Thought I, for ſure this maſſie Foreſter,
In blows, will prove the better Conjurer:
But 'twas a gentle Keeper, one that knew
Humanity and Manners where they grew;
And rode along with us, till he could ſay,
Lo yonder *Boſworth* ſtands, and this your Way.
And now when we had ſweat, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
And eight Miles long, to thirty broad had run;
We learn'd the juſt Proportion from hence,
Of the Diameter, and Circumference.
That Night made yet amends, our Meat, our Sheets,
Were far above the Promiſe of thoſe Streets;
Thoſe Houſes that were Til'd with Straw and Moſs,
Promis'd but weak Repair for that Day's loſs
Of Patience; yet this Out-ſide lets us know,
The worthy'ſt things make not the greateſt ſhow.
The Shot was eaſie, and what concerns us more,
The Way was ſo, mine Hoſt did ride before:
Mine Hoſt was full of Ale, and Hiſtory,
And on the morrow when he brought us nigh

Where the * *two Roses* join'd, you would suppose,
*Chaucer* ne'er writ the *Romant* of the Rose.
Hear him: See ye yond' Woods? there *Richard* lay
With his whole Army; look the other way,
And lo where *Richmond* in a Bed of Gross,
Encamp'd himself o'er Night with all his Force.
Upon this Hill they met; why, he could tell
The Inch where *Richmond* stood, where *Richard* fell:
Besides, what of his Knowledge he could say,
He had Authentic Notice from the Play;
Which I might guess by's mustring up the Ghosts,
And Policies, not incident to Hosts:
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
Where he mistook a Player for a King;
For when he would have said, King *Richard* dy'd,
And call'd a Horse, a Horse, he *Burbage* cry'd.
How e'er his Talk, his Company pleas'd well,
His Mare went truer than his Chronicle;
And even for Conscience sake unspurr'd, unbeaten,
Brought us six Miles, and turn'd tail to *Nun-Eaton:*
From thence to *Coventry*, where we scarce Dine,
Only our Stomachs warm'd with Zeal and Wine;
And thence, as if we were predestin'd forth,
Like *Lot* from *Sodom*, fly to *Killingworth.*
The Keeper of the Castle was from Home,
So that half Mile was lost; yet when we come
An Host receives us there, we ne'er deny him,
My Lord of *Leic'ster*'s Man, the Parson by him;
Who had no other Proof to testifie
He serv'd the Lord, but Age and Bawdery.
Away for Shame, why should three Miles divide
*Warwick* and us? They that have Horses ride.
A short Mile from the Town, an humble ‡ Shrine,
At foot of a high Rock consists in Sign
Of *Guy* and his Devotions, who there stands,
Ugly and huge, more than a Man on's Hands;

* Bosworth *Field.* ‡ Guy's *Cliff.*

His *Helmet* Steel, his *Gorget* Mail, his *Shield*
Braſs, made the Chappel fearful as a Field.
And let this Anſwer all the Pope's Complaints;
We ſet up Giants, though we pull down Saints.
Beyond this in the Rode-way as we went,
A Pillar ſtands where this *Coloſſus* leant,
Where he would love, and ſigh, and for Heart's eaſe,
Oft-times write Verſes, ſome ſay ſuch as theſe:

*Here will I languiſh in this ſilly Bower,*
*While my Sweet-heart triumphs in yonder Tower.*

No other hindrance now, but we may paſs
Clear to our Inn: Oh! there an Hoſteſs was,
To whom the Caſtle and the Dun Cow are
Sights after Dinner, ſhe is Morning-ware:
Her whole Behaviour borrowed was and mixt,
Half Fool, half Puppet, and her Pace betwixt
Meaſure and Jigg; her Courtſie was an Honour;
Her Gate as if her Neighbours had out-gone her:
She was barr'd up in Whale-bones that did leeſe
None of the Whales length, for they reach'd her Knees:
Off with her Head, and then ſhe hath a Middle,
As her Waſte ſtands, juſt like the new-found Fiddle,
The Favourite *Theorbo*, truth to tell ye,
Whoſe Neck and Throat are deeper than the Belly:
Have you ſeen Monkeys chain'd about their Loins,
Or Pottle-pots with Rings? Juſt ſo ſhe joins
Her ſelf together; a Dreſſing ſhe doth love,
In a ſmall Print below, and Text above.
What tho' her Name be *King*, yet 'tis no Treaſon,
Nor breach of Statute, to enquire the Reaſon
Of her branch'd Ruff, a Cubit every poak
I ſeem to wend her, but ſhe ſtruck the ſtroak
At our Departure, and our Worſhips there
Paid for our Titles dear, as any where.
Tho' Beadles and Profeſſors both have done,
Yet every Inn claims Augmentation:

Pleaſe you walk out and ſee the * Caſtle, come,
The Owner ſaith, it is a Scholar's home;
A Place of Strength and Health; in the ſame Fort
You would conceive a Caſtle and a Court;
The Orchards, Gardens, Rivers and the Air,
May with the Trenches, Rampiers, Walls compare:
It ſeems no Art, no Force can intercept it,
As if a Lover built, a Soldier kept it:
Up to the Tower, though it be ſteep and high,
We do not climb, but walk; and tho' the Eye
Seem to be weary, yet our Feet are ſtill
In the ſame Poſture, couſned up the Hill;
And thus the Workman's Art deceives our Senſe,
Making thoſe Rounds of Pleaſure and Defence.
As we deſcend, the ‡ Lord of all this Frame,
The Honourable Chancellor to us came;
Above the Hill there blew a gentle Breath;
But now we feel a ſweeter Gale beneath;
The Phraſe and Welcome of this Knight did make
The Place more elegant: Each Word he ſpake
Was Wine and Muſick, which he did expoſe
To us, if all our Art could cenſure thoſe:
With him there was a † Prelate, by his place
Arch-deacon to the Biſhop, by his Face
A greater Man, for that did counterfeit
Lord Abbot of ſome Convent ſtanding yet.
A corpulent Relique, marry and 'tis ſin,
Some *Puritan* get not that Face call'd in;
Amongſt lean Brethren it may ſcandal bring,
To look for Parity in ev'ry thing:
For us let him enjoy all that God ſends,
Plenty of Fleſh, of Livings, and of Friends.
Imagine us here ambling down the Street,
Circling in *Flower*, and making both Ends meet,

---

* Warwick *Caſtle*. ‡ *Sir* Fulke Grevile. † *Arch-Deacon* Burton.

Where we fare well four Days, and did complain
Like Harveſt-folks of Weather and of Rain;
And on the Feaſt of *Bartholmew* we try
What Revels that Saint keeps at ‡ *Banbury*.
I' th' Name of God Amen! Firſt to begin,
The Altar was converted to an Inn;
We lodged in the Chappel by the Sign,
But in a Bankrupt Tavern by the Wine;
Beſides, our Horſes uſage makes us think
'Twas ſtill a Church, for they in * Coffins drink;
As if 'twere congruous, that the ancient'ſt lye
Cloſe by thoſe Altars in whoſe Faith they die:
Now you believe the Church hath great variety
Of Monuments, when Inns have ſuch Society;
But nothing leſs, there's no Inſcription there,
But the Church-wardens of the laſt paſt Year;
Inſtead of Saints in Windows, and in Walls,
Here Buckets hang, and there a Cobweb falls:
Would you not think they love Antiquity,
Who bruſh their Quire for perpetuity,
Whilſt all the other Pavements and the Floor
Are ſupplicant to the Surveyors Power
Of the High-ways, that he would gravell'd keep
Them, or in Winter ſure they will be deep;
If not for God's, for Maſter *Wheatley*'s ſake,
Level the Walks; ſuppoſe theſe Pit-falls make
Him ſprain a Lecture, or miſplace a Joint
In his long Prayer, or in his ſeventeenth Point,
Think you the Daws and Stares can ſet him right?
Surely this Sin upon your Heads will light;
And ſay, Beloved, what unchriſtian Charm
Is this, you have not left a Leg or Arm
Of an Apoſtle? Think you if thoſe were whole,
They would ariſe at laſt t' aſſume a Soul?

---

‡ Banbury, *at the Sign of the Altar-ſtone.*
* *Which ſerve for Troughs in the Back-ſide.*

If not, 'tis plain all the Idolatry
Lyes in your Folly, not the Imag'ry.
'Tis well the Pinacles are faln in twain,
For now the Devil, should he tempt again,
Hath no advantage of a place so high:
Fools! he can dash you from your Gallery,
Where all your Medly meets, and do compare
Not what you learn, but who was longest there;
The *Puritan*, the *Anabaptist*, *Brownist*,
Like a Grand Sallad; *Tinkers*, What a Town is't?
The Crosses also like old Stumps of Trees,
Or Stools for Horsemen that have feeble Knees,
Carry no Heads above Ground: Those which tell
That Christ hath ne'er descended into Hell,
But to the Grave, his Picture buried have
In a far deeper Dungeon than a Grave;
That is, descended to endure what Pains
The Devil can think, or such Disciples Brains.
No more my Grief, in such prophane Abuses,
Good Whips make better Verses than the Muses:
Away, and look not back; away, while yet
The Church is standing, while the benefit
Of seeing it remains, so long you shall
Have that rackt down, and call'd Apocryphal;
And in some Barn hear cited many an Author,
*Kate Stubs*, *Anne Ascue*, or the Lady's Daughter,
Which shall be urg'd for Fathers: Stop Disdain,
When *Oxford* once appears, Satan refrain.
Neighbours, how hath our Anger thus out-gon's?
Is not Saint *Giles*'s this, and that Saint *John*'s?
We are return'd, but just with so much Ore,
As *Rawleigh* from his Voyage, and no more.

*Non recito cuiquam nisi amicis, idque coactus*
*Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet.*

Hor. Ser. 1. Sat. 4.

## *Bishop* CORBET *to his Son* VINCENT CORBET.

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well;
I wish thee (*Vin*) before all Wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly Health:
Nor too much Wealth, nor Wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee Learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as Gentlemen require,
To prate at Table, or at Fire.
I wish thee all thy Mother's Graces,
Thy Father's Fortunes, and his Places.
I wish thee Friends, and one at Court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee Peace in all thy Ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious Days;
And when thy Soul and Body part,
As Innocent as now thou art.

---

## BEN. JOHNSON *to* BURLACE.

WHY though I be of a prodigious Waste,
I am not so voluminous and vast
But there are Lines wherewith I may be embrac'd.
'Tis true, as my Womb swells, so my Back stoops,
And the whole Lump grows round, deform'd and [droops;
But yet the Tun of *Heidelberg* has Hoops.
You are not tyed by any Painters Law,
To square my Circle, I confess, but draw
My *Superficies*, that was all you saw:

Which if in compaſs of no Art it came
To be deſcrib'd, but by a Monogram,
With one great Blot you have drawn me as I am.
But whilſt you Curious were to have it be
An Archetype for all the World to ſee,
You have made it a brave Piece, but not like me.
Oh had I now the Manner, Maſtery, Might,
Your Power of handling Shadow, Air, and Sprite,
How I could draw, behold, and take delight;
But you are he can paint, I can but write,
A Poet hath no more than black and white,
Nor has he flattering Colours, or falſe Light.
Yet when of Friendſhip I would draw the Face,
A letter'd Mind, and a large Heart would place
To all Poſterity, I would write *Burlace*.

---

## *Upon the* KING's RETURN *to the City of* London, *when he came laſt thither from* Scotland, *and was entertained there by the Lord Mayor.*

SING and be merry, King *Charles* is come back,
Let's drink round his Health with Claret and Sack:
The *Scots* are all quiet, each Man with his Pack
May cry now ſecurely, Come ſee what you lack.
*Sing and be merry Boys, ſing and be merry,*
London's *a fine Town, ſo is* London-Derry.
Great Preparation in *London* is made
To bid the King welcome, each Man gives his Aid,
With thankſgiving Cloaths themſelves they array'd
(I ſhould have ſaid Holy-day) but I was afraid.
*Sing*, &c.
They ſtood in a Row for a Congratulation
Like a Company of Wild-geeſe in the old Faſhion:

Rails in the Church are abomination,
But Rails in the Street are no Innovation.
*Sing*, &c.

My Lord Mayor himself on Cock-horse did ride,
Not like a young Gallant with a Sword by his Side.
'Twas carried before him, but there was espied
The Cross-bar in the Hilt by a Puritan eyed.
*Sing*, &c.

Two Dozen of Aldermen ride two by two,
Their Gowns were all scarlet, but their Noses were blue:
The Recorder made a Speech, if Report it be true,
He promis'd more for them than e'er they will do.
*Sing*, &c.

They should be good Subjects to the King and the [State,
The Church they would love, no Prelates would hate;
But methinks it was an omnious Fate
They brought not the King through *Bishopsgate*.
*Sing*, &c.

The Citizens rod in their Golden Chains
Fetch'd from St. *Martins*, no Region of *Spain*'s:
It seems they were troubl'd with *Gundamor*'s Pains,
Some held by their Pummels, and some by their Manes.
*Sing*, &c.

In Jackets of Velvet, without Gown or Cloak,
Their Faces were Wainscot, their Hearts were of Oak:
No Trainbands were seen, no Drums beat a stroke,
Because City Captains of late have been broke.
*Sing*, &c.

The King, Queen and Prince, the Palsgrave of *Rhine*,
With two Branches more of the Royal Vine,
Rode to the *Guild-Hall* where they were to dine,
There could be no lack where the Conduits run Wine.
*Sing*, &c.

Nine hundred Dishes in the Bill of Fare
For the King and Nobles prepared there were;

There

There could be no leſs, a Man might well ſwear,
By the Widgeons and Woodcocks and Geeſe that [were there.
*Sing*, &c.

Tho' the Dinner were long, yet the Grace was but ſhort,
It was ſaid in the Faſhion of the *Engliſh* Court.
But one Paſſage more I have to report,
Small Thanks for my Pains I look to have for't.
*Sing*, &c.

Down went my Lord Mayor as low as his Knee,
Then up went the White of an Alderman's Eye:
We thought the Biſhop's Grace enlarged ſhould be,
(Not the Arch-biſhop's) no ſuch Meaning had he.
*Sing*, &c.

When's Lordſhip kneel'd down, we look'd he ſhould
(So he did heartily, but in his own way) [pray,
The Cup was his Book, the Collect for the Day
Was a Health to King *Charles*, all out he did ſay.
*Sing*, &c.

The Form of Prayer my Lord did begin,
The reſt of the Aldermen quickly were in:
One *Warner* they had of the greatneſs of the Sin
Without Diſpenſation from *Burton* or *Prin*.
*Sing*, &c.

Before they had done it grew towards Night,
(I forget my Lord Mayor was made a Knight:
The Recorder too with another Wight,
Whom I cannot relate, for the Torches are light.)
*Sing*, &c.

Up and away, by St. *Paul*'s they paſs;
When a prick-ear'd bray'd like a Puritan Aſs: [Glaſs.
Some thought he had been ſcar'd with the painted
He ſwore not, but cry'd high Popery by th' Maſs.
*Sing*, &c.

The Quire with Muſick on a Scaffold they ſee
In Surplices, all their Tapers burnt by,

An Anthem they ſung moſt melodiouſly;
If this were Popery, I confeſs it was high.
*Sing*, &c.

From thence to *Whitehall* there was made no ſtay,
Where the King gave them Thanks for their Love that Day:
Nothing was wanting, if I could but ſay
The Houſe of Commons had met him half way.
*Sing*, &c.

---

## VENUS *Lachrymans.*

WAKE my *Adonis*, do not die,
One Life's enough for thee and I;
Where are thy Words, thy Wiles,
Thy Love, thy Frowns, thy Smiles;
Alas in vain I call,
One Death hath ſnatch'd them all:
Yet Death's not deadly in thy Face,
Death in thoſe Looks it ſelf hath Grace.
'Twas this, 'twas this I fear'd
When thy pale Ghoſt appear'd:
This I preſag'd when thundering *Jove*
Tore the beſt Myrtle in my Grove;
When my ſick Roſe-buds loſt their Smell,
And from my Temples untouch'd fell;
And 'twas for ſome ſuch thing
My Dove did hang her Wing.
Whither art thou my Deity gone?
*Venus* in *Venus* there is none:
In vain a Goddeſs now am I,
Only to grieve and not to die.
But I will love my Grief,
Make Tears my Tears relief:
And Sorrows ſhall to me
A new *Adonis* be;
And this no Fates can rob me of, whiles I
A Goddeſs am to weep but not to die.

*Metro haud multum dissimili carmina sua scripsit* Scaldus *ille, auctor libri, cui titulus* HERVARER SAGA, *(quem edidit cl.* Olaus Verelius) *ut constat ex dialogo illo inter* Hervaram & Angantyri *patris sui manes, à quo ad tumulum stans, ut* Tirfingum *gladium cum eo sepultum daret, rogat.*

HERVOR.

WAknaduAngantyr,
Vekur thig Hervor
Einka dotter
Yckar Suafu.
Sel thu mer ur hauge
Hardan mœkir,
Than er Suafurlama
Slogu duergar.
Hervardur, Hiorvardur,
Hrani, oc Angantyr,
Vek eg ydr alla,
Vidar under rotum.
Med hialmi oc brinie
Oc huoffu fuerdi,
Raund oc reida,
Oc rodnum geiri.
Ero miog vordner
Andgryms fyner
Mein-giarnar ad
Molldar auka!
Ad eingi gior fona
Eyvor vid mig mœla
Ur munar heimi!
Hervardur, Hiorvardur.

HERVOR. *Awake Angantyr, Hervor the only Daughter Of thee and Suafu doth awaken thee. Give me out of the tombe, the hardned Sword, Which the Dwarfs made for Suafurlama. Hervardur, Hiorvardur, Hrani, and Angantyr, With Helmet, and coat of Mail, and a sharp Sword, With Sheild and Accoutrements, and bloody Spear, I wake you all, under the roots of trees. Are the Sons of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, Now become dust and ashes: can none of Eyvors Sons Now speak with me, out of the habitations of the dead! Harvardur, Hiorvardur! so may you all be*

Suo ſie ydur aullum
Innan rifia
Sem er i maura
Mornid hangi,
Nema ſuerd ſelier,
Thad er ſlogu duergar
Samyra draugum;
Dyrt um fetla.

ANGANTYR.

Harvor dotter
Huy kallar ſuo,
Full feikiuſtafa,
Fer Thu ad illu?
Od ertu ordin,
Oc orvita,
Vill-higgiandi
Vekia dauda menn.
Grofu mig ey fader
Nie frœndur adrer.
Their haufdu Tirfing
Tueir er lifdu,
Vard Tho eigandi
Einn af ſudan.

HERVOR.

Satt mœler Thu ecki:
So lati As Thig.
Heilan ihaugi,
Sem Thu hafir eigi
Tirfing med thier.
Trautter thier ad veita
Arf Angantyr
Einka barne.

ANGANTYR.

Seige eg thier, Hervor,
Thad vera mun,
Sa mun Tirfungur
(Ef thu trua mœtter)
Æt thinni nœr
Allre ſpilla.
Muntu ſon gieta

*Within your ribs, as a thing that is hanged up*
*To putrifie among inſects, unleſs you deliver me the Sword*
*Which the dwarfs made **** and the glorious belt.*
ANGANTYR. *Daughter Hervor, full of ſpells to raiſe the dead,*
*Why doſt thou call ſo? wilt thou run on*
*To thy own miſchief? thou art mad, and out of thy Senſes,*
*Who art deſperately reſolved to waken dead men.*
*I was not buried either by father or other friends.*
*Two which lived after me got Tirfing,*
*One of whom is now poſſeſſor thereof.*
HERVOR. *Thou doſt not tell the truth:*
*So let Odin hide thee in the tombe, as thou*
*Haſt Tirfing by thee. Art thu unwilling, Angantyr,*
*To give an inheritance to thy only child?*
ANGANTYR. *I will tell thee, Hervor, what will come to paſs:*
*This Tirfing will, if thou doſt believe me,*
*Deſtroy almoſt all thy offspring. Thou ſhalt have a Son,*

Than ſudar mun.
Tirfing hafa,
Oc trua marger
Hann manu Heidrek
Heita lyder.

HERVOR.

Eg of-kingi
So virda dauda
Ad thier tholed
Alldrey kyrrer,
Nema Angantyr
Selier mier Tirfing,
Hlyfum hœttan,
Hialmars bana.

ANGANTYR.

Mœr qued eg unga
Monnum lyka,
Er um hauga
Huarlar a nottum,
Grofnum geiri.
Med gotta malum,
Hialm oc briniu
Fire hallar dyr.

HERVOR.

Madur thotter thu
Menskur tilforna
Adur eg ſali
Ydra tok kanna.
Sel thu mier ur haugi
Than er hatar brinju
Duerga ſmidi,
Duger thier ey ad leina.

ANGANTYR.

Liggur mier under herdum
Hialmars bani,
Allur er han utan
Elldi ſueipinn;
Mey veit eg aungua
Molld a huorge
Er than hior thori
Hond i nema.

*Who afterwards muſt poſſeſs Tirfing, and many think*
*That he will be called Heidrek by the People.*

HERVOR. *I do by enchantments make, that the dead ſhall*
*Never enjoy reſt, unleſs Angantyr deliver me Tirfing******

ANGANTYR. *Young Maid, I ſay, thou art*
*Of manlike courage, who doſt rove about by night*
*To tombs with ſpear engraven with magical ſpells;*
*With helmet, and coat of mail before the door of our hall.*

HERVOR. *I took thee for a brave man,*
*Before I found out your hall. Give me out of the tombe*
*The workmanſhip of the dwarfs, which hates all coats*
*Of mail; it is not good for thee to hide it.*

ANGANTYR. *The death of Hialmar lies under my Shoulders,*
*It is all wrapt up in fire; I know no Maid*
*In any Country that dares this Sword take in hand.*

HERVOR.
Eg mun hirda
Oc i haund nema
Huaſſan mœki,
Ef eg hafa gucedi.
Hugg eg eige
Elld brenna than.
Er framlidnum firdum.
Leikur um ſioner.

ANGANTYR.
Heimsk ertu Hervor,
Hugar eigandi.
Er thu ad augum
Jelld hrapar,
Helldur vil eg ſuerd thier
Selia ur haugi,
Mœr en unga,
Mun eg thig eyleina.

HERVOR.
Vel giorder thu
Vikings nidur,
Er thu ſender mier
Suerd ur haugi.
Betur thikiumſt nu,
Budlungur, hafa,
Enn eg Noreyge
Mede allre.

ANGANTYR.
Veiſtu ey ad
Uppſol ertu,
Mala, flarad kona,
Thui thu fagna skalt.
Sa mun Tirfingur
(Ef thu trua nœder)
Ætt thinne mœr
Allri ſpilla.

HERVOR.
Eg mun ganga
Til gialfur manna.
Hier mun ey mœr
I hug godum.
Lit rœke eg thad

HERVOR. *I ſhall keep, and take in my hand,*
*The ſharp Sword. if I may obtain it, I do not think that fire*
*Will burn, which plays about the ſight of deceas'd men.*
ANGANTYR. *O conceited Hervor, thou art mad.*
*Rather than thou in a moment ſhouldſt fall into the fire,*
*I will give thee the Sword out of the tomb,*
*Young maid, and not hide it from thee.*
HERVOR. *Thou didſt well thou off-ſpring of heroes,*
*That thou didſt ſend me the Sword out of the tomb.*
*I am now better pleaſed, O Prince, to have it,*
*Than if I had got all Norway.*
ANGANTYR. *Falſe Woman, thou doſt not underſtand,*
*That thou ſpeakeſt fooliſhly of that, in which*
*Thou doſt rejoice, for Tirfing ſhall, if thou wilt*
*Believe me, Maid, deſtroy all thy Off-ſpring.*
HERVOR. *I muſt go to my Seamen.*
*Here I have no mind to ſtay longer. Little do I care,*

Lofdunga vinur
Huad fyner miner
Sydan deila.

ANGANTYR.

Thu skalt eiga
Oc unna leingi,
Hafdu ad huldu
Hialmars bana.
Tak tu ad eggium,
Eitur er ibadum,
Sa er mans matadur
Miklum verri.

HERVOR.

Eg mun hirda,
Oc i haund nema,
Huassan mœki,
Er mig hafa latid:
Ugge eg eye thad,
Ulta greinir,
Huad fyner miner.
Sydan telia.

ANGANTYR.

Far vel dotter,
Fliott gief eg thier
Tolf manna fior.
Ef thu trua nœdir,
Afl oc eliom
Alt hid goda
Er fyner angtyms
Epter leifdu.

HERVOR.

Bui thier aller
Burt mun eg skiotla,
Heiler i hauge,
Hiedan fyfer mig,
Helft thottunft eg
Heima i mill,
Er mig umhuerfis
Elldar brunnu.

*O Royal Freind, what my Sons hereafter quarrel about,*
ANGANTYR. *Take and keep Hialmars bane,*
*Which thou ſhalt long have and enjoy. touch but*
*The edges of it, there is Poyſon in both of them,*
*It is a moſt cruel devourer of men.*
HERVOR. *I ſhall keep and take in hand, the ſharp Sword,*
*Which thou haſt let me have: I do not fear, O ſlain Father,*
*What my Sons hereafter may quarrel about.*
ANGANTYR. *Farewell Daughter, I do quickly give thee*
*Twelve mens death, if thou caſt believe*
*With might and courage, even all the goods,*
*That Andgryms Sons left behind them.*
HERVOR. *Dwell all of you ſafe in the tombe,*
*I muſt be gone, and haſten hence, for I ſeem to be*
*In the midſt of a place where fire burns round about me.*

## *An* ELEGY *on the Lord* WILLIAM HOWARD, *Baron of* EFFINGHAM, *who Died* December 10, 1615.

*By Bishop* CORBET.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor do I strive
To win Access, or Grace, with Lords alive:
The Dead I serve, from whence nor Faction can
Move me, nor Favour; nor a greater Man.
To whom no Vice commends me, nor Bribe sent,
From whom no Penance warns, nor Portion spent;
To these I Dedicate as much of me,
As I can spare from my own Husbandry:
And till Ghosts walk, as they were wont to do,
I trade for some, and do these Errands too.
But first I do enquire, and am assur'd,
What Tryals in their Journeys they endur'd;
What Certainties of Honour and of Worth,
Their most uncertain Life-times have brought forth;
And who so did least hurt of this small Store,
He is my Patron, dy'd he Rich or Poor.
First I will know of Fame (after his Peace,
When Flattery and Envy both do cease)
Who rul'd his Actions: Reason, or my Lord?
Did the whole Man rely upon a Word,
A Badge of Title, or above all Chance,
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognizance?
What did he? Acts of Mercy, and refrain
Oppression in himself, and in his Train?
Was his Essential Table full as free
As Boasts and Invitations use to be?
Where if his Russet-Friend did chance to Dine,
Whether his Satten-Man would fill him Wine?
Did he think Perjury as lov'd a Sin,
Himself forsworn, as if his Slave had been?

Did he seek Regular Pleasures? Was he known
Just Husband of one Wife, and she his own?
Did he give freely without Pause, or Doubt,
And read Petitions e'er they were worn out?
Or should his well-deserving *Client* ask,
Would he bestow a Tilting, or a Masque
To keep Need virtuous? And that done, not fear
What Lady damn'd him for his Absence there?
Did he attend the Court for no Man's Fall?
Wore he the Ruine of no Hospital?
And when he did his rich Apparel don,
Put he no Widow, nor an Orphan on?
Did he love simple Virtue for the thing?
The King for no respect, but for the King?
But above all, did his Religion wait
Upon God's Throne, or on the Chair of State?
He that is guilty of no *Query* here,
Out-lasts his Epitaph, out-lives his Heir.
But there is none such, none so little bad;
Who but this negative Goodness ever had:
Of such a Lord we may expect the Birth,
He's rather in the Womb, than on the Earth,
And 'twere a Crime in such a publick Fate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a Name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
To thy eternal Home, where now thou art,
E'er thy Reproach was ready; or to die,
E'er Custom had prepar'd thy Calumny.
Eight Days have past since thou hast paid thy Debt
To Sin, and not a Libel stirring yet;
Courtiers that scoff by Patent, silent sit,
And have no use of Slander or of Wit;
But (which is monstrous) tho' against the Tide,
The Water-men have neither rail'd nor ly'd.
Of Good or Bad there's no distinction known,
For in thy Praise the Good and Bad are one.

It seems, we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a Purchase of good Name
Thou lately mad'st, are careful to increase
Our Title, by the holding of some Lease
From thee our Landlord, and for that th' whole Crew
Speak now like Tenants, ready to renew.
It were too sad to tell thy Pedigree,
Death hath disordered all, misplacing thee;
Whilst now thy Herald in his Line of Heirs,
Blots out thy Name, and fills the space with Tears.
And thus hath conqu'ring Death, or Nature rather,
Made thee prepostrous Ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th' art so, and like a glorious Light
Shines o'er thy Hearse.
He therefore that would write,
And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all,
*Here lies the Anchor of our Admiral.*
Let others write for Glory or Reward,
Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard.

---

## *A* BALLAD, *intituled*, The Fairies Farewel, *or* God-a-mercy Will.

*By the same Hand.*

FArewel Rewards and Fairies,
Good Housewives now may say,
For now foul Sluts in Dairies
Do fare as well as they;
And tho' they sweep their Hearths no less
Than Maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late, for Cleanliness,
Finds Six-pence in her Shooe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The Fairies lost Command,

They did but change Priests Babies,
But some have chang'd your Land;
And all your Children stoln from thence
Are now grown *Puritans*,
Who live as Changlings ever since
For love of your Demains.

At Morning and at Evening both,
You Merry were and Glad;
So little care of Sleep and Sloath
These pretty Ladies had:
When *Tom* came Home from Labour,
Or *Cis* to Milking rose;
Then merrily went their Tabor,
And nimbly went their Toes.

Witness those Rings and Roundelays
Of theirs which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen *Mary*'s Days,
On many a grassy Plain.
But since of late *Elizabeth*
And later *James* came in,
They never danc'd on any Heath,
As when the time had been.

By which we note the Fairies
Were of the old Profession,
Their Songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their Dances were Procession;
But now, alas, they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the Seas,
Or further from Religion fled,
Or else they take their Ease.

A Tell-tale in their Company
They never could endure,
And who so kept not secretly
Their Mirth, was punish'd sure;

It was a Juſt and Chriſtian Deed
To pinch ſuch Black and Blue;
O how the Commonwealth doth need
Such Juſtices as you!

Now they have left our Quarters,
A Regiſter they have,
Who can preſerve their Charters,
A Man both wiſe and grave.
An hundred of their merry Pranks,
By one that I could name,
Are kept in Store; con twenty Thanks
To *William* for the ſame.

To *William Churne* of *Staffordſhire*,
Give Laud and Praiſes due:
Who every Meal can mend your Chear
With Tales both Old and True.
To *William* all give Audience,
And pray you for his Noddle;
For all the Fairies Evidence
Were loſt if it were Addle.

---

## *On the Earl of* DORSET's *Death.*

*By the ſame Hand.*

LET no prophane ignoble Foot tread here,
This hallowed Piece of Earth, *Dorſet* lyes there:
A ſmall poor Relique of a Noble Spirit,
Free as the Air, and Ample as his Merit:
A Soul refin'd, no proud forgetting Lord,
But mindful of mean Names, and of his Word:
Who lov'd Men for his Honour, not his Ends,
And had the nobleſt way of getting Friends
By loving firſt, and yet who knew the Court,
But underſtood it better by Report

Than Practice: He nothing took from thence
But the King's Favour for his Recompence.
Who for Religion, or his Country's good,
Neither his Honour valued, nor his Blood.
Rich in the World's Opinion, and Mens praise,
And full in all we could Desire, but Days.
He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
To vent a Sigh for him, or shed a Tear,
May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall,
And want a Mourner at his Funeral.

---

## *A certain* POEM, *as it was presented in* Latin *by Divines and others, before his Majesty in* Cambridge, *by way of Enterlude, stiled,* Liber novus de adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam. *Faithfully done into* English, *with some liberal Additions.*

*By the same Hand.*

IT is not yet a Fortnight, since
*Lutetia* entertain'd our Prince,
And vented hath a studied Toy,
As long as was the Siege of *Troy*:
And spent her self for full five Days,
In *Speeches, Exercise*, and *Plays*.
To trim the Town, great Care before
Was ta'en by th' Lord *Vice-Chancellor*,
Both Morn and Even he clean'd the Way,
The Streets he gravell'd thrice a Day:
One Strike of *March-dust* for to see,
No *Proverb* would give more than he.
Their Colleges were new be-painted,
Their Founders eke were new be-Sainted;

Nothing escaped, nor Post, nor Door,
Nor Gate, nor Rail, nor Bawd, nor Whore:
You could not know (oh strange Mishap!)
Whether you saw the *Town* or *Map*.
But the pure House of *Emanuel*
Would not be like proud *Jezabel*,
Nor shew her self before the King
An Hypocrite, or *painted* Thing:
But, that the Ways might all prove fair,
Conceiv'd a tedious Mile of Prayer.
Upon the look'd-for Seventh of *March*,
Outwent the Townsmen all in Starch,
Both Band and Beard, into the Field,
Where one a Speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his Stile,
The King being from him half a Mile.
They gave the King a piece of Plate,
Which they hop'd never came too late;
But cry'd, Oh! look not in, Great King,
For there is in it just Nothing:
And so preferr'd with Tune and Gate,
A Speech as empty as their Plate.
Now, as the King came near the Town,
Each one ran crying up and down,
Alas poor *Oxford*, thou'rt undone,
For now the King's past *Trompington*,
And rides upon his brave Grey Dapple,
Seeing the Top of *King's College* Chapel.
Next rode his Lordship on a Nag,
Whose Coat was blue, whose Ruff was shag,
And then began his Reverence
To speak most eloquent Non-sense:
See how (quoth he) most Mighty Prince,
For very Joy my Horse doth Wince.
What cries the Town? What we? (said he)
What cries the University?
What cry the Boys? What ev'ry thing?
Behold, behold, yon comes the King:

And ev'ry Period he bedecks
With *En & Ecce venit Rex.*
Oft have I warn'd (quoth he) our Dirt
That no Silk Stockings ſhould be hurt;
But, we in vain ſtrive to be fine,
Unleſs your Grace's Sun doth ſhine;
And with the Beams of your bright Eye,
You will be pleas'd our Streets to dry.
Now come we to the Wonderment
Of *Chriſtendom*, and eke of *Kent*,
The *Trinity*: which to ſurpaſs,
Doth deck her Spokeſman by a Glaſs:
Who, clad in Gay and Silken Weeds,
Thus opes his Mouth, hark how he ſpeeds;
I wonder what your Grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve Year,
And this your Son, fair *Carolus*,
That is ſo *Jacobiſſimus*:
Here's none, of all, your Grace refuſes,
You are moſt welcome to our Muſes.
Although we have no Bells to jangle,
Yet can we ſhew a fair Quadrangle,
Which, though it ne'er was grac'd with King,
Yet ſure it is a goodly thing:
My Warning's ſhort, no more I'll ſay,
Soon you ſhall ſee a gallant Play.
But nothing was ſo much admir'd;
As were their Plays ſo well attir'd;
Nothing did win more Praiſe of mine,
Than did their Actors moſt Divine:
So did they drink their Healths divinely,
So did they Dance and Skip ſo finely.
Their Plays had ſundry grave wiſe Factors,
A perfect Dioceſs of Actors
Upon the Stage; for I am ſure that
There was both Biſhop, Paſtor, Curat:
Nor was their Labour light, or ſmall,
The Charge of ſome was Paſtoral.

Our Plays were certainly much worſe,
For they had a brave Hobby-horſe,
Which did preſent unto his Grace
A wondrous witty ambling Pace:
But we were chiefly ſpoil'd by that
Which was ſix Hours of *God knows what.*
His Lordſhip then was in a Rage,
His Lordſhip lay upon the Stage,
His Lordſhip cry'd, All would be marr'd:
His Lordſhip lov'd a-life the Guard,
And did invite thoſe mighty Men,
To what think you? Even to a *Hen.*
He knew he was to uſe their Might
To help to keep the Door at Night,
And well beſtow'd he thought his Hen,
That they might Tolebooth *Oxford* Men:
He thought it did become a Lord
To threaten with that Bug-bear word.
Now paſs we to the Civil Law,
And eke the Doctors of the Spaw,
Who all perform'd their Parts ſo well,
Sir *Edward Ratcliff* bore the Bell,
Who was, by the King's own Appointment,
To ſpeak of Spells, and Magick Ointment.
The Doctors of the Civil Law
Urg'd ne'er a Reaſon worth a Straw;
And though they went in Silk and Sattin,
They *Thomſon*-like clip'd the King's *Latin*;
But yet his Grace did Pardon then
All Treaſons againſt *Priſcian.*
Here no Man ſpake ought to the Point,
But all they ſaid was out of Joint;
Juſt like the Chapel ominous
In th' Colledge called *God with us:*
Which truly doth ſtand much awry,
Juſt North and South, *Yes verily.*
Philoſophers did well their Parts,
Which prov'd them Maſters of their Arts;

Their Moderator was no Fool,
He far from *Cambridge* kept a School:
The Country did ſuch ſtore afford,
The Proctors might not ſpeak a Word.
But to conclude, the King was pleas'd,
And of the Court the Town was eas'd:
Yet *Oxford* though (dear Sifter) hark yet,
The King is gone but to *New-Market*,
And comes again e'er it be long,
Then you may make another Song.
The King being gone from *Trinity*,
They make a Scramble for Degree;
Maſters of all Sorts, and all Ages,
Keepers, Subcizers, Lackeys, Pages,
Who all did throng to come abroad,
With *Pray make me* now, *Good my Lord.*
They preſt his Lordſhip wondrous hard,
His Lordſhip then did want the Guard;
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Until he Bleſt them all at once,
And cryed, *Hodiſſimè:*
*Omnes Magiſtri eſtote.*
Nor is this all which we do ſing,
For of your Praiſe the World muſt ring:
Reader, unto your Tackling look,
For there is coming forth a Book
Will ſpoil *Joſeph Barneſius*
The Sale of *Rex Platonicus.*

---

## *On the* DEATH *of Sir* THO. PELHAM.

MEerly for Death to grieve and mourn
Were to repine that Man was born.
When weak old Age doth fall aſleep,
'Twere foul Ingratitude to weep.

Thoſe Threds alone ſhould force out Tears,
Whoſe ſudden crack breaks off ſome Years.
Here 'tis not ſo, full diſtance here
Sunders the Cradle from the Bier.
A Fellow-traveller he hath been
So long with Time, ſo worn to th' Skin,
That were it not juſt now bereft
His Body firſt the Soul had left,
Threeſcore and ten is Nature's date,
Our Journey when we come in late:
Beyond that time the overplus
Was granted not to him, but us.
For his own ſake the Sun ne'er ſtood,
But only for the Peoples good:
Even ſo he was held out by Air
Which poor Men uttered in their Prayer:
And as his Goods were lent to give,
So were his Days that they might live.
So ten Years more to him were told,
Enough to make another Old:
Oh that Death would ſtill do ſo,
Or elſe on good Men would beſtow
That waſte of Years which Unthrifts fling
Away by their Diſtempering.
That ſome might thrive by this decay
As well as that of Land and Clay.
'Twas now well done: No cauſe to moan
On ſuch a ſeaſonable Stone;
Where Death is but a Gueſt, we Sin
Not bidding welcome to his Inn.
Sleep, ſleep, good Man, thy Reſt embrace,
Sleep, ſleep, th' aſt trod a weary Race.

## *Of* MUSICK.

WHEN whispering Strains with creeping Wind
Distill soft Passion through the Heart,
And whilst at every touch we find
Our Pulses beat and bear a Part.
When threds can make
Our Heart-strings shake;
Philosophy can scarce deny
Our Souls consist in Harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming Air,
My Senses each with wonder sweet;
Like Snow on Wool thy fallings are,
Soft like Spirits are thy Feet.
Grief who needs fear
That hath an Ear?
Down let him lye
And slumbring dye,
And change his Soul for Harmony.

---

## *The* CATHOLICK.

I Hold as faith
What *Rome*'s Ch. faith
Where the King is Head
The Flock's mis-led
Where the Altars dreſt
The Peoples bleſt
He's but an Aſs
Who ſhuns the Maſs
What *England*'s Church allows:
My Conſcience diſallows:
That Church can have no ſhame
That holds the Pope Supream:
There's Service ſcarce Divine:
With Table-Bread and Wine:
Who the Communion flies:
Is Catholick and Wiſe.

## *Under Mr.* MILTON's *Picture, before his* Paradise Lost.

*By Mr.* DRYDEN.

THree *Poets* in three distant *Ages* born,
*Greece*, *Italy* and *England* did adorn.
The *first* in loftiness of Thought surpass'd;
The *next* in Majesty; in both the *last*.
The force of *Nature* cou'd no further go;
To make a *Third* she join'd the former Two.

---

## *A SONG.*

WHEN *Orpheus* sweetly did complain
Upon his Lute with heavy strain,
How his *Eurydice* was slain;
The Trees to hear
Obtain'd an Ear,
And after left it off again.

At every stroke, and every stay,
The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And listned bending every way;
The Ashen-Tree
As well as he
Began to shake, and learnt to play.

If Wood could speak, a Tree might hear,
If Wood can sound our Grief so near,
A Tree might drop an amber Tear:
If Wood so well
Could sound a Knell,
The Cypress might condole the beer.

The ſtanding Nobles of the Grove,
Hearing dead Wood to ſpeak and move,
The fatal Ax began to love;
They envied Death
That gave ſuch breath,
As Men alive do Saints above.

## LOVE'S COURTSHIP.

HARK my *Flora*, Love doth call us
To the ſtrife that muſt befal us:
He hath robb'd his Mother's Myrtles,
And hath pull'd her downy Turtles.
See our genial Poſts are crown'd,
And our Beds like Billows riſe:
Softer Liſts are no where found,
And the ſtrife it ſelf's the Prize.

Let not ſhades and dark affright thee,
Thy Eyes have Luſtre that will light thee:
Think not any can ſurprize us,
Love himſelf doth now Diſguiſe us:
From thy Waſte that Girdle throw:
Night and Silence both wait here,
Words or Actions who can know
Where there's neither Eye nor Ear?

Shew thy Boſom, and then hide it;
Licence Touching, and then chide it;
Proffer ſomething, and forbear it;
Give a grant, and then forſwear it:
Ask where all my Shame is gone,
Call us wanton, wicked Men;
Do as Turtles kiſs and groan,
Say thou ne'er ſhalt joy again.

I can hear thee Curſe, yet chaſe thee;
Drink thy Tears, and ſtill Embrace thee:
Eaſie Riches are no Treaſure,
She that's willing ſpoils the Pleaſure:
Love bids learn the Wreſtlers ſlight,
Pull and ſtruggle when we twine;
Let me uſe my Force to Night,
The next Conqueſt ſhall be thine.

# PASTORALS.

BY

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE.*

*Rura mihi, & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,*
*Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, Inglorius!* ——

VIRG.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

# SPRING.

## The First Pastoral, or DAMON.

*Inscrib'd to Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

IRST in these Fields I try the Sylvan Strains,
Nor blush to sport on *Windsor*'s blissful Plains:
Fair *Thames* flow gently from thy sacred Spring, [sing;
While on thy Banks *Sicilian* Muses
Let Vernal Airs thro' trembling Osiers play,
And *Albion*'s Cliffs resound the Rural Lay.

*You*, that too Wise for Pride, too Good for Pow'r,
Enjoy the Glory to be Great no more,
And carrying with you all the World can boast,
To all the World Illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender Reed inspire,
'Till in your Native Shades You tune the Lyre:
So when the Nightingale to Rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken Groves,
But, charm'd to Silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' Aerial Audience clap their Wings.

*Daphnis* and *Strephon* to the Shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd;
Fresh as the Morn, and as the Season fair,
In flow'ry *Vales* they fed their fleecy Care;
And while *Aurora* gilds the Mountain's Side,
Thus *Daphnis* spoke, and *Strephon* thus reply'd.

*DAPHNIS.*

Hear how the Birds, on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
With joyous Musick wake the dawning Day!
Why sit we mute, when early Linnets sing,
When warbling *Philomel* salutes the Spring?
Why sit we sad, when *Phosphor* shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the Purple Year?

*STREPHON.*

Sing then, and *Damon* shall attend the Strain,
While yon slow Oxen turn the furrow'd Plain.
Here on green Banks the blushing Vio'lets glow;
Here Western Winds on breathing Roses blow.
I'll stake my Lamb that near the Fountain plays,
And from the Brink his dancing Shade surveys.

*DAPHNIS.*

And I this Bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines:
Four Figures rising from the Work appear,
The various Seasons of the rowling Year;
And what is That, which binds the Radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous Order lye?

*DAMON.*

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now Hawthorns blossom, now the Daisies spring,
Now Leaves the Trees, and Flow'rs adorn the Ground;
Begin, the Vales shall Eccho to the Sound.

*STREPHON.*

Inspire me, *Phœbus*, in my *Delia*'s Praise,
With *Waller*'s Strains, or *Granville*'s moving Lays!
A Milk-white Bull shall at your Altars stand,
That threats a Fight, and spurns the rising Sand.

*DAPHNIS.*

O Love! for *Sylvia* let me gain the Prize,
And make my Tongue victorious as her Eyes;
No Lambs or Sheep for Victims I'll impart,
Thy Victim, Love, shall be the Shepherd's Heart.

*STREPHON.*

Me gentle *Delia* beckons from the Plain,
Then hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain;

But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found.

*DAPHNIS.*

The sprightly *Sylvia* trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen,
While a kind Glance at her Pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!

*STREPHON.*

O'er Golden Sands let rich *Pactolus* flow,
And Trees weep Amber on the Banks of *Po*;
Blest *Thames*'s Shores the brightest Beauties yield,
Feed here my Lambs, I'll seek no distant Field.

*DAPHNIS.*

Celestial *Venus* haunts *Idalia*'s Groves,
*Diana Cynthus*, *Ceres Hybla* loves;
If *Windsor*-Shades delight the matchless Maid,
*Cynthus* and *Hybla* yield to *Windsor*-Shade.

*STREPHON.*

All Nature mourns, the Skies relent in Show'rs,
Hush'd are the Birds, and clos'd the drooping Flow'rs;
If *Delia* smile, the Flow'rs begin to spring,
The Skies to brighten, and the Birds to sing.

*DAPHNIS.*

All Nature laughs, the Groves fresh Honours wear,
The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air;
If *Sylvia* smile, new Glories gild the Shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

*STREPHON.*

In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love,
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove;
But *Delia* always; forc'd from *Delia*'s Sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight.

*DAPHNIS.*

*Sylvia*'s like Autumn ripe, yet mild as *May*,
More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day,
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year.

*STREPHON.*

Say Shepherd, say, in what glad Soil appears
A wondrous *Tree* that Sacred *Monarchs* bears?
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the Prize,
And give the Conquest to thy *Sylvia*'s Eyes.

*DAPHNIS.*

Nay tell me first, in what more happy Fields
The *Thistle* springs, to which the *Lilly* yields?
And then a nobler Prize I will resign,
For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia* shall be thine.

*DAMON.*

Cease to contend, for (*Daphnis*) I decree
The Bowl to *Strephon*, and the Lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry Grace excell;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those Graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder Woodbine Bow'rs,
A soft Retreat from sudden vernal Show'rs;
The Turf with rural Dainties shall be Crown'd,
While opening Blooms diffuse their Sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring Flocks to Shelter tend,
And from the *Pleiads* fruitful Show'rs descend.

---

# *SUMMER.*

## *The Second Pastoral, or* ALEXIS.

A Faithful Swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his Fate beside a silver Spring;
Where gentle *Thames* his winding Waters leads
Thro' verdant Forests, and thro' flow'ry Meads.
There while he mourn'd, the Streams forgot to flow,
The Flocks around a dumb Compassion show,
The *Naiads* wept in ev'ry Watry Bow'r,
And *Jove* consented in a silent Show'r.

Accept, O *Garth*, the Muse's early Lays,
That adds this Wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;

Hear what from Love unpractis'd Hearts endure,
From Love, the sole Disease thou canst not cure!
Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
Defence from *Phœbus*, not from *Cupid*'s Beams;
To you I mourn; nor to the Deaf I sing,
The Woods shall answer, and their Eccho ring.
Ev'n Hills and Rocks attend my doleful Lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating Sheep with my Complaints agree,
They parch'd with Heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry *Sirius* burns the thirsty Plains,
While in thy Heart Eternal Winter reigns.
Where are ye Muses, in what Lawn or Grove,
While your *Alexis* pines in hopeless Love?
In those fair Fields where Sacred *Isis* glides,
Or else where *Cam* his winding Vales divides?
As in the Crystal Spring I view my Face,
Fresh rising Blushes paint the watry Glass;
But since those Graces please thy Sight no more,
I'll shun the Fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry Herb that grew,
And ev'ry Plant that drinks the Morning Dew;
Ah wretched Shepherd, what avails thy Art,
To cure thy Lambs, but not to heal thy Heart!
Let other Swains attend the Rural Care,
Feed fairer Flocks, or richer Fleeces share;
But nigh that Mountain let me tune my Lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my Brows with Bays.
That Flute is mine which *Colin*'s tuneful Breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in Death;
He said; *Alexis*, take this Pipe, the same
That taught the Groves my *Rosalinda*'s Name----
Yet soon the Reeds shall hang on yonder Tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
O were I made by some transforming Pow'r,
The Captive Bird that sings within thy Bow'r!
Then might my Voice thy list'ning Ears employ,
And I those Kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my Numbers pleaſe the rural Throng,
Rough *Satyrs* dance, and *Pan* applauds the Song:
The Nymphs forſaking ev'ry Cave and Spring,
Their early Fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring;
Each am'rous Nymph prefers her Gifts in vain,
On you their Gifts are all beſtow'd again!
For you the Swains the faireſt Flow'rs deſign,
And in one Garland all their Beauties join;
Accept the Wreath which You deſerve alone,
In whom all Beauties are compriz'd in One.

See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found *Elyſium* here.
In Woods bright *Venus* with *Adonis* ſtray'd,
And chaſt *Diana* haunts the Foreſt Shade.
Come lovely Nymph, and bleſs the ſilent Hours,
When Swains from Sheering ſeek their nightly Bow'rs;
When weary Reapers quit the ſultry Field,
And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to *Ceres* yield,
This harmleſs Grove no lurking Viper hides,
But in my Breaſt the Serpent Love abides.
Here Bees from Bloſſoms ſip the roſie Dew,
But your *Alexis* knows no Sweet but you.
Some God conduct you to theſe bliſsful Seats,
The moſſie Fountains, and the green Retreats!
Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales ſhall fan the Glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall crowd into a Shade,
Where-e'er you tread, the bluſhing Flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your Eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my Days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your Praiſe;
Your Praiſe the Birds ſhall chant in ev'ry Grove,
And Winds ſhall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
But wou'd you ſing, and rival *Orpheus* Strain,
The wondring Foreſts ſoon ſhou'd dance again,
The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,
And headlong Streams hang liſt'ning in their Fall!

But ſee, the Shepherds ſhun the Noon-day Heat,
The lowing Herds to murm'ring Brooks retreat.

To closer Shades the panting Flocks remove,
Ye Gods! and is there no Relief for Love?
But soon the Sun with milder Rays descends
To the cool Ocean, where his Journey ends;
On me Love's fiercer Flames for ever prey,
By Night he scorches, as he burns by Day.

---

# *AUTUMN.*

## *The Third Pastoral, or* Hylas *and* Ægon.

*To* W. WYCHERLEY, *Esq;*

BEneath the Shade a spreading Beech displays,
*Hylas* and *Ægon* sung their Rural Lays;
To whose Complaints the list'ning Forests bend,
While one his Mistress mourns, and one his Friend:
Ye *Mantuan* Nymphs, your sacred Succour bring;
*Hylas* and *Ægon*'s Rural Lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with *Plautus*' Wit inspire,
The Art of *Terence*, and *Menander*'s Fire;
Whose Sense instructs us, and whose Humour charms,
Whose Judgment sways us, and whose Rapture warms!
Attend the Muse, tho' low her Numbers be,
She sings of Friendship, and she sings to thee.
The setting Sun now shone serenely bright,
And fleecy Clouds were streak'd with Purple Light;
When tuneful *Hylas* with melodious Moan
Taught Rocks to weep, and made the *Mountains* groan.
Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
To *Thyrsis* Ear the tender Notes convey!
As some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores,
And with deep Murmurs fills the sounding Shores;
Thus, far from *Thyrsis*, to the Winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
For him the feather'd Quires neglect their Song;

For him the Lymes their pleasing Shades deny;
For him the Lillies hang their heads and dye.
Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the Spring,
Ye Birds, that left by Summer, cease to sing,
Ye Trees that fade when Autumn-Heats remove,
Say, is not Absence Death to those who love?

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
Curs'd be the Fields that cause my *Thyrsis*' Stay:
Fade ev'ry Blossom, wither ev'ry Tree,
Dye ev'ry Flow'r, and perish All, but He.
What have I said?----where-e'er my *Thyrsis* flies,
Let Spring attend, and sudden Flow'rs arise;
Let opening Roses knotted Oaks adorn,
And liquid Amber drop from ev'ry Thorn.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along!
The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song,
The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move,
And Streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
Not bubling Fountains to the thirsty Swain,
Not balmy Sleep to Lab'rers faint with Pain,
Not Show'rs to Larks, nor Sunshine to the Bee,
Are half so charming as thy Sight to me.

Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away!
Come *Thyrsis*, come, ah why this long Delay?
Thro' Rocks and Caves the Name of *Thyrsis* sounds,
*Thyrsis*, each Cave and ecchoing Rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing Frenzie sooths my Mind!
Do Lovers dream, or is my Shepherd kind?
He comes, my Shepherd comes!---now cease my Lay,
And cease ye Gales to bear my Sighs away!

Next *Ægon* sung, while *Windsor* Groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what your selves inspir'd.

Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain!
Of perjur'd *Doris*, dying I'll complain:
Here where the *Mountains* less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low Vales, and steal into the Skies.
While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat,
In their loose Traces from the Field retreat;

While curling Smokes from Village-Tops are seen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green.
Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
Beneath yon Poplar oft we past the Day:
Oft on the Rind I carv'd her Am'rous Vows,
While She with Garlands grac'd the bending Boughs;
The Garlands fade, the Vows are worn away;
So dies her Love, and so my Hopes decay.
Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain!
Now bright *Arcturus* glads the teeming Grain,
Now Golden Fruits on loaded Branches shine,
And grateful Clusters swell with floods of Wine;
Now blushing Berries paint the fertile Grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield Returns but Love?
Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
The Shepherds cry, "Thy Flocks are left a Prey----"
Ah! what avails it me, the Flocks to keep,
Who lost my Heart while I preserv'd my Sheep.
*Pan* came, and ask'd, what Magick caus'd my Smart,
Or what *Ill Eyes* malignant Glances dart?
What Eyes but hers, alas, have Pow'r on me!
Oh mighty Love, what Magick is like thee!
Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strains!
I'll fly from Shepherds, Flocks, and flow'ry Plains.---
From Shepherds, Flocks, and Plains, I may remove,
Forsake Mankind, and all the World---but Love!
I know thee Love! wild as the raging Main,
More fell than Tygers on the *Libyan* Plain;
Thou wert from *Ætna*'s burning Entrails torn,
Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born!
Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay!
Farewell ye Woods! adieu the Light of Day!
One Leap from yonder Cliff shall end my Pains.
No more ye Hills, no more resound my Strains!
Thus sung the Shepherds 'till th' Approach of Night,
The Skies yet blushing with departing Light,
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade.

# *WINTER.*

## *The Fourth Pastoral, or* DAPHNE.

To the Memory of a Fair Young Lady.

*LYCIDAS.*

*Thyrsis*, the Musick of that murm'ring Spring
Is not so mournful as the Strains you sing,
Nor Rivers winding thro' the Vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping Flocks on their soft Fleeces lye,
The Moon, serene in Glory, mounts the Sky,
While silent Birds forget their tuneful Lays,
Oh sing of *Daphne*'s Fate, and *Daphne*'s Praise!

*THYRSIS.*

Behold the *Groves* that shine with silver Frost,
Their Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet *Alexis*' Strain,
That call'd the list'ning *Dryads* to the Plain?
*Thames* heard the Numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his Willows learn the moving Song.

*LYCIDAS.*

So may kind Rains their vital Moisture yield,
And swell the future Harvest of thy Field!
Begin; this Charge the dying *Daphne* gave,
And said; "Ye Shepherds, sing around my Grave.
Sing, while beside the shaded Tomb I mourn,
And with fresh Bays her Rural Shrine adorn.

*THYRSIS.*

Ye gentle *Muses* leave your Crystal Spring,
Let *Nymphs* and *Sylvans* Cypress Garlands bring;
Ye weeping *Loves*, the Stream with Myrtles hide,
And break your Bows, as when *Adonis* dy'd;
And with your Golden Darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a Verse on this relenting Stone:

" Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore,
" Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Love is now no more!
'Tis done, and Nature's various Charms decay;
See gloomy Clouds obscure the chearful Day!
Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,
Their faded Honours scatter'd on her Bier.
See, where on Earth the flow'ry Glories lye,
With her they they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the Beauties Nature wore?
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Beauty's now no more!
For her, the Flocks refuse their verdant Food,
Nor thirsty Heifers seek the gliding Flood.
The silver Swans her hapless Fate bemoan,
In sadder Notes than when they sing their own.
*Eccho* no more the rural Song rebounds,
Her Name alone the mournful *Eccho* sounds,
Her Name with Pleasure once she taught the Shore,
Now *Daphne*'s dead, and Pleasure is no more!
No grateful Dews descend from Ev'ning Skies,
Nor Morning Odours from the Flow'rs arise.
No rich Perfumes refresh the fruitful Field,
Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incense yield.
The balmy *Zephyrs*, silent since her Death,
Lament the Ceasing of a sweeter Breath.
Th' industrious Bees neglect their Golden Store;
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting Larks, while *Daphne* sings,
Shall list'ning in mid Air suspend their Wings;
No more the Nightingales repeat her Lays,
Or hush'd with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays:
No more the Streams their Murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter Musick than their own to hear,
But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,
Fair *Daphne*'s dead, and Musick is no more!
Her Fate is whisper'd by the gentle Breeze,
And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees;
The trembling Trees, in ev'ry Plain and Wood,
Her Fate remurmur to the silver Flood;

The silver Flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new Passion, and o'erflows with Tears;
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore,
*Daphne*, our Grief! our Glory now no more!
But see! where *Daphne* wondring mounts on high,
Above the Clouds, above the Starry Sky.
Eternal Beauties grace the shining Scene,
Fields ever fresh, and Groves for ever green!
There, while You rest in *Amaranthine* Bow'rs,
Or from those Meads select unfading Flow'rs,
Behold us kindly who your Name implore,
*Daphne*, our Goddess, and our Grief no more!

*LYCIDAS.*

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such Silence waits on *Philomela*'s Strains,
In some still Ev'ning, when the whisp'ring Breeze
Pants on the Leaves, and dies upon the Trees.
To thee, bright Goddess, oft a Lamb shall bleed,
If teeming Ewes encrease my fleecy Breed.
While Plants their Shade, or Flow'rs their Odours give,
Thy Name, thy Honour, and thy Praise shall live!

*THYRSIS.*

See pale *Orion* sheds unwholsome Dews,
Arise, the Pines a noxious Shade diffuse;
Sharp *Boreas* blows, and Nature feels Decay,
Time conquers All, and We must Time obey.
Adieu ye *Vales*, ye *Mountains*, *Streams* and *Groves*,
Adieu ye Shepherds rural *Lays* and *Loves*,
Adieu my Flocks, farewell ye *Sylvan* Crew,
*Daphne* farewell, and all the World adieu!

*FINIS.*

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